C. A. Buckmaster,

THE "SOVAR O VINHO" AT THE QUINTA DO SEXIO, IN THE ALTO DOURO.

Frontispiece.

FACTS ABOUT PORT

AND MADEIRA,

WITH

NOTICES OF THE WINES VINTAGED AROUND LISBON, AND THE WINES OF TENERIFE.

BY

HENRY VIZETELLY,

Chevalier of the Order of Franz-Josef.
Wine Juror for Great Britain at the Vienna and Paris Exhibitions of 1873 *and* 1878.
Author of "Facts About Sherry," "Facts About Champagne and Other Sparkling Wines," &c.

WITH ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS,
CHIEFLY FROM SKETCHES BY ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

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THE following pages, with some trifling exceptions, were written on the spot in the autumn of 1877, and appeared at the time in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. They are offered to the public in their present form, after undergoing the necessary revision, illustrated with Engravings, either from sketches made by my son, who accompanied me on my tour, or from original photographs. Any value the subject-matter of the work can lay claim to will certainly be enhanced by the fidelity with which the principal scenes and incidents have been pictorially rendered.

H. V.

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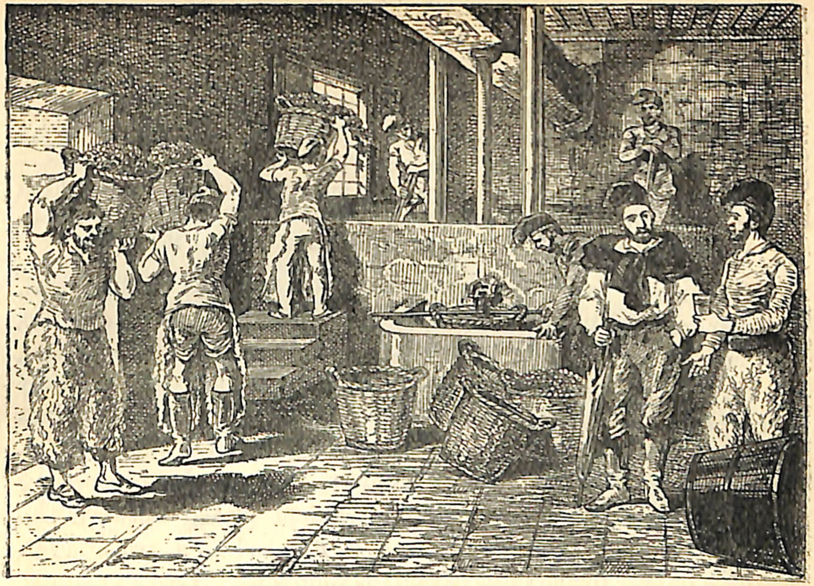


A LAGAR AT BUCELLAS.

FACTS ABOUT PORT AND MADEIRA,

WITH NOTES ON THE WINES VINTAGED AROUND LISBON AND THE WINES OF TENERIFE.

PART I.

LISBON WINES.

I. The Vintaging of Bucellas.

To Portugal by way of Madeira, the Canary Islands, and Cadiz—The Voyage from Tenerife—An Ill-mannered Hidalgo, a French Merchant from the Slave Coast, the Dusky Heir to an African Throne, and a Gambling Invalided Spanish Naval Lieutenant—A Series of Gorgeous Sunsets—Arrival at Cadiz—Smuggling for mere love of the thing—From Cadiz to Lisbon by Rail across the desolate-looking Sierra Morena—Drive from the Peninsular City of the Seven Hills to the Vineyards of Bucellas—The Lisbon Streets at Early Morning—Pleasant Suburban Villages and Quintas—Cottages

and Gateways adorned with Pictured Tiles—Change in the Pastoral Aspect of the Country in the neighbourhood of the turbid Ribiera da Bemposta—The Village of Bucellas—Visit to a Wine-Farmer—His Home and his Belongings—The Bucellas Vineyards—The Vintage and the Vintagers—The Casa do Lagar and how the Grapes are Pressed—Visit to the Adegas of Sandeman Brothers at the Quinta de Cabo Ruivo—Varieties of Lisbon Wines there Stored, including the fresh-tasting Bucellas Hock.

We made a long round on our voyage to Portugal, whither we were bound to witness the vintage in the broad plains around Lisbon and on the rugged slopes of the Alto Douro, for we had decided upon taking Madeira on our way in order to be present at the earlier vintaging of the wine which derives its name from the so-called Island of the Blessed of the ancients. After the necessary sojourn at Madeira we intended proceeding direct to Lisbon, but found that steamers plying between the island and the mother country were so few and far between as to render a detour to the Canary Islands requisite. Here a steamer, we were assured, would sooner or later be found to convey us to Cadiz, whence the journey to Lisbon could be readily accomplished either by sea or overland.

After several days' enforced sojourn at Tenerife we steamed out of the harbour of Santa Cruz late one afternoon, and skirted the island for several hours until the sun commenced to set, streaking sky and sea alike with long fantastic bands of gold and crimson. For a time in the twilight we could distinguish the tall dark cliffs of Tenerife, but soon the stars came out, the moon tipped the rippling waves with silver, and the island gradually faded from our view as our vessel sped swiftly onwards for the Spanish shores.

Among our fellow-passengers was the ex-Captain-General of Tenerife, who had just been superseded, and who for a grandee and an officer high in command was about as ill-mannered an hidalgo as it was ever our fortune to come in contact with. Another passenger was a wiry little Frenchman with well-waxed moustaches—a merchant trading between Marseilles and the Slave Coast, where he lived the life of a native prince among his harem of sable favourites and his body-guard of woolly-headed

warriors. He was accompanied by the heir to some African throne, an intelligent lad of twelve or thirteen years of age, whom he was bringing to Europe to secure for him the advantages of a Parisian education. The merchant was of course a cabin passenger, but not so his sable highness, as the captain of the steamer flatly refused to ship a negro, even were he a king, as the occupant of a first-class berth on board his vessel. The dusky prince, therefore, had his quarters in the forecastle among the sailors, who not only cruelly tormented him, but stole his cap and jacket to boot.

A young Spanish naval officer, who appeared to be on intimate terms with the French merchant, formed another of our passengers. He was returning home from Fernando Po on sick leave, and being a born gambler, like the majority of his countrymen, had indulged in high play at the club of Santa Cruz, where he got cleaned out of his last dollar, and was only able to quit the island on his friend from the Slave Coast coming to the rescue.

The first night we remained on deck with several of the passengers enjoying the cool refreshing breeze, but the commander of the steamer, with the naval officer from Fernando Po, and other kindred spirits, retired to the saloon, where gambling went on until daybreak. Owing to contrary winds we were nearly four days making the voyage, which was marked by nothing more exciting than a series of gorgeous and varied sunsets which filled the entire heavens on each succeeding evening with their golden splendour. On reaching Cadiz the steamer was at once boarded by the customary tribe of Andalusian loafers, bent upon conveying the passengers and their luggage on shore at the rate of a dollar per head per minute for the ten minutes which this proceeding occupied. Arrived at the Custom-house, the French merchant explained to the individual who had brought his portmanteau that the latter contained a quantity of tobacco on which he wished to pay duty, but the man resolutely opposed his doing so, and hurriedly re-locking the portmanteau, swung it upon his shoulders and stalked unobserved out of the

building, nearly knocking over a Custom-house officer who unconsciously barred his passage. The national love of smuggling is so intense that although no benefit was likely to accrue to the man, he could not resist lending his aid to so desirable an object as cheating the revenue.

At Cadiz we found that no steamer to Lisbon was likely to leave for several days, so we made the journey by rail—through the land of olives and oranges, barbers and bull-fights, guitars and gitanos, mules and mantillas, fans and fandangos, and serenades and "serenos," as the watchmen in the south of Spain are styled from their repeating from one year's end to the other the monotonous intelligence that the night is a serene one. After fifteen hours' needless delay at Cordova we crossed the grand, desolate-looking Sierra Morena, and then the broad fertile plateau of Estramadura—passing by Merida (the once famous Roman city of Emerita), with its still-existing Roman bridge of eighty-one arches, its vast ruined aqueducts and mutilated Circus Maximus and temples of Mars and Diana. Two hours more and we were at Badajoz, and soon over the Portuguese frontier to the fortified town of Elvas, where we were immediately struck with the marked difference in the people, who are heavy in build, graceless in movement, and stolid-looking, with none of that happy insouciance and careless grace of manner which distinguish their Spanish brethren on the other side of the river Cayad.

We reached Lisbon soon after daybreak, and the same morning drove from the Peninsular city of the seven hills to the vineyards of Bucellas. There was plenty of animation in the streets: numerous well-appointed two-horse cabs threaded their way between the heavily-laden bullock-carts, with wheels of the ancient Roman type, and the droves of cows on their way to be milked before every house-door. Bawling fisherwomen, balancing tray-like baskets on their heads, sauntered leisurely along, hustled every now and then by Gallegos carrying barrels of water on their brawny shoulders, while their fellows congregated in scores round the chafarizes, or public fountains, to replenish

their already empty receptacles. In the outskirts of Lisbon more bullock-carts were encountered, laden mostly with casks of wine for storage in the numerous adegas outside the city limits. We passed the Campo Pequeno—the Champ de Mars of the Portuguese capital, as the Campo Grande, which we afterwards drove through, is its Bois de Boulogne. On certain houses in the suburban villages we noticed a ship figured in coloured tiles or wrought into the ironwork of the balconies, to indicate that they are the property of the Lisbon municipality. As we get more into the country we pass several handsome-looking quintas with elaborately-carved escutcheons over their entrance-gateways, and vines trained in corridors forming a series of leafy arcades above their boundary walls. Every now and then we meet gangs of peasants bringing their little stores of agricultural produce to market, the men in long cloth caps and the women in high, undressed-leather boots, all of them riding sideways on their horses or mules and carrying gay-coloured umbrellas. The road is shaded with trees, and above most of the cottage doorways are figures of the Virgin or some patron saint in antique tiles, while let into the wall of a large quinta we observe an elaborate composition representing a bellicose young St. Michael slaying a most infuriate dragon. By-and-by, over the hedges of aloes, we obtain a glimpse of undulating country—vineyards, olive-groves, and market gardens, with their archaic Moorish norias raising water from wells in earthenware jars tied round a large wooden wheel. Then we pass the Quinta da Nova Cintra—a kind of suburban tea-gardens, to which the Lisbon folk resort on days of festival. All along the route we are struck by the number of dismantled mansions and dilapidated houses—mementoes of the disastrous civil war of 1826-33. Our way lies through Povoa de Santo Adrião and Loures, past pleasant quintas with Scriptural incidents depicted on antique tiles over the gateways, though occasionally a bust of Pan or a figure of a vine-enwreathed Bacchante takes their place. For a time the country continues quite pastoral-looking, with vines, olives, prickly pears, and canes studding the slopes in every direction; but it gradually

assumes a wilder character as we catch sight of the turbid Ribiera da Bemposta, dashing between precipitous banks over its rocky bed. After passing the highly-cultivated farm and paper mills of Major Smith, an English settler in these parts, we come upon the first vineyards of the Bucellas district, with most of its vines exposed to a favourable southern aspect.

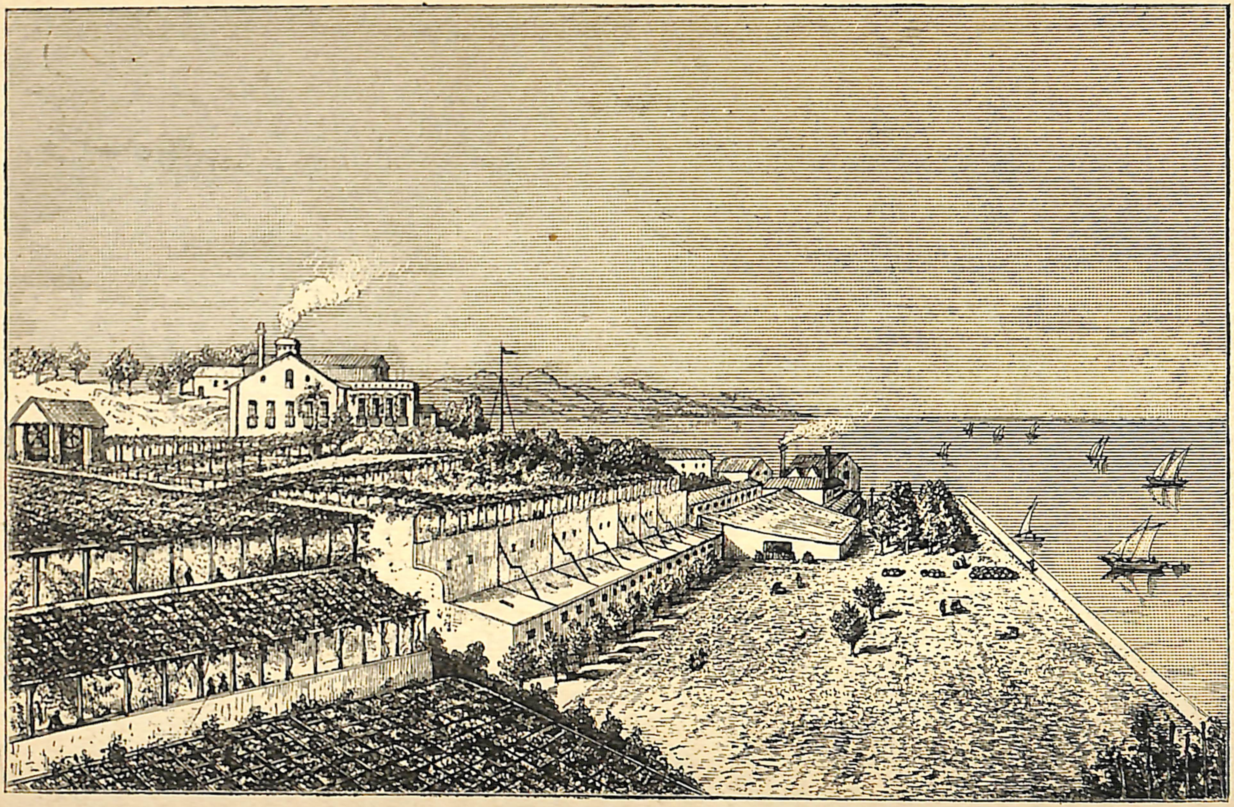
The village of Bucellas, which boasts a shabby little praça or public square, bordered by a few trees, has straggled from the valley half-way up the adjacent hills. In front of its church stands a plain stone cross, and olives and poplars seem to gird it round. Our first visit was to João Pereira, a favourable type of the Portuguese peasant wine farmer. We entered through the low doorway, down a single steep step, into the ordinary living-room of the family, where the owner's comely wife and daughter—beauty, it may be ungallantly noted, is rare among the fair sex in Portugal—were engaged in household affairs. There was the usual huge chest of maize—the Portuguese peasant's staff of life—with bits and bridles hung against the walls, and in one corner an old-fashioned gun. We were ushered up a stone staircase into a room above, the bare whitened walls of which were set off with red stencilled borders, their sole remaining decoration being a little picture of Christ bearing His cross. Beyond the usual plain chairs and table the room contained several articles of handsome old-fashioned furniture, which, doubtless, came from one of the dismantled mansions in the neighbourhood. Our Bucellas wine-grower was a stalwart, handsome man, with well-chiselled features, jet black hair and beard, and complexion of the colour of mahogany. He wore blue trousers elaborately patched—harlequin's pants are the rule with all below the middle class in Portugal—undressed-leather boots, a crimson sash, and a clean white shirt, evidently put on for the occasion. We accompanied him to his vineyard, some little distance up the valley, meeting on the way oxen toiling along the heavy road with vats full of grapes gathered up the neighbouring slopes. There had been much heavy rain lately, and the men vintagers in high boots and gaiters, and the women

with bare feet, were ankle-deep in mud in the clayey soil of the lower vineyards. They cut off the grapes with knives and threw them into small baskets, which, as soon as filled, were emptied into larger ones, the latter being carried on men's backs direct to the pressing-house when this was no great distance off.

The Bucellas vines are chiefly of the arinto variety, which is commonly believed to be the same as the riesling, the prevalent grape on the banks of the Rhine. The berries are small and round, the bunches long and very compact. Interspersed among the vines are a few black grapes, which are rarely pressed separately. In this particular vineyard the vines were on an average twenty years old, and they will bear, we were told, until their hundredth year. The shoots, after having been planted for three years, yield a fair supply of fruit. The rule is not to manure the vines, which seem to be allowed to run a good deal to wood. We noticed that the upper and more favourable slopes, which offer a natural drainage—an important advantage considering the nature of the soil and the antipathy of the vine to moisture—were rarely planted with vines, and on inquiring the reason were informed that this was simply because the labour would be greater than on the lower grounds. From the 20th of July until the end of the vintage the Bucellas vineyards are carefully watched by local guards armed with rusty firelocks, who are paid by subscription among the vine proprietors. The men who perform the hard work of the vintage, such as carrying the baskets of grapes to the pressing-house when no bullock-cart is available for the purpose, and there treading and pressing them, receive 240 reis, or 13d., per day, while the women get about 9d. Neither food nor lodging is provided for them, as they all live in the immediate neighbourhood. New wine, when drawn off the lees in the following spring, without any spirit being added to it, fetches on the spot from £12 to £16 the tun of about a couple of hundred gallons. The purchaser has to send his own empty pipes and provide the bullock-carts for conveying the wine to Lisbon. The average annual produce of the Bucellas district proper is a little over 1,000 pipes.

From the vineyard we proceeded to the casa do lagar, or pressing-house, which had a little black cross painted on the stone lintel of the doorway as a protection against the evil one. The lagar, a square stone trough holding some five or six pipes, was raised a few steps from the ground, on a level with which was a small stone reservoir to receive the expressed juice as it filtered from an opening in the lagar through a wicker basket. Hanging over the lagar was the usual cumbersome beam, by the aid of which, and of the upright wooden screw fixed in a block of stone in front, the grapes were pressed after being thoroughly trodden with the feet. The lagar was in course of being filled; and men, clad in short woollen jackets, sheepskin overalls, low round hats with tassels, or blue caps with red embroidered borders, kept arriving with baskets full of grapes and shooting them into the shallow trough, while one of their fellows standing in the centre spread them out with a rake, preparatory to their being trodden. Before leaving Bucellas we visited other vineyards and other lagars of larger dimensions, including one belonging to the widow of Senhor Maria Jesus Coelho, whose steward provided us with luncheon laid out on the head of a cask, and regaled us with Bucellas of marked etherous flavour some seventeen years old.

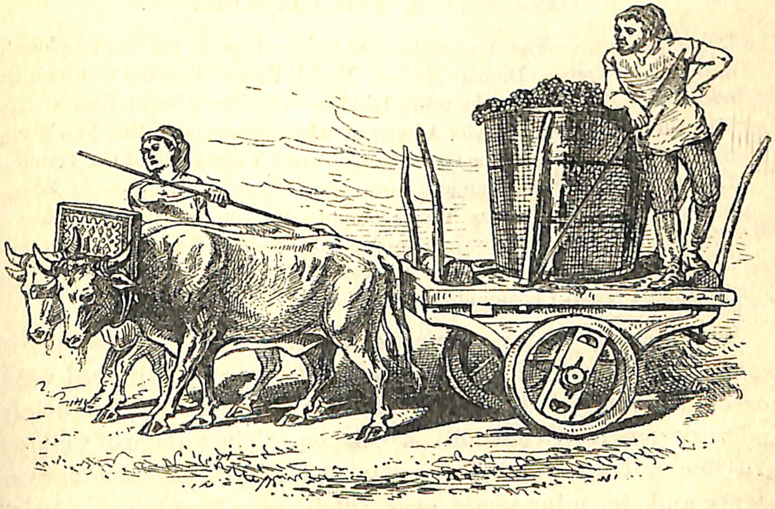
The largest shippers of Bucellas to England are Messrs. Sandeman Brothers, of Lisbon, whose stores, about an hour's drive outside the city, are at the Quinta de Cabo Ruivo—in other words, the Red Cape. The pleasant villa residence stands in a charming terraced garden girt round with corridors of vines, and overlooking the broad waters of the Tagus. A long flight of steps leads down to the adegas, where ranged on either side are tuns containing from six to fourteen pipes of red wines, and pipes of 117 gallons each filled with Bucellas, Carcavellos, and other white growths, vintaged in the neighbourhood of Lisbon. We were most curious with regard to the Bucellas, and tasted some of the preceding year's wines remarkably fresh in flavour, with a slight greenish tinge of colour, and in many respects the counterpart of a youthful hock. The older wines were rounder and more aromatic; their flavour, which was more pronounced,



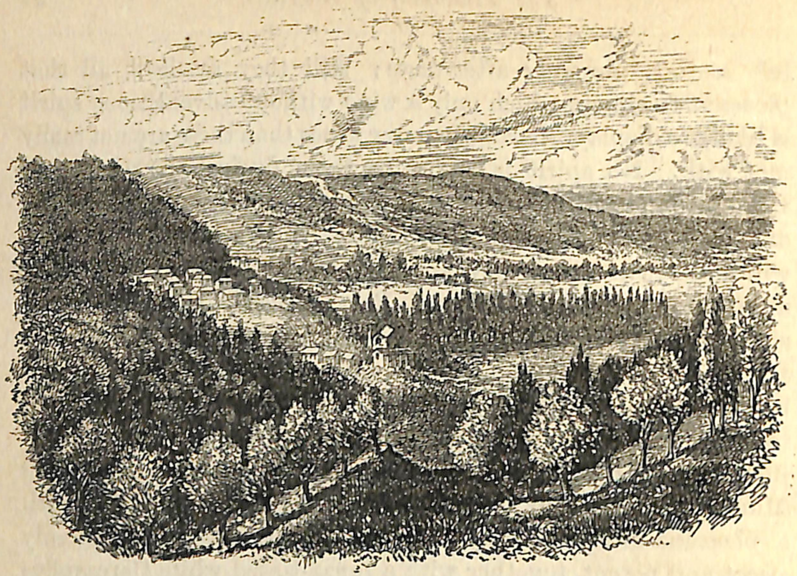
THE ADEGAS OF MESSRS. SANDEMAN BROTHERS AT THE QUINTA DE CABO RUIVO, NEAR LISBON.

(*p.* 20.)

left a soft, almondy after-taste; still they retained all that pleasant freshness which only a wine without adventitious spirit is likely to display. Certainly purer wines than these are not easily met with. No spirit is added to them during the process of vinification or on the eve of shipment; neither are they plastered or sweetened and coloured by artificial means. Being the best wines of their class they are shipped to England under the appropriate title of "El Rey—Royal Bucellas Hock"—El Rey signifying "the King," and the term Hock accurately characterising the wines, which have nothing in common with the heavy spirituous Bucellas of old. The remaining wines shown to us at the Quinta de Cabo Ruivo included a Freixial vintaged just beyond the Bucellas district, and somewhat resembling Manzanilla in flavour; an Arinto very dry and nutty-like, with a pleasant after-pungency; and some white Lisbon remarkably sweet and potent, together with a topaz-tinted white Carcavellos having a fine flavour with an expansive bouquet, and a much older growth which had developed into a luscious, mellow dessert wine.



BUCELLAS WINE-CART.



COLLARES FROM THE ROAD TO CINTRA.

II.—Collares, Torres Vedras, the Termo, Camarate, Carcavellos, and Lavradio.

The Drive to Cintra—The Portuguese Escorial—Fate of the Steam-ploughs designed for Queen Donna Maria's Model Farm—The use to which the Steam-plough is put by the mild Hindoo—The Beauties of Cintra—The Vineyards of Collares—The Adegas of Almocegema and the Newly-vintaged Collares Wine—The Growths of Torres Vedras and of the Termo of Lisbon—The Wine of Camarate—Messrs. Wynn and Custance's Adegas at Sacavem—The Various Wines shipped by the House—Uprooting of Vines by order of the Marquis de Pombal—Ancient Renaissance Fountain—The Lavradio Vineyards and Wines—Mr. Cresswell's Stores at Morta—Past and Present Consumption of Lisbon Wines.

The day after my excursion to Bucellas I started off in search of the vineyards of Collares, yielding a pleasant red wine, possessing somewhat the character of a full-bodied Beaujolais, and very generally consumed at Lisbon. The village of Collares is a few miles beyond Cintra, famed for its remarkable natural beauty and charming views, over which every Portuguese tourist, following Lord Byron's lead, apparently feels bound to go into rap-

tures. Beyond some grandiose villas and gardens in the environs of Lisbon the drive offered nothing particularly interesting—the gigantic aqueduct supplying the city with water, the countless dismantled windmills perched on all the hills for miles, and the remains of Mr. Albert Grant's unlucky tramway forming the principal objects of curiosity along the route, which runs for many miles through a purely corn-growing country, varied by occasional orange groves and orchards.

After the little village of Porcalhota is passed through the road to Cintra branches off to the left, while the main road continues to Mafra, famous for its vast palace, the Portuguese Escorial, on the roof of which an army of 10,000 men, it is said, could be drilled. Near Mafra the late Queen Donna Maria II. established a model farm, and when some steam-ploughs and threshing-machines imported from England were on their way thither from Lisbon they were attacked by a mob of infuriated peasants, who smashed them to pieces despite the protection afforded by an escort of troops. The mild Hindoo, although equally averse with the Portuguese peasant to have his antiquated system of tilling the soil interfered with, treats these scientific implements in a far more respectful fashion. According to Dr. George Birdwood, when a steam-plough was introduced into the Presidency of Bombay it was borne in procession to the fields, wreathed with roses, while all who went to see it were similarly adorned and sprinkled with attar as well. No practical use, however, was made of the implement, but after a time it was placed in the village temple, where it had its great steel share bedaubed red, and was thenceforward worshipped as a God.

On branching off beyond Porcalhota we passed near to Queluz, a pleasant summer palace of the king's, with gardens modelled after those of Marly, and thence across a hilly country to Ramalhão and the village of São Pedro, eventually reaching Cintra, which, with its happy combination of Mauresque palace, villas, rocks, woods, glens, sea, plain, and mountain, is, doubtless, deserving of all the encomiums that Lord Byron and others have lavished upon it.

"The horrid crags by toppling convent crowned
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies embrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

From Cintra the road winds along pleasant green sylvan lanes, and thence through the cork woods to Collares, where, to our surprise, not a single vineyard was to be seen. The vines, in fact, are planted some six miles north-west of the village on the slopes of the hills skirting the Atlantic, and more particularly in the valleys opening to the sea, nigh to the precipitous headland known as the Pedra d'Alvidrar. The vineyards cover an area of about three leagues; but we found the vintage was already over, so all we could do was to visit the establishments of some of the principal growers in the neighbouring village of Almocegema. We first went to that of Senhor Francisco da Costa, where everything betokened intelligent care in all the various processes of vinification. Here we were told that the recent vintage showed a falling-off to the extent of one-third or more, this particular grower having vintaged only thirty pipes in lieu of fifty. The new wine was still continuing its fermentation in the adega, in butts of the capacity of five pipes, and would thus remain until it was drawn off the lees in January. The grape from which Collares is principally produced is known locally as the ramisco, but a white variety of the wine is made from a mixture of the arinto, castello, and dona branca. Only a small quantity—that is, from fifty to eighty pipes—of this latter wine is produced, the white grapes being usually mingled with the black in the lagar when red Collares is being vintaged. The white wine is pale in colour, soft, fresh-tasting, pleasantly dry, and altogether is not unlike a Grave; whereas the red variety that we tasted here had somewhat the character of a thin Burgundy.

Our next visit was to the lagares and adegas of Henrique

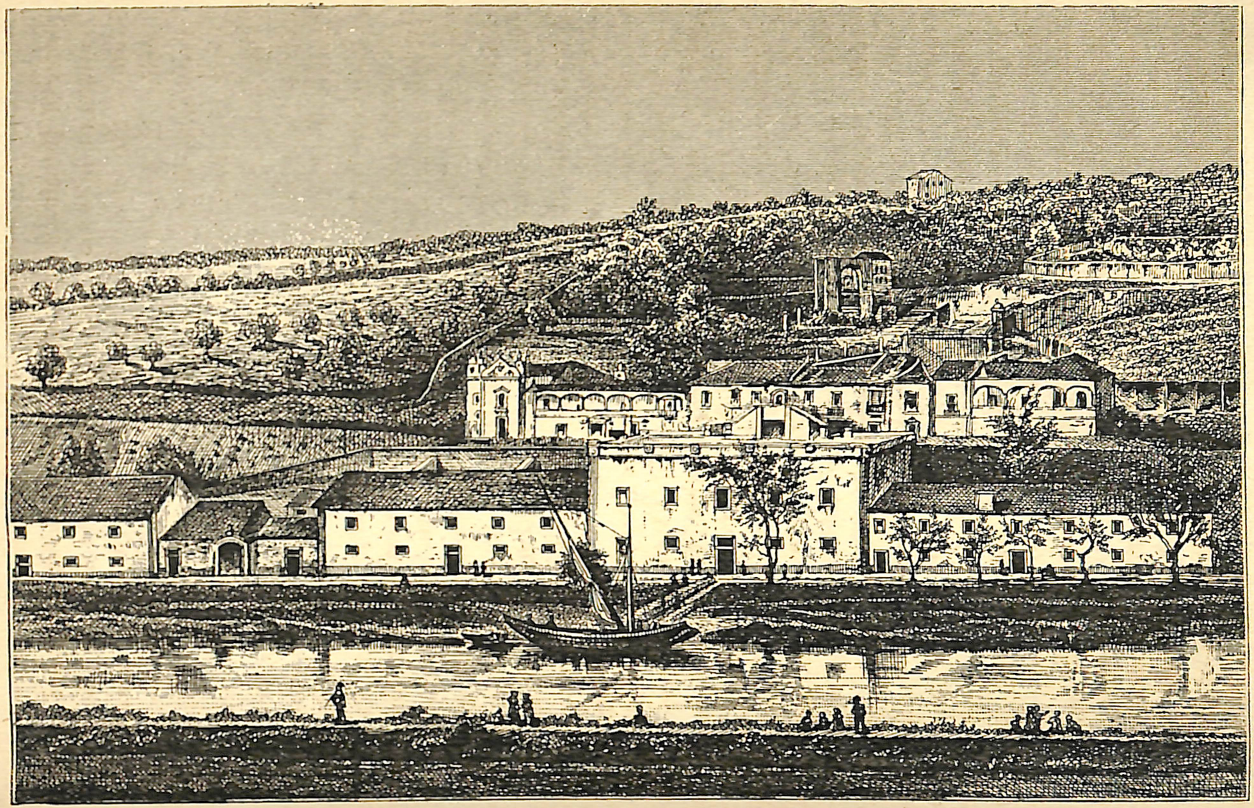
Thomaz, who had made as many as 600 pipes of red Collares this year, his practice being to press not only the grapes from his own vineyards, but to buy the produce of neighbouring vineyards for a lump sum, charging himself with the picking and pressing of the fruit. He regarded the recent vintage as a favourable one, the wine exhibiting plenty of colour, which in the case of red wines is always a great consideration with Portuguese growers. His plan is to rack his wine four times in the course of the year, in tuns holding five pipes each, by which means he gets it clear without having recourse to finings. His price for Collares of the preceding year's vintage was £16 per pipe, whereas nine months before he was selling the same wine for £10.

The local consumption of wine passing under the name of Collares is very considerable, and to meet the demand other districts, the wines of which are not held in the same estimation, are largely drawn upon. Chief among these is the prolific wine-producing region of the world-famed Torres Vedras. This district, which includes the communes of Lourinhã and Mafra, and extends thence northwards, yields nearly a million and a-half gallons of wine annually, and supplies two-thirds of the ordinary wine drunk in Lisbon, besides furnishing a considerable proportion of the high-coloured, rather full-bodied and neutral-tasting red wines exported in such large quantities to France for mixing with the pale and poorer growths of the northern wine-growing departments. The Torres Vedras growths are very varied in character, from the diversified nature of the soil, the aspect of the slopes, and the alluvial richness of the plains. Certain of them are soft and sweetish in flavour, light in colour, and altogether less vinous in character than others. This arises from the grapes being picked from their stalks before they are thrown into the lagar, and from the must not fermenting sufficiently long on the smaller stalks and skins —with a view of the wine absorbing less tannin and thus being fit for early consumption.

A considerable quantity of wine is vintaged in the immediate environs of Lisbon, and more especially in the district north and

west of the city, known as the Termo, which, composed of a succession of hills and dales, furnishes ample sites for the cultivation of the vine. The Termo wines, like those of Torres Vedras, owing to the variety of soils and aspects and the different systems of cultivation pursued, vary very much in character, some being singularly robust and full-bodied, while others are thin and somewhat feeble. Higher up the Tagus, and in the direction of Bucellas, are the vineyards of Olivaes—taking its name from the abundance of olive-trees in the district—Camarate, Appellação, Friellas, Unhos, and Tojal, all the wines of which go commonly under the name of Camarate and find a ready market at Lisbon as vinhos de mesa, or table wines. They have an agreeable flavour, and when old bear some resemblance to the unfortified wines of the Douro. In visiting this district we passed through Sacavem, a little village near the Tagus, at the entrance of the picturesque valley of Unhos, through which a sluggish stream known as the Sacavem winds its muddy course.

Here are some considerable stores for Lisbon wines belonging to Messrs. Wynn and Custance, who export largely to Russia and the Baltic, and in a less degree to England and the Brazils. In their adegas, which present a long vista of arches, occasionally in solid masonry of immense thickness, some couple of thousand pipes of wine are stored, including all the wines of any note vintaged around Lisbon. Here were deep-tinted Sacavem red wines, some of them dry and clean tasting, and others extremely sweet; a rich and potent Arinto from the same vineyards, the soil of which is darker and richer than in the Bucellas district; red Lisbons and white Lisbons—the former principally designed for the Brazilian market, while dry and rich varieties of the latter are shipped to England, the more luscious qualities—soft, sweet ladies' wines—going chiefly to Russia and the Baltic. Here, moreover, was Bucellas in endless variety, the younger wines pale in colour and fresh in flavour and aroma; others more pronounced, and even slightly pungent in taste; and others, again, mellowed and developed by great age. Of the Carcavellos here shown to us, the wine of 1874 was soft



MESSRS. WYNN AND CUSTANCE'S ADEGAS AT SACAVEM, NEAR LISBON.

(p. 26.)

and agreeable, with a pleasant nutty aroma; a much older wine had great body and a pronounced almondy flavour; while a still more ancient sample, alike powerful and concentrated, had developed many of the characteristics of a fine old Madeira.

Carcavellos lies at the mouth of the Tagus, and its vineyards are almost washed by both the river and the ocean. The wines were formerly held in great repute, more especially those of Oeiras, where the famous Marquis de Pombal—who caused his indomitable will to prevail over all the teachings of political economy—had a handsome quinta which, with its adega full of ancient tuns, is still shown to the passing tourist. The Sacavem wine-growers had little cause to like the stern and meddling marquis, for he compelled them—in common with all the vineyard proprietors between that place and Golegãa, near the prolific viticultural district of Torres Novas, a distance of some sixty miles—to root up their vines in order to give room for the more extensive cultivation of wheat. The vines, however, were speedily replanted after Pombal's disgrace.

The last wine shown to us at Messrs. Wynn and Custance's was a luscious old Muscatel, grown at Palmella, near Setubal, where the most famous muscatel wines of Portugal are vintaged. Adjoining Messrs. Wynn and Custance's adegas there is an ancient fountain, the decorations of which in coloured tiles offer a singular combination of the sacred and the profane. The central subject is the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms, benignly contemplating the burning of the wicked in the flames of hell, while the Holy Ghost, symbolised by a dove, hovers in the clouds over her head. On one side of this composition are numerous lords and ladies in the costume of the seventeenth century, prominent among whom are a couple of cavalheiros, with drawn swords and of angry mien, evidently bent upon a vigorous set-to.

The vineyards of the Lavradio district are on the opposite side of the Bay of Lisbon, and extend almost from the shore for some half-a-dozen miles inland, occupying all the low sandy

slopes, and occasionally the plains. The railway runs through them, and at the time of our visit numerous small bands of vintagers were busy among the scattered patches of vines, which are allowed to sprawl and straggle at will over the ground, dotted here and there with isolated fig and olive trees, and skirted by pine-groves. The Lavradio wines, great favourites with King Louis Philippe, are often full-bodied, as well as soft and rich, the latter arising partly from the small, dark, thin-skinned, sweet bastardo grape entering into their composition, and partly from the addition of sweet wine, or from the fermentation of the wine itself being checked by the addition of spirit, in order that it may conserve an extra amount of saccharine. Mr. Cresswell, who owns the Quinta do Esleiro Furado, some five miles from Lavradio, makes, however, a perfectly dry wine of considerable character, with a pleasant faint balsamic flavour. This wine is shipped by him under the name of Montijo, after the district where it is produced. His vineyard, from thirty to forty acres in extent, will yield as many as 100 pipes of wine when all the vines are in full bearing, although the year of our visit the produce had been unusually small.

Lisbon wines appear to have gone completely out of fashion in England. A small quantity of Bucellas is still consumed; but of white Lisbon—so universally drunk at one time, as Mr. Shaw tells us, by City men at luncheon—little is ever seen now, whether of the rich, mellow, or dry variety. The red Lisbon wines never were particularly popular with us, though I have no doubt that, mixed with poor thin French wines, we drink them to-day (as clarets) to a hundredfold the extent we ever did before. The unfortified Bucellas as now shipped is an admirable wine, and only needs to be better known to come rapidly into favour, especially as it can be retailed at a very economical rate, while as regards such excellent red growths as Collares, and wines of a similar type, it would surely be better for us to import them direct, instead of receiving them through France, after they have been emasculated by mixture with the undrinkable *vins verts* of our enterprising French neighbours.

THE QUINTILLA PASS, SERRA DO MARÃO.

PART II.

IN THE PORT WINE COUNTRY.

I. Off to the Upper Douro: the Quinta da Boa Vista.

Early Morning Glimpses from the Railway Train—Arrive at Oporto—Through the Province of Entre-Douro-e-Minho—Vinhos Verdes of the District—Oporto Shippers *en route* to the Port Wine Vintage—Pass through picturesque Amarante—Our Carriage drawn by Bullocks up the Mountain—Rugged nature of the Scenery—Reach the Quintilla pass—Troops of Beggars awaiting our arrival—Descend the Mountain to Regoa—Its Vine-clad Hills scored with Stone Terraces—Cross the Upper Douro and ascend the River along its left bank—Wine-Boats making their difficult passage

down the Stream—The Surrounding Hills terraced from base to summit, and covered with Vines—Carolling Vintagers and Screeching Bullock-carts—Mules halt at the Fountain while their Drivers tipple at the Venda—Visit the Quinta da Boa Vista—The Vintage in full operation—Treading the Grapes—Vintagers brought from remote parts—Their Pay, Food, and Sleeping Accommodation—The Casa dos Lagares and Adega of the Quinta.

It was night-time when I left Lisbon; and when day dawned the train was running past well-cultivated fields divided by hedges, past patches of maize and olive and orange trees, and little white cottages shaded by arcades of vines, with groves of pines stretching away in the distance where glimpses were caught of the little church steeple and low white houses of some neighbouring town. Men and boys were busy reaping maize, and along the roads peasant-women in flat round hats, with shawls muffled round their throats, but with their feet, as usual, bare, were trudging, with big baskets balanced on their heads, to market. Farther on the line runs by the verge of marshes, giving glimpses of canals, along which farmer-fishermen propel their high-prowed canoe-like boats beside the waving rice plantations; then intersects a pine-forest, where bullock-carts, whose drivers are oftener women and children than men, go plunging through the sandy roads, and where pleasant peeps are had, through the breaks in the trees, of quiet villages and green sequestered nooks. At last the sea is sighted, and we sweep past some bathing station, with its flimsy little houses and tiny gay pavilions; after which there is little else than a succession of pine-woods up to the environs of Oporto, which bursts suddenly into view, picturesquely perched on the crown of a steep hill.

Early the following morning we took the train to Cahide, where a carriage was to be in waiting to convey us to the heart of the Port-wine district. After leaving Oporto the Entre-Douro-e-Minho country is undulating and fertile, though at times covered with heath and overgrown with pines. The little stone cottages are hemmed in by fruit-trees; while the vines run along lengthy corridors or clamber up the trees at the borders

of the fields, hanging from them in long waving festoons. It is from grapes thus grown far away from the roots of the vine, and which never completely ripen, that the vinhos verdes, or rough acidulous wines drunk commonly throughout Portugal, are made. The valley gradually widens, the hills grow loftier, the country becomes more barren and wilder-looking, and everywhere rocks are seen cropping up out of the soil. Stone walls, too, divide the fields, the vines give place to fir-trees, and distant mountains rise up before us grey, cold, and gloomy. Whenever the train stops peasant-girls lay down their distaffs and rush to gaze at it, and at most of the stations bread is being hawked and keenly bargained for by hungry third-class passengers. After a time the country becomes more fertile again: little churches peer above the pine-woods, vines smother the trees with their embraces, and, trained on trellises, subdue the white glare of the farmhouses and cottages, in front of which peasants are threshing the newly-harvested maize, or drying the husked cobs in the burning sun. A little river rushing over its rocky bed dashes down a series of steep falls and loses itself in the windings of the valley, which soon expands into a wide stretch of open country. At Cahide, where we quit the train, several vehicles are in waiting to convey members of Oporto firms to the Port-wine vintage in the Upper Douro. In Spain these adventurous gentlemen would run the risk of being waylaid and marched up the mountains until ransomed; but in the wildest and most solitary districts of Portugal there is no fear of any such mishap as this befalling them.

For a time it is something like a general race, until the better-horsed vehicles, leaving the others far behind, go rattling along the roughly-paved streets of the picturesque antique little town of Amarante, noted alike for its wines and its peaches, and which has one of its church towers in the form of the papal tiara, and the open arcade of its grand Dominican church decorated with life-size statues of potentates and saints. In this latter edifice is a finely-sculptured effigy of San Gonçalo, the patron saint of Amarante, who charmed the fish out of the Tamega,

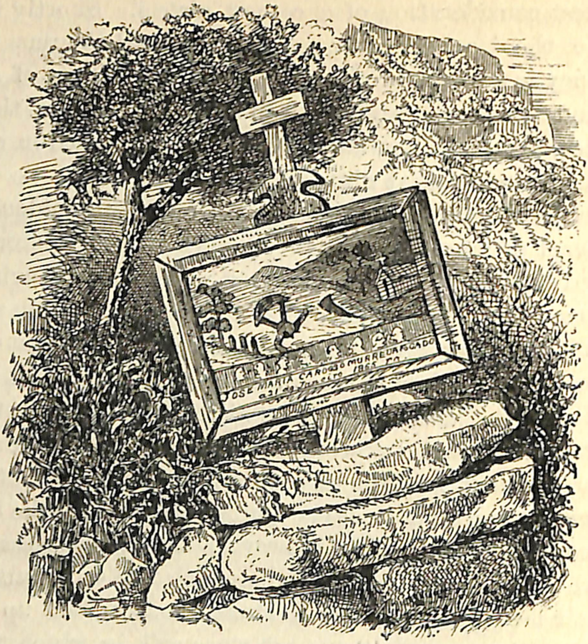
they say, to feed the crowd of workmen he had assembled to build the bridge over that river, which got sadly knocked about by French cannon-balls some three-quarters of a century ago. Crossing the stream, after a time we come to a halt, and bullocks having been yoked to our carriage we commence ascending the hills, to the sharp shelving sides of which chestnut-trees are clinging, while farms and villages dot the green wooded valley down below.

As the road winds and mounts higher and higher huge rounded boulders and sharp jutting crags rise up among the gorse and heather; and when, eventually, our bullocks are unyoked and we dip down into the valley, a wall of mountains fading into deep shadowy grey and vapoury blue seems to shut us completely in. We cross one bridge after another over the ravine, and come upon vines again growing up the trees, with parties of women, mounted on long light ladders, gathering the grapes, while others convey the heavy baskets of fruit to some neighbouring lagar. The ascent now becomes much steeper; and, our horses being fastened to the rear of the vehicle, bullocks are again yoked to it to drag us to the summit of the Quintilla pass, over the lofty Serra do Marão, 4,400 feet above the sea level. A chubby young urchin, with a pink-check handkerchief tied round his head and his jacket slung over his shoulder, marches proudly at the animals' heads waving his long goad to direct their course. Waterfalls dash over steep precipices, feeding the stream that turns the mill in the valley below, and centenarian chestnut-trees stretch their long arms across the road, until higher up the mountain oaks and ash-trees take their place. Gradually the trees become fewer and fewer until only huge granite boulders are to be seen in the midst of the russet bracken; and in another half-hour the summit of the pass is reached, when the eye lights upon hills with smooth green surfaces and soft wavy outlines, instead of sharp granite peaks with barren sides. Here, while the bullocks are being removed and the horses are being harnessed to, a troop of whining beggars surround our vehicle and promise us their perpetual prayers for

the modest consideration of a copper *vintem*. Shortly after we commence the descent evening gathers in, and the remainder of our journey is performed almost in darkness. Spite of appeals, oaths, and promises, varied by smart applications of the whip, our horses, although homeward bound, only succeed in reaching Regoa at nine o'clock at night.

Regoa is pleasantly situated on the Douro, or "Golden River," in the heart of what was formerly known as "the Feitoria," the privileged district whence all the Port-wine sent to England was obliged to come. Since this absurd line of demarcation was abolished in 1833, Port-wine shippers have been in the habit of going above instead of below the point where the Corgo falls into the Douro for their finest wines. The district which yields the wine known to us as Port comprises not only the Upper Douro from Basquieros, about a couple of leagues below Regoa, but may be said to extend as high up as the Quinta do Silho, on the Superior Douro as it is called, where, however, only second-class wine is vintaged. The lofty vine-clad hills which rise up around Regoa have their sides scored over with stone terraces, built up in order to keep the loose argillaceous schistose soil in which the vines are planted from being washed away by heavy rains. The vines, which are placed wide apart, look like so many straggling currant-bushes provided with stakes for support.

Crossing the Douro over the Regoa bridge, we rode along a well-made road on the left bank of the river, in the direction of the Quinta da Boa Vista, having, in the course of a few hundred yards, the valley of the Corgo on our left hand and the little river Baroza on our right; after which we pass the Mil Lobos and Ceira streamlets, and finally the rivers Tedo and Tavora, with the ancient town of Taboaço crowning the summit of the mountain whence the latter river takes its rise. Beneath us the murmuring Douro courses swiftly over its rock-strewn bed, rendering the passage of the one or two high-prowed, flat-bottomed boats, laden with pipes of wine and steered with huge rudders, that are sweeping swiftly down with the current, difficult, if not exactly hazardous. A rudely-painted picture beneath a little

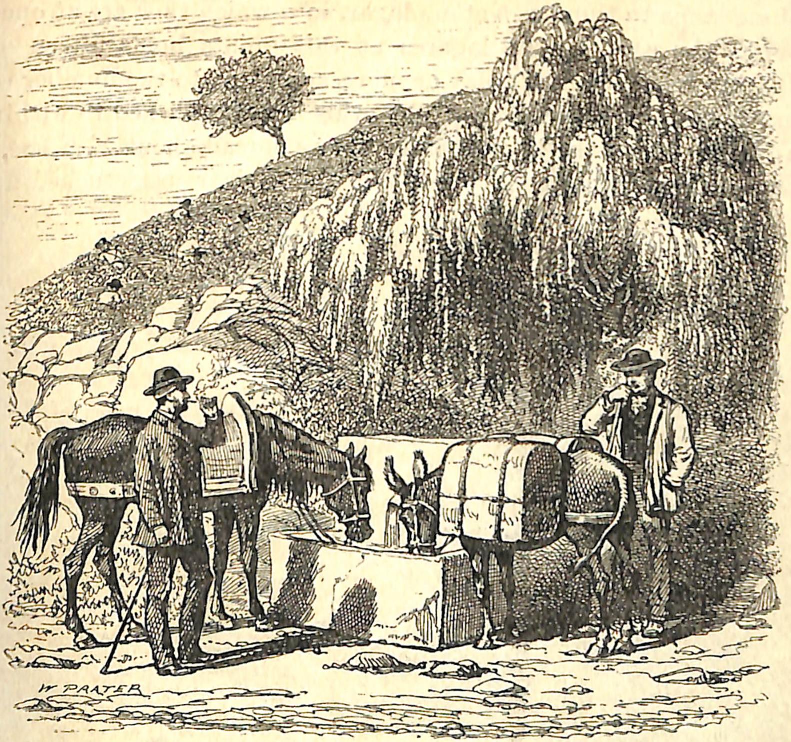


roadside cross tells in exaggerated yet graphic fashion of the dangers of the navigation hereabouts. All along our route we seem to be shut in by a chain of rounded hills, terraced from base to summit, and covered with vines, whilst olive-trees border the different quintas and occupy the deeper hollows. Occasionally a gleaming white casa or little village, perched up the hill-side, breaks the wearying monotony. Bands of vintagers, too, singing snatches of song, dot the stony slopes, or trudge with huge baskets of grapes to the neighbouring lagares; bullock-carts go creaking discordantly over the dusty road, and mules with jingling bells halt to water at the wayside fountain, picturesquely shaded by some weeping willow, while their drivers tipple and gossip before the dirty venda, where the hanging bush indicates that vinho verde, aguardente (brandy), and ginebra (gin) are on sale.

There is a ferry just below the Quinta da Boa Vista, and,

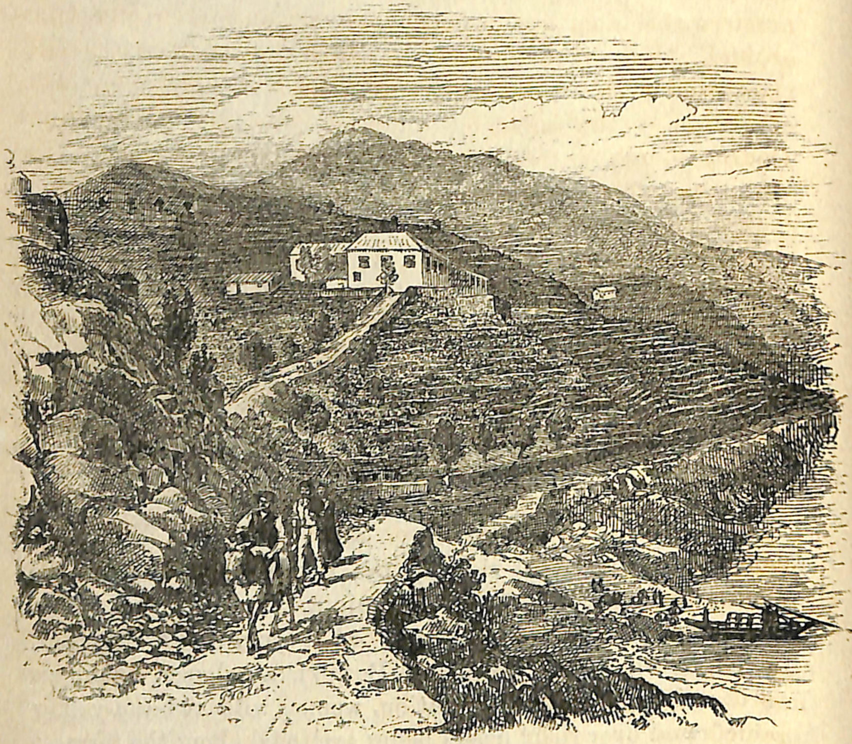
THE VINTAGE AT THE QUINTA DA BOA VISTA, ALTO DOURO.

(p. 35.)



crossing the river, we ride up the rough steep road on the opposite bank conducting to the quinta, where we meet with a friendly reception from the agent of Messrs. Offley, Forrester, and Co., to whom the Quinta da Boa Vista belongs. Here we find the vintage in full operation, women with red-and-yellow kerchiefs tied over their heads being scattered along the terraces engaged in detaching the bunches of grapes, which, after they have removed the unsound fruit, they throw into the small baskets they carry on their arms. From these the larger baskets, holding nearly a hundredweight, are filled; when men with sheepskins thrown over their backs, and plaited straw knots on their heads, hoist them on their shoulders, and, moving off in single file, carry them down the rugged winding paths and flights of

stone steps to the large stone lagar, into which they are at once shot. As each of the lagares at this quinta holds fifteen or sixteen pipes, it takes a day or more, according to the number of hands employed, to fill it. When this is accomplished to within a few inches of the brim the grapes are spread about with hoes, and a gang of some twenty treaders, with their trousers tucked up



THE QUINTA DA BOA VISTA.

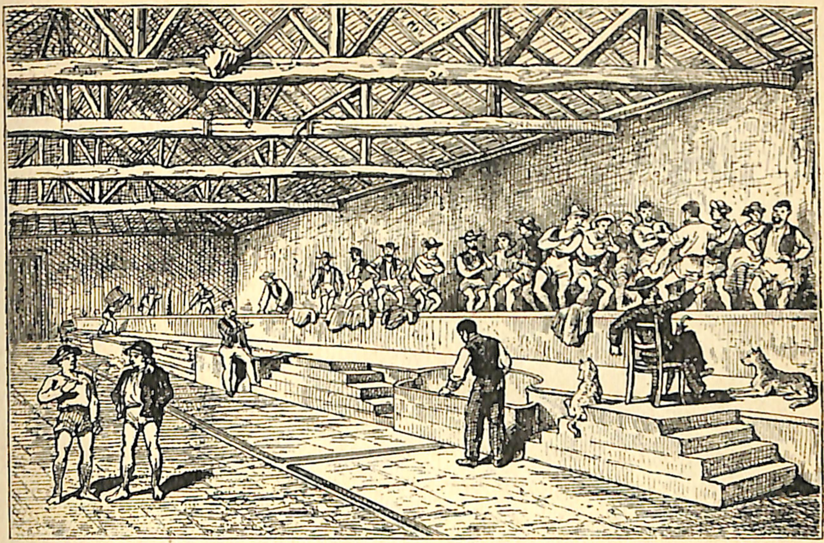
as high as possible, spring into the lagar, and, forming a line with their arms resting on each other's shoulders, commence treading the grapes with measured step, now advancing, now retiring, while the juice exudes and grapes and stalks become gradually reduced to a kind of pulp. This is a long and tedious operation, and usually continues day and night with but slight intermission.

At the Quinta da Boa Vista the antiquated cumbersome beam presses have been done away with, and screws, fixed in the middle of the lagares after the fashion prevalent at Jerez, supply their place. As the Alto Douro is very thinly populated, and a large supply of labour is needed all at once for the vintage, pickers and treaders have to be brought in from remote parts. The vineyard proprietors employ an agent called a royador, who musters the men and women from ten and even fifty miles around. Many of the former come from Galicia, more especially those who perform the heavier work, such as carrying the loads of grapes to the lagar, for the male peasantry of the Upper Douro, though by no means idlers, shirk real hard labour. The vintagers, male and female, arrive at the scene of operations in gangs, dancing and singing on their way. The pay of the men engaged at the Quinta da Boa Vista was at the rate of 1s. 3d. per day, while that of the women was no more than 6d. They all provided their own bread, which most of them brought a sufficient supply of to last while the vintage continued—usually a period of about three weeks. Caldo, a vegetable soup, was furnished them, together with a moderate allowance of bacalhão, or salted codfish, well-nigh the sole animal food of the Portuguese labouring classes; while for drink they were indulged with the customary agua pé, a weakish insipid liquor, made by throwing water on the refuse skins and stalks of the grapes, and allowing the liquid to ferment.

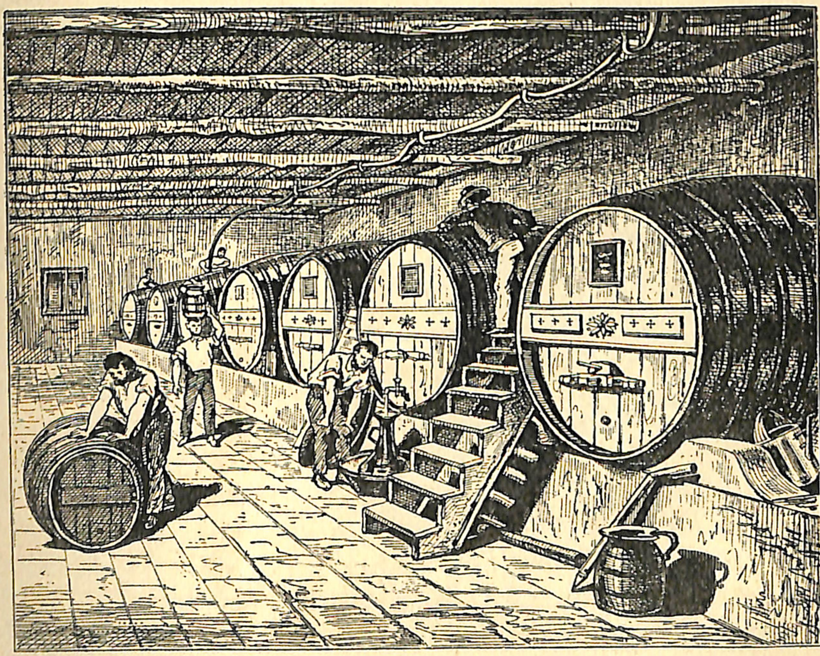
In the Upper Douro the vintagers' ordinary meals consist of potato or bean and other vegetable soup, with a single sardine for breakfast; for dinner a similar soup, with a plate of boiled rice and a piece of salted codfish; and for supper soup and sardine as before. Most quintas have a covered place called the refectorio for the vintagers to take their meals in. It should be mentioned that the pickers eat a vast quantity of grapes, which is one reason why their wages are rather low. At the Quinta da Boa Vista, as at all the better-class quintas in the Upper Douro, a rigid separation of the sexes at night-time is enforced, distinct outbuildings known as cardenhas being pro-

vided for the men and the women to sleep in. These cardenhas are usually large apartments with wooden berths—strewn with straw, on which is laid a piece of sailcloth—ranged along their sides. A woollen drugget is the ordinary covering, and this is often large enough to serve for thirty people. When the weather is cold a second drugget is provided.

The Quinta da Boa Vista ranks among the best quintas of the Upper Douro. Neither pains nor expense have been spared in its planting and cultivation and in improving the primitive system of vinification which commonly prevails in this comparatively inaccessible region. As already explained, the heavy beam press has been supplanted by the more commodious and efficient screw; while the lagares are so arranged that the must can be run off through india-rubber tubes direct into the huge tonels, which occupy a lower level in the adjacent adega. In the old-fashioned lagares the must is emptied out of the stone reservoir into the tonels by means of a caneço, or hooped wooden bucket with a handle at its side—not only a waste of time and labour, but, if anything, detrimental to the wine itself, which at this epoch is still in a state of fermentation. Unfortunately the Boa Vista vineyard, which in good years used to give fifty or sixty pipes of fine wine, was attacked some five years ago by the phylloxera, and its production has now fallen off considerably.

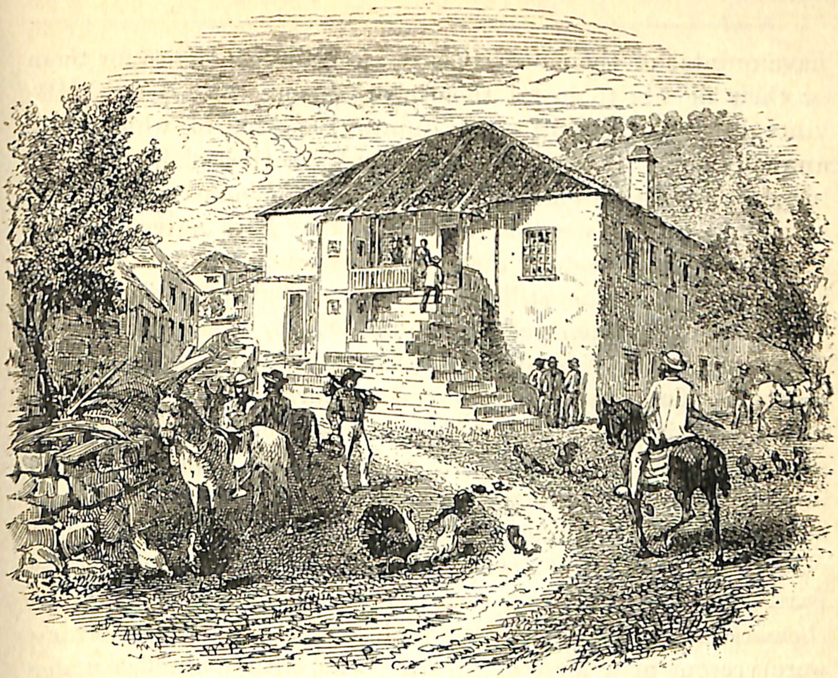


TREADING THE GRAPES AT THE QUINTA DA BOA VISTA.



THE ADEGA OF THE QUINTA DA BOA VISTA, ALTO DOURO.

(*p.* 38.)



THE QUINTA DOS ARREGADAS.

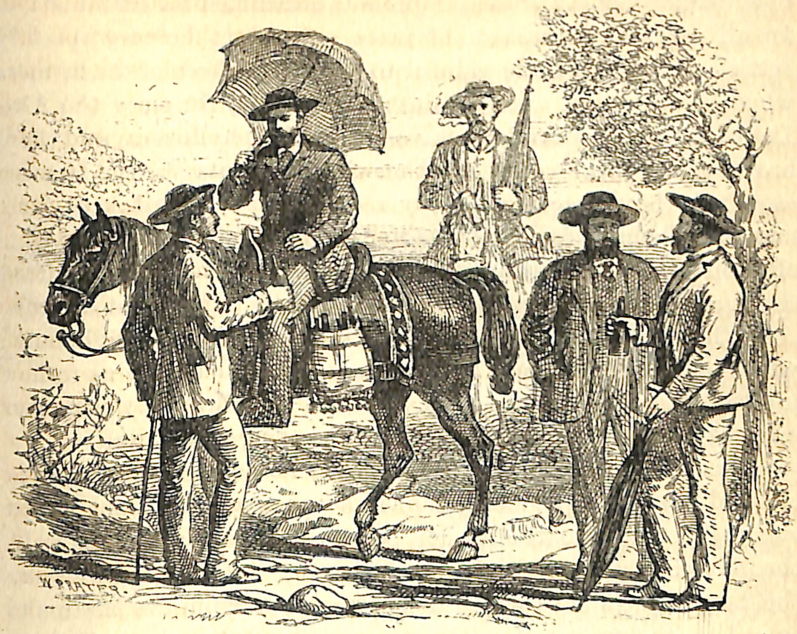
II. Buying New Wine. A Tour of Inspection.

We Recross the Douro—A Ride in the Dark to the Quinta dos Arregadas—A Morning Levée of Neighbouring Farmers—Testing their Samples of Wine—Generally impoverished condition of the Alto Douro Wine-Growers—Terms upon which the Wine is purchased—Start on an Excursion up the Douro—The Roads mere Bridle-Paths and Bullock-Tracks—Visit a Quinta in the famous Roriz District—Mode of taking a Sample of the New Wine—Vintage Quarters of a well-to-do Douro Farmer—Ride on to the Quinta do Caedo—Its owner an ancient adherent of Queen Dona Maria—Treading the Grapes to a tinkling Guitar—An Alto Douro Luncheon—Some of the luxuries composing it.

After a day or two's sojourn at the Quinta da Boa Vista I removed to the Quinta dos Arregadas, on the opposite bank of the Douro, and the head-quarters during the vintage of the notable firm of Messrs. G. G. Sandeman and Sons. As very few shippers

have quintas of their own, it is the prevailing practice for them or their agents to instal themselves during the season of the vintage in the casa of some quinta the wine of which they annually buy. Thence they sally forth on their daily tours of inspection, visiting vineyards and lagares for miles around, and satisfying themselves that the wines they have agreed to purchase are being carefully and honestly made. The task is often a most laborious one, still it is always scrupulously performed.

It was dusk when we crossed the Douro, which was lighted up from time to time by vivid flashes of lightning. After a short ride along an admirable road, we turned up by the edge of a narrow ravine and followed its zigzag bridle-path, now between now over jutting rocks, trusting entirely, as we were forced to do in the gloom, to the sagacity of our horses. Arrived at the quinta, after a late dinner, accompanied, according to established rule, by the choicest of tawny Port, we were sung to sleep on our hard straw mattresses by carolling vintagers, who had made themselves comfortable for the night, and the following morning were present at a levée of farmers, who, with umbrellas under their arms and sample-bottles in their saddle-bags, rode up to the quinta on horses, mules, and ponies, more or less eccentrically caparisoned. The casa here is a singularly modest little place, but, as if to compensate for its want of stateliness, it is approached up a long and massive flight of stone steps that might serve as an approach to a temple. At the foot of these steps and under the large entrance-porch the farmers lounged until their turn came to submit their samples. They were for the most part rigged out in their Sunday best—in the felt hats, tweed suits, shooting and cutaway coats of the Jew slopseller, with nothing in the least degree national or characteristic about them. Whenever the commissario of the firm made his appearance each new-comer raised his hat and advanced to greet him with a cordial shake of the hand. One by one they were ushered into what I presume was the drawing-room of the casa—gaily decorated with red doors, broad blue mouldings, and pale sea-green ceiling, the effect of which naturally was to


W. PRATER.

DOURO WINE-FARMERS.

render the bare whitewashed walls of the apartment unusually conspicuous. Each sample of wine was tested as regards colour by pouring it into a large white saucer with a high convex centre, down which it slowly trickled as it was poured out, displaying whatever depth or brilliancy of colour—usually a deep rich magenta—that it might possess. The saucer was afterwards agitated in order that the wine might form layers by which its homogeneity or the reverse could be ascertained. Colour and consistency being found satisfactory, the next test was the odour. Then came the tasting—an operation only to be performed satisfactorily by an expert in the case of so recently made a wine. Merely to judge whether the wine was sweet or dry was, of course, a very simple matter. The various tests having been gone through, consultations were held; and so soon as a decision was arrived at the contents of the saucer were flung out of the

open window, and a fresh sample was submitted for examination. In all cases the question of price seemed to be very speedily settled. It was a little painful to watch the faces of the farmers when the decision went against their wine; for since the Alto Douro vineyards have been ravaged by the phylloxera, and there have been several years of otherwise bad vintages, the farmers as a rule have become greatly reduced in circumstances, and many of them so far impoverished as to need to sell their wine offhand to meet pressing necessities. Each one, as he quitted the audience-chamber and passed down the long flight of stone steps, had his countenance anxiously scanned by his neighbours; while his more intimate acquaintances sounded him as to how he had fared, doubtless with a view of profiting by whatever information they might succeed in extracting from him.

It is the custom in the Upper Douro when a sale of wine is effected to make a payment, known as "the signal," of one pound sterling per pipe to the farmer, so as to clinch the bargain. In the following spring, when the wine is ready for being drawn from the large tonels into which it has been run from the lagares to complete its fermentation, empty pipes are sent up to the farmer, and the agent of the shipper sees to the wine being duly measured into them. Usually, as soon as the river floods have subsided, the pipes are sent down the Douro to the shipper's stores at Villa Nova de Gaia, a transpontine suburb of Oporto. On the vessel being loaded, the farmer receives one-third of the remaining purchase-money, another third is paid to him at Midsummer, and the balance at Michaelmas, the latter payment furnishing him with funds to meet the expenses of the ensuing vintage.

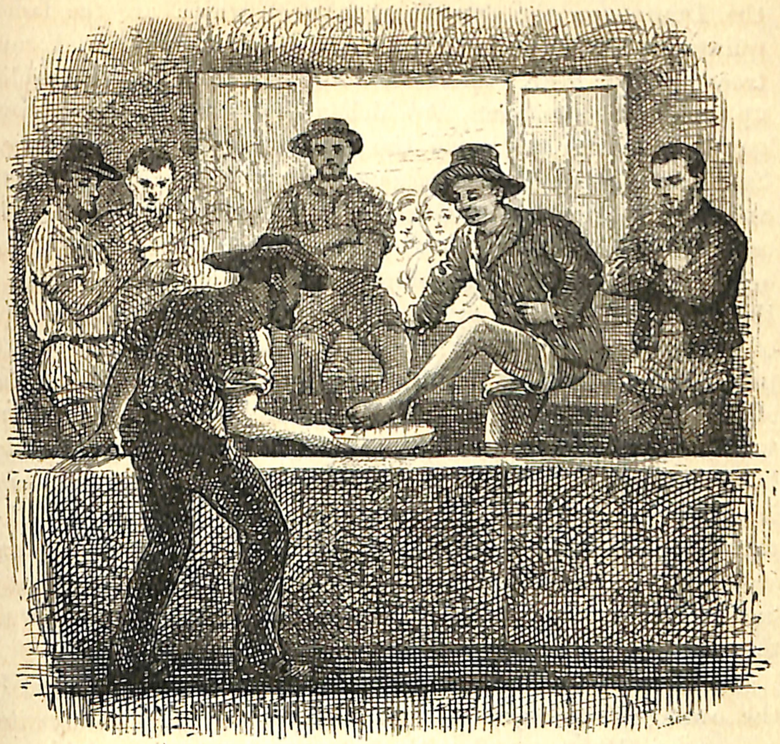
The levée concluded, we mounted our horses for an excursion to several quintas higher up the Douro, the wine of which is regularly purchased by the Messrs. Sandeman. Our party was rather a large one, comprising a couple of members of the firm and their able commissario, and including altogether half a dozen horsemen, each with his attendant arrieiro to take charge of the horses whenever we required to dismount. We descend the hill on which the Quinta dos Arregadas is perched by a break-

AN ALTO DOURO ROAD.

neck road, apparently formed by scattering some masses of rock along one of the many dried-up gullies that intersect the mountain slopes. After crossing a substantial stone bridge over the Rio Torto, which here falls into the Douro, we proceed for about a mile along the one excellent macadamised road

following the course of the river. When we arrive opposite to Pinhão—an important village situated at the confluence of the little river of the same name with the Douro, and whence considerable shipments of Port wine are made to Villa Nova—the highway abruptly terminates, and our course lies henceforward along bridle-paths and bullock-tracks—which only in irony could be termed roads—with the swift and muddy Douro flowing beneath. We pass the Quinta de Carvalhas: its casas lying low down the vine-clad mountain side, half hidden among clustering trees. Suddenly we leave the river and wind up a rock-strewn precipitous causeway, along which our horses, accustomed to such difficult tracks, pick their way with marvellous dexterity. Perched high above us, brightly gleaming among the olives and the vines, is the Quinta da Teixeira, whither we are bound, but where we make but a brief stay, as the vintage had not yet commenced.

We return again to the banks of the Douro, and, after following the course of the river for a considerable distance, arrive at the famous district of Roriz. Here we dismount at a quinta belonging to Senhor Senna, and, ascending a long flight of steps, find ourselves on the threshold of the casa dos lagares, where a score of men, high above their knees in a clammy purple bath, are treading grapes to the sound of fife and drum. The music suddenly ceases as we enter, and the treaders, pausing from their work, regard us with an air of curiosity. On the owner of the quinta, a square, bent, grey-headed old man, making his appearance they speedily resume their movements, raising one leg after the other as, with fife and drum playing briskly, they half march, half dance, round the large lagar. The large white saucer with its raised centre is now produced in order that we may taste the wine; and one of the treaders lifting up his brawny leg and carefully balancing himself, the saucer is held beneath his dripping foot to receive the mosto as it trickles down. This is now submitted to a general inspection and tasting, while the amount of saccharine contained in it is ascertained by means of the saccharometer. The quarters in



TAKING A SAMPLE OF NEW WINE.

which the owner of the quinta had installed himself for the vintage were neither luxurious nor inviting. In the corner of a long low room over the adega—in a kind of granary, in fact, strewn with baskets, monster pumpkins, and sacks of maize, rice, and potatoes—were an iron camp bedstead, a couple of old chairs, and a table; and with such poor accommodation as this a well-to-do Douro wine-farmer is perfectly content. Senhor Senna informed us that his vines had suffered but slightly from the phylloxera; still he expected to vintage only eighty pipes instead of the hundred which his vineyard commonly yielded.

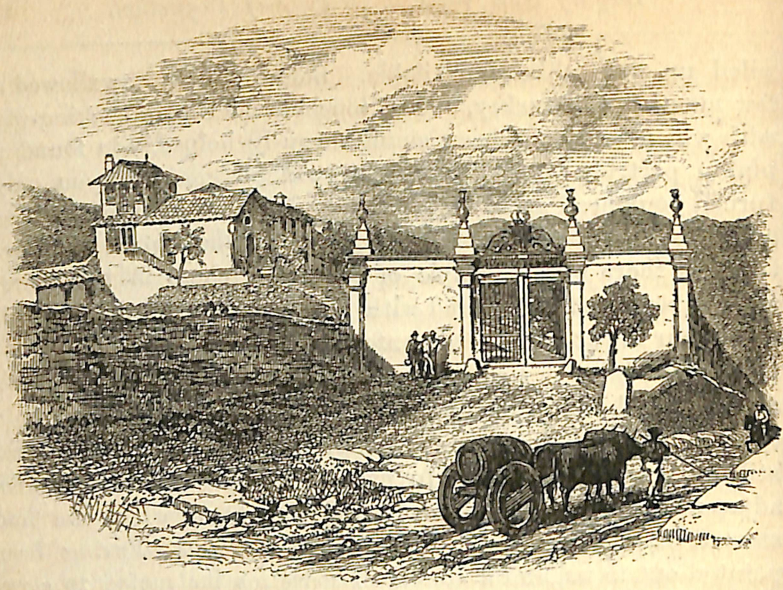
Mounting our horses again, we wind round the sides of a ravine, always surrounded by stone terraces and vines, leaving

the Douro—on the opposite banks of which are the famous quintas of Romaneira and Roncão, shaded by cypress and orange trees—in our rear. After an hour or more of difficult riding up rude stone staircases, at which a Leicestershire squire would gaze with horror, we reach the Quinta do Caedo, belonging to Senhor Francisco Seixas, a garrulous, excitable old gentleman and ancient adherent of Queen Dona Maria, fighting in whose cause he received a bullet which entered his cheek and passed out at his neck, leaving behind it ugly scars, which remain to this day. He calculated upon vintaging as many as 150 pipes of wine from his various vineyards. Here the treading of the grapes was going on vigorously to the sound of a tinkling guitar strummed on by some ancient minstrel, the men smoking, whistling, and singing, while a crowd of young women posted before the open windows chimed merrily in. An adjoining lagar, where the grapes had been already trodden, was so full of the expressed juice—on the surface of which the skins and stalks of the grapes were floating in a compact mass—that it had to be banked up with tiles round the edges to prevent the mosto from flowing over.

In anticipation of our visit luncheon had been prepared by the owner of the quinta, and to this we were now invited in a room hung round with festoons of grapes for table use during the coming winter. If ever a table really groaned, as tables are often said to do, the one we sat down to might fairly have done so, under the weight of fatted turkeys, ducks, fowls, red-legged partridges, sucking-pigs, and juicy hams, together with cheeses made from sheep's milk, sponge-cakes of incredible dimensions, quince, peach, and pumpkin preserves, olives, apples, and huge bunches of luscious purple grapes. At a feast like this, in a remote corner of the Upper Douro, Port wine, as may be supposed, was your only liquor—the traditional cup of cold water was not to be had even if you prayed for it—but it was Port of the grand vintages of 1834 and 1858. Altogether it was hospitality in riot, and prayers and remonstrances at the profuse way in which your plate was constantly being

piled up were alike unavailable. Before you had swallowed a few mouthfuls of turkey, or had touched the ribs of sucking-pig with which you had been simultaneously helped, you found a plump partridge in the middle of your plate, and if you only turned your head aside for a moment a slice of ham as thick as an average beefsteak would be placed on the top of it. Fortunately there were a couple of hungry lurchers in the room, and unperceived we shared with them the superfluities which fell to our lot at this over-bounteous banquet.

It was nigh five o'clock when we quitted the Quinta do Caedo and struck the high road skirting the Rio Torto. Here a couple of us separated from the remainder of the party, who were bound still higher up the Douro, to proceed to the Quinta do Seixo, adjacent to the Quinta dos Arregadas, from which we had started that morning. The way to Ervedoza having been pointed out to us, and a couple of arrieiros instructed to serve as our guides, we rode leisurely down the mountain-side, passing droves of donkeys with pigskins full of common wine strapped across their backs. On we proceeded imagining our guides were loitering behind until we reached the village, when, dusk having by this time set in, we halted at the fountain to water our horses and await the coming of our arrieiros. Long we lingered here, ignorant of the road we ought to take; still our men failed to turn up. In very limited Portuguese we inquired for a guide; but a heavy storm appeared to be threatening, and none was to be obtained. At length, when it had grown quite dark and people were groping their way about the village with lanterns, we asked to be conducted to some inn. The best accommodation the miserable little place afforded was readily placed at our disposal. It consisted of a couple of small compartments, boarded off from a large granary strewn with sacks of grain and potatoes, and grapes and figs laid out on straw mats to dry. Scarcely were we under shelter when the rain came down in torrents; and when at daylight on the following morning we resumed our journey, with the landlord of the inn mounted on his mule for guide, the roads bore ample testimony to the deluge of the previous night.



THE QUINTA DO SEIXO.

III. How Port Wine is Made.

The Quinta do Seixo—Its commodious and well-arranged Casa, Lagares, and Adega—Vintagers Singing the popular ditty "Marianinha"—Prevalence of Celtic, Jewish, and Moorish faces among them—The Women frequently decked out in heavy Jewellery—The Casa dos Lagares of the Quinta—A gang of Sixty Treaders at Work—They sing and shout to encourage the weak and lazy—Are accompanied by Drum, Fife, Fiddle, and Guitar—Nips of Brandy and Cigarettes served round—The first Treading, the "Sovar o vinho," or Beating the Wine, is completed—Interval of rest—Treading resumed in a listless fashion—Music loses its Inspiration and Authority its Terrors—Fermentation of the Mosto—The Wine is run off into the Tonels—Clears itself in the Cold Weather—Is Racked into Pipes and sent down to the Wine-boats—The Alto Douro Bullock-carts and their unearthly "Childreda"—Loading the Wine-boats—The Rapids they encounter on the Voyage to Oporto—Skilfulness of the Steersmen—Characteristics of the Douro Boatmen—Their Toil when Ascending the River.

The Quinta do Seixo, the headquarters for the vintage of Messrs. Cockburn, Smithes, and Co., whose hospitality we experienced on more than one occasion, is one of the most important in the Upper Douro, having prior to the inroads of the phyl-

loxera yielded as many as three hundred pipes of high-class wine. It occupies the spurs and slopes of a mountain, one side of which bounds the Douro, and the other the Rio Torto valley. Scattered over the heights above are the white cottages of the village of Valença, the vineyards of which produce a considerable quantity of first-class wine. The buildings of the Quinta do Seixo, which is entered through an imposing gateway, surmounted by the armorial bearings of its owner, are very extensive. The casa is both commodious and well arranged, and has a certain air of pretension about it, while the lagares and the adega are on a scale proportionate to the extent of the surrounding vineyard. On the left bank of the Rio Torto are the capacious lodges, in which the wine vintaged here and in the surrounding districts is stored until it is ready for shipment at the adjacent so-called port of Bateiras, situate at the junction of the Rio Torto with the Douro. The vintage at the Quinta do Seixo was at its height, and a considerable number of hands were engaged in it. From the roomy terrace where the casa and lagares are situated one looks down upon a long flight of descending terraces of vines, dotted over with a score or two of vintagers, singing melodiously in a loudish key the favourite ditty of "Marianinha"—

"Mariana diz que tem
Sete saias de riscado—
Desengane o seu amõr,
E naõ o traga enganado.

"Mariana diz que tem,
O meu bem,
Sete saias de filó—
Mentirosa Mariana
Que naõ tem
Nem uma só."

Ringing clearly through the mountain air the words sound rather pretty in the original Portuguese, and one is disappointed at finding that they possess so little sense. The inanity of the song is not, however, its only drawback, the impropriety of some of the remaining verses having moved the Oporto authorities to interdict their being sung, nevertheless the song enjoys a wide-

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spread popularity. The following sufficiently close translation of its opening stanzas, which include the lines just quoted, will give a fair idea of the quality of the ditty:—

"Young Mariana, poor little thing,
Her petticoats trail in the mire;
I have told you a thousand times—
'Lift up your skirt, little Mariana.'

"Mariana says she has
Seven petticoats with stripes—
'Tell the truth to your lover,
And no more deceive him.'

"Mariana says she has
(Oh, my love!)
Seven petticoats of cambric—
'Lying Mariana,
You know you've not
A single one.'"

Among the singers we detect many countenances the exact counterparts of faces met with in Sligo and the wilds of Connemara. Jewish faces also are not uncommon, while as regards the few moderately good-looking women, it is evident that Moorish blood courses through their veins. The latter have the firm and graceful carriage, the almond-shaped eye and straightish eyebrow, the regular white teeth, and rich transparent olive complexion peculiar to their race. Several of them—bare-legged, coarsely clad, uncleanly, and unkempt though they were—wore handsome filigree brooches and earrings of antique mauresque design, it being a common practice with women of their class to invest their savings in trinkets of this description in order to escape the importunities of impecunious relatives bent upon borrowing from all who are known to hoard. While the women are busy gathering the grapes, the men, with heavily-laden baskets, continue ascending the steep steps at the ends of the taller terraces—which are frequently twelve feet in height—and file off with their burdens to the lagares, the largest of which has to be filled by noon. Across this lagar planks are placed for the vintagers to walk on when shooting the grapes into the remoter corners, whereby the crushing of the fruit already in the lagar and any premature fermentation of the juice thus exuded is avoided.

THE VINTAGERS' KITCHEN AT THE QUINTA DO SEIXO.

When the midday meal is over, the grapes having been already spread perfectly level in the lagar, a band of sixty men is told off to tread them. The casa dos lagares is a long building with a low pointed roof, lighted with square openings along one side, and contains four lagares, in the largest of which sufficient grapes can be trodden at one time to produce thirty pipes of wine. As is universally the case in the Upper Douro, these lagares are of stone, and about three feet in depth. In front of each, and on a lower level, is a small stone reservoir, called a dorno, into which the expressed juice flows after the treading of the grapes is concluded, and which communicates by pipes with the huge tonels in the adega below, although not beneath the lagares, being, in fact, in face of the reservoirs, but on a level some twelve feet lower, with a long wooden staircase leading to it. In front of the lagares runs a narrow stone ledge, to which ascent is gained by a few steps, and here while the treading is going on the overseers post themselves, long

staves in hand, in order to see that every one performs his proper share of labour. The treaders, with their white breeches well tucked up, mount into the lagar, where they form three separate rows of ten men each on either side of the huge overhanging beam, and, placing their arms on each other's shoulders, commence work by raising and lowering their feet alternately, calling out as they do so, "Direita, esquerda!" ("Right, left!"), varying this, after a time, with songs and shoutings in order to keep the weaker and the lazier ones up to the work, which is quite as irksome and monotonous as either treadmill or prison crank, which tender-hearted philanthropists regard with so much horror. But the lagariros have something more than singing or shouting to encourage them. Taking part with them in the treading is a little band of musicians, with drum, fife, fiddle, and guitar, who strike up a lively tune, while their comrades chime in, some by whistling, others with castanets. Occasionally, too, nips of brandy are served out, and the overseers present cigarettes all round, whereupon the treaders vary their monotonous movements with a brisker measure.

This first treading—the "sovar o vinho," or beating the wine, as it is called—lasts, with occasional respites and relays of fresh men, for eighteen hours. A long interval now ensues, and then the treading or beating is resumed. By this time the grapes are pretty well crushed, and walking over the pips and stalks, strewn at the bottom of the lagar, becomes something like the pilgrimages of old when the devout trudged wearily along, with hard peas packed between the soles of their feet and the soles of their shoes. The lagariros, with their garments more or less bespattered with grape-juice, move slowly about in their mauve-coloured mucilaginous bath in a listless kind of way, now smoking cigarettes, now with their arms folded or thrown behind their backs, or with their hands tucked in their waistcoat-pockets or raised up to their chins while they support the elbow of the one arm with the hand of the other. The fiddle strikes up anew, the drum sounds, the fife squeaks, the guitar tinkles, and the overseers drowsily upbraid. But all to no purpose. Music has

lost its inspiration and authority its terrors, and the men, dead beat, raise one purple leg languidly after the other. In the still night-time, with a few lanterns dimly lighting up the gloomy casa dos lagares, such a scene as I have here attempted to sketch has something almost weird about it.

By the time the treading is completed the violent fermentation of the must has commenced, and is left to follow its course. According as the grapes are moderately or over ripe, and the atmospheric temperature is high or low, and it is intended that the wine shall be sweet or dry, this fermentation will be allowed to continue for a shorter or a longer period, varying from fifteen hours to several days, during which time the husks and stalks of the grapes, rising to the surface of the must, form a thick incrustation. To ascertain the proper moment for drawing the wine off into the tonels, recourse is usually had to the saccharometer, when, if this marks four or five degrees, the farmer knows the wine will be sweet; if a smaller number of degrees are indicated the wine will be moderately sweet, while zero signifies that the wine will be dry. Some farmers judge the state of the fermentation by the appearance of the wine on the conventional white porcelain saucer, and the vinous smell and flavour which it then exhibits. When it is ascertained that the wine has sufficiently fermented, it is at once run off into the large tonels, holding their ten to thirty pipes each, the mosto extracted from the husks of the grapes by the application of the huge beam press being mixed with the expressed juice resulting from the treading. It is now that brandy—not poisonous Berlin potato spirit, but spirit distilled from the juice of the grape—is added at the rate of $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 11 gallons per pipe, if it is desired that the wine should retain its sweetness. Should, however, the wine be already dry, the chances are that it will receive no spirit at all. The bungs are left out of the tonels until November, when they are tightly replaced, and the wine remains undisturbed until the cold weather sets in, usually during the month of December. By this time the wine has cleared and become of a dark purple hue. It is now drawn off its lees and returned again to the

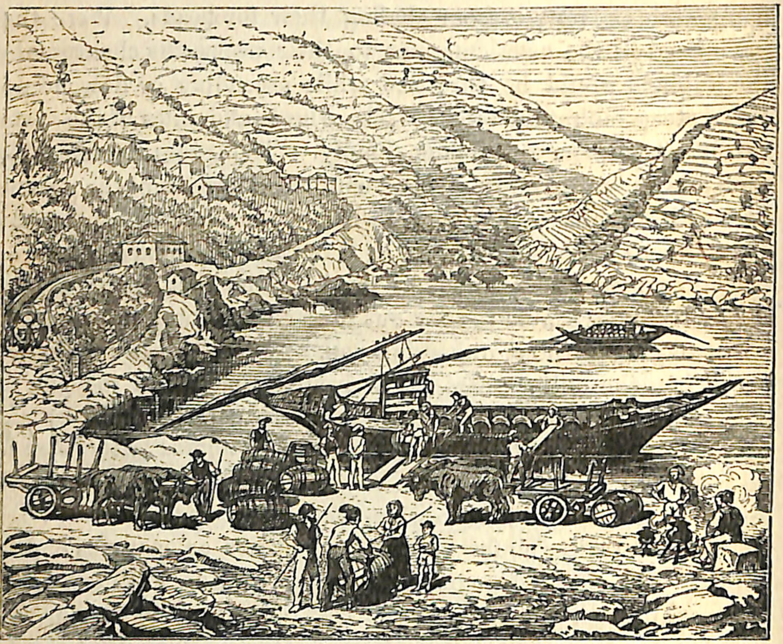
tonel, when it receives about five gallons of brandy per pipe. In the following March it will be racked into pipes preparatory to being sent down the Douro to the wine-shippers' lodges at Villa Nova de Gaia.

A good quantity of the wine vintaged in the Upper Douro is shipped to Oporto in the ensuing spring from Pinhão, although many growers ship their wines at favourable points of the river contiguous to their own quintas. The pipes are sent down from the adegas fastened with ropes on to bullock-carts, the massive

framework and low solid iron-tired wheels of which are of much the same pattern as in the days of the Romans. The powerful oxen have a difficult task of it, in restraining the too rapid descent down the fearfully steep and rugged roads with the dead weight behind always impelling them forward. The yoke is fixed to the horns of the oxen instead of to their necks, and is provided with a leather cushion—often set off with a long fringe—to prevent it from chafing their foreheads. Were the yoke fixed in the usual manner to their necks, the chances are the animals would be throttled while ascending or descending these steep mountain tracks. The wheels and axles of the carts revolve together, screeching loudly. The peasants say this unearthly sound, known as the "childreda," frightens the wolves, and will scare away the devil, which is not unlikely if he has only a moderately sensitive ear. It certainly has one advantage; in the narrow mountain tracks you hear the cart coming a long way off, and are able to look out for a place where it is possible for it to pass without unhorsing you.

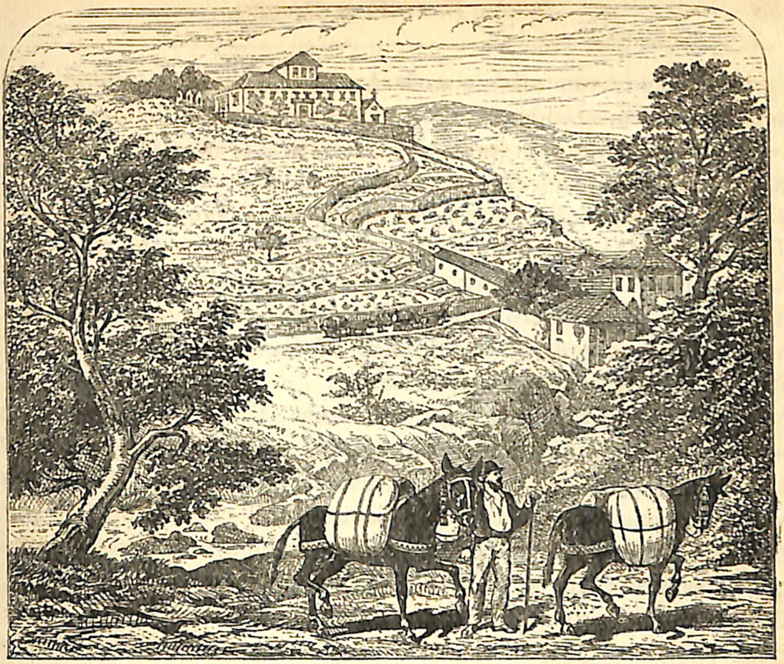
When the bullock-cart has arrived on the strand the pipe is gently lowered on to the sand, and then rolled up planks laid against the side of the high-prowed flat-bottomed boat which is to receive it on board. If the incline is very steep ropes are had recourse to. These Douro wine-boats are of various sizes, some of them carrying as few as ten and others as many as eighty pipes. The charge for conveying a pipe of wine down to Oporto is ten shillings, exclusive of the cost of getting it to the boat, and the landing of it at Villa Nova de Gaia. During the voyage the boat has to descend numerous rapids, the approach to which is signalled by the steersman with shouts of "A rezende!" whereupon the oarsmen raise their oars out of the water, and the steersman, standing upon the sternposts and looking ahead to avoid the sunken rocks, firmly grips the tiller, whereon depends the safety of the boat and its cargo. Suddenly the vessel is precipitated down the rapid, when with a single jerk the steersman swings its head round, while a couple of agile men at the prow sound the bottom of the river with their long poles.

The Douro boatmen are very chatty and cheerful, and frequently converse among themselves in song, the words of which they improvise as occasion may require. They are very strict in the observance of their religious duties, and whenever the image of a saint is passed, perched on the summit of the cliffs bordering the river, they bare their heads and repeat a short prayer.



LOADING A DOURO WINE-BOAT.

Before commencing a meal, too, they will stand up and uncover themselves, and devoutly say grace. Their hardest toil is in ascending the river with a cargo of empty pipes, as then the boat has to be towed against the powerful current. The unloading and reloading of the cargo, too, whenever the vessel gets aground, or the numerous rapids have to be ascended, is both a tedious and laborious affair.



THE QUINTA AMARELLA.

IV. Some Pinhão Quintas—An Upper Douro Village—Lovely Woman in the Lagar.

The Quinta Amarella and Casal de Loivos—So-called Roughing it in an Alto Douro Quinta—The Village of Pinhão and its principal Features—Excursion to the Quinta do Noval—Magnificent View from its Upper Heights—Its Lagares and Modern Presses—Ravages of the Phylloxera—Some Alto Douro Wine made without added Spirit—We follow the course of the Pinhão—Distance lends Enchantment to the View of an Alto Douro Village—Closer Acquaintance dissipates the Illusion—The Casa Grande of Celleirós—Senhor Arnaldo's Douro Quintas—His new Adega one of the finest in the Alto Douro—The Red and White Wines of Celleirós—A Visit at Night-time to a neighbouring Lagar—A party of Women Treaders having a merry time of it—They Dance upon the Grapes with the frenzy of Wild Bacchantes.

In full view of the Quinta do Seixo, and perched part way up the lofty hill at the base of which the village of Pinhão is situated, and where the clear and sparkling waters of the little river bear-

ing the same name mingle with those of the swift-rushing and muddy Douro, stands the Quinta Amarella—the Yellow Quinta —occupied by the representative of the firm of Martinez, Gassiot, and Co. at the epoch of the vintage. Almost at the summit of the same high hill, known as Casal de Loivos (the Wolves' Lair)—so named at a time when its forests were the refuge of that animal—and looking down over the wide narrow ravines along which the Douro and the Pinhão take their course, are the snow-white cottages of the village of Casal de Loivos, in the midst of chestnut-trees and vines.

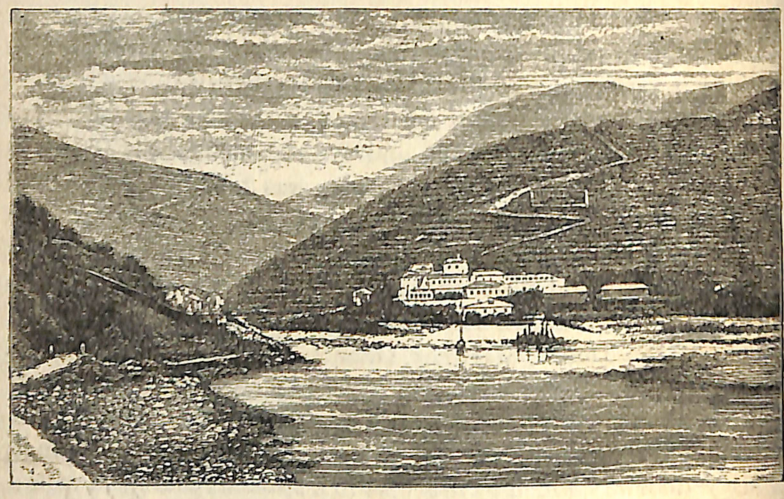
On crossing the Douro by the ferry at Pinhão we rode at once to the Quinta Amarella and found house, lagares, and tonels undergoing a complete restoration, and the wine being made in some lagares forming part of the same property, but situated higher up the hill. Although the quinta has given in good years as many as eighty or ninety pipes of first-class wine, the produce was but small on the occasion of our visit, partly from the unfavourable weather, but chiefly from a considerable portion of the quinta having been recently replanted and the vines not yet being in full bearing. We spent several days, at different times, at the Quinta Amarella during our sojourn in the Upper Douro, where, owing to the absence of any kind of accommodation, the traveller is entirely dependent upon the courtesy of the owners or occupiers of the quintas along his line of route. When an invitation is given to you to take up your quarters in one of these quintas, it is invariably accompanied by the intimation that you must be prepared to "rough it." But it usually happens that the only roughing of it you have to undergo is over the villainous roads which lead to your destination. There is no lack of hospitality, and you are feasted on fowls, turkeys, and hams, and on beef and mutton—which, by the way, have to be sent for a distance of ten miles—on the daintiest of pastry made by the nuns, and the many preserves for which the Alto Douro is famous. These, moreover, will be frequently supplemented by delicacies bearing Crosse and Blackwell's well-known brand, while the finest of grapes are of course in abun-

dance. The choicest of tawny Port, which has lost all its fruitiness during a quarter of a century in the cask, is at your service, with Bordeaux and Allsopp and Martell; while almost every one, on the pretence that the water hereabouts is undrinkable, has an ample supply of Apollinaris up from Oporto; so that, on the whole, what is called "roughing it" in an Upper Douro quinta is rather a sybaritical affair than otherwise.

In accordance with the customary practice the representative of Messrs. Martinez, Gassiot, and Co. rode forth daily from the Quinta Amarella to see that the wine was being properly made in the various vineyards, the produce of which the firm had contracted to purchase, and here he received levées of farmers, who came from far and near with samples of new-made wine which they had to sell. Down below in the village, and within a hundred yards of the Douro, Martinez, Gassiot, and Co. have some large stores where they collect their purchases in the Upper Douro, and whence they send them down the river by boat to Oporto as occasion may require. We paid a visit to these stores, entering through a large doorway which gave access to a spacious courtyard with a row of adegas on one side, while the other was occupied with a long low open building, the sloping roof of which rested on massive granite pillars. Here a small cooperage for the repair of casks is installed. The three adegas opposite are of considerable size, and as many as 1,200 pipes of wine can be conveniently stored in them.

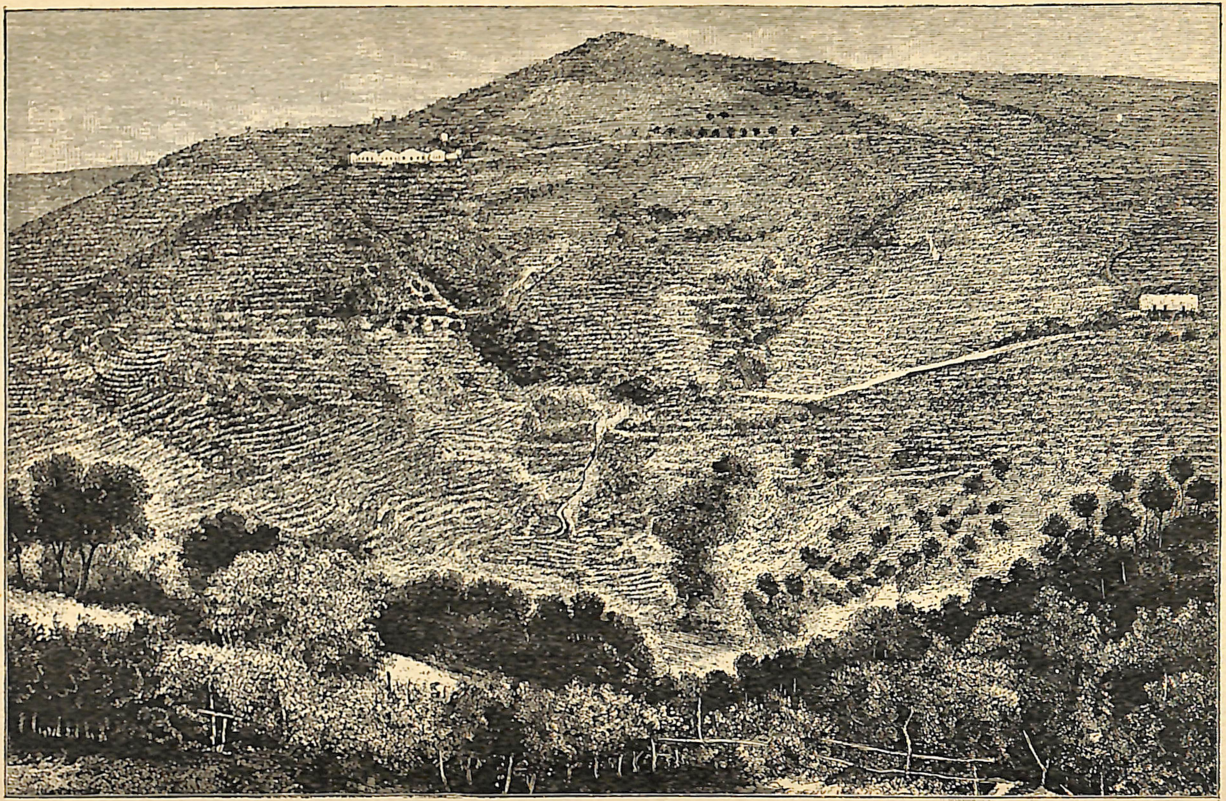
The village of Pinhão comprises a cluster of small houses, and some half-a-dozen wine-stores, grouped indiscriminately on the banks of the Douro. It boasts a straggling undulating praça, planted with a few trees, on one of which there was usually hanging a newly-slaughtered sheep, which the butcher would be cutting up, while women waited to secure the primer parts for their husbands at work on the railway in course of construction on the opposite bank of the Douro, and on the railway bridge that spans the river Pinhão. A venda, a barber's shop, and one or two general dealers' stores look on to the praça, and in the short, winding streets of the village, children, pigs, dogs, and poultry

mingle indiscriminately before the cottage doors. Such are the main features of Pinhão, which, from its central position, is a place of some importance in the Alto Douro region.



VIEW OF PINHÃO.

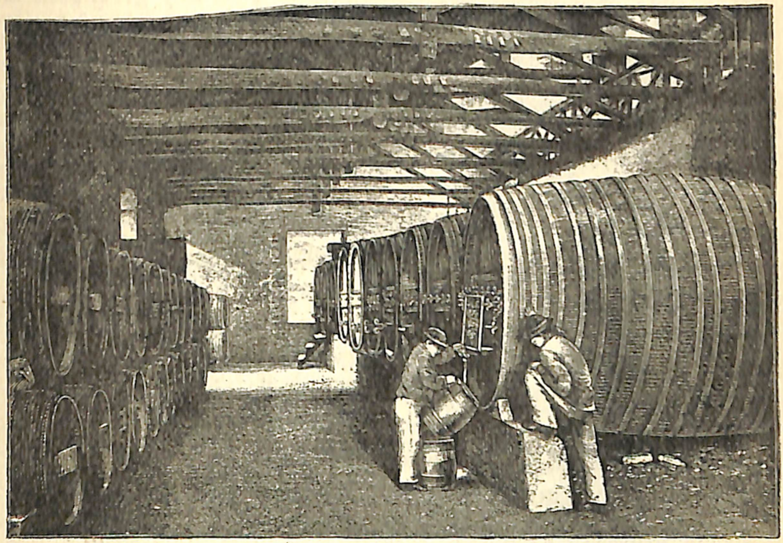
The little river Pinhão is skirted on the left bank by a new macadamised road, and along this we ride, past vineyards, olive-groves, and water-mills, shaded by clustered oak and cork trees, with gleaming white casas and little hamlets picturesquely perched up the surrounding slopes. Among these is São Christovão, famous for its fine white Ports, bought up by Messrs. Offley, Forrester, and Co., the largest shippers of these wines in Oporto. The road intersects the vineyards of the ancient Quinta do Noval, the property of the Visconde de Villar Allen, and a steep narrow mountain track leads from the new highway to the buildings of the quinta, which commands one of the most magnificent prospects in the Alto Douro. From its highest altitude the waters of the Pinhão are all but lost to view, being more or less hidden by jutting crags and branching foliage, but away in the distance there gleams the rapid Douro, looking far



THE QUINTA DO NOVAL IN THE ALTO DOURO.

(p. 69.)

brighter and clearer than it seems when standing on its banks. Terraces of vines rise and descend on all sides, and to-day, with the additions that have been from time to time made to it, Noval—the quinta in the valley, as its name implies—extends over nearly 250 acres, exclusive of the adjoining quinta of the Marco, some 50 acres in extent, belonging to the same proprietor. Adjoining the chapel and villa residence, built on an open terrace



ADEGA AT THE QUINTA DO NOVAL.

planted with olive and orange trees, are the press-house and the adega, erected, according to the new principle, on different levels, so that the mosto may flow out of the dornachos or reservoirs through metal pipes into the great tonels ranged along the spacious building, whence a staircase communicates with the casa dos lagares. Here are six lagares, four of them, holding from twelve to fifteen pipes each, being provided with metal screws placed in their centre; while in the two others, each capable of containing thirty pipes of wine, the grapes after being trodden are pressed by means of the ponderous beams common through-

out the Upper Douro. In addition, the Visconde possesses a Mabille press, the general introduction of which would be, he conceives, of great benefit to the wine-growers, who by its use would obtain the full quantity of mosto which the grapes are capable of yielding. The vintage operations were drawing to a close at the time of our visit, a score or so of men being engaged in treading the grapes in the last lagar. We noticed that all the bunches which displayed any greenness or rottenness had been carefully removed, as well as a portion of the grape-stalks, an excess of which gives a harsh flavour to the wine.

Certain spots in the Quinta do Noval have been attacked by the phylloxera since 1875, and considerable damage has resulted to the vines, so that, instead of 300 pipes being vintaged in that quinta alone, the Noval and the Marco quintas combined now yield merely 200 pipes—equivalent to about two-thirds of a pipe per acre—which, small as it may seem, is nevertheless a high yield for the Alto Douro under existing circumstances. Among these 200 pipes are twenty-five pipes of very superior white wine, made without any addition of spirit. The quality of the red wine vintaged the year of our visit promised to be very good, judging by the depth of colour and amount of saccharine it indicated when tested.

The Visconde de Villar Allen, like other enterprising growers and shippers, has devoted his attention to the problem of making Port wine without the addition of spirit, and has experimented largely with the Noval and other growths. At his quinta he was unable to show us any Noval wine of this description, although he has a stock of it at his adegas in Oporto, but he gave us some wine made at a vineyard near Covellinhas, below Boa Vista, on the right bank of the Douro, and which had not received any spirit either when being made, drawn off its lees, fined, or bottled. The wine was only a twelvemonth old, and naturally undeveloped; nevertheless it showed considerable depth of colour, had a pleasant perfume, and was clean and fresh-tasting, and by combining a certain roundness with a

subdued astringency participated somewhat of the character of both Burgundy and Bordeaux. It certainly possessed none of the characteristics of Port.

There are several good quintas in the valley of the Pinhão, near Noval, and in the vicinity of the picturesque village of Valle de Mendiz, which, planted on the spur of a hill, stands out sharply from the distant vine-clad slopes. The high road winds midway up the mountain in the direction of the distant village of Alijò, one of the most northern points of the Paiz Vinhateiro, as the wine-producing district of the Upper Douro is called. Branching off from it near Valle de Mendiz, we still follow the course of the Pinhão over a rough bullock-track, with vineyards

and olive-groves on either side. Groups of girls, not only engaged in gathering the grapes, but in carrying weighty basketsful of them to the lagares, are frequently encountered as

we proceed onward to the Ponte do Passadoura, a rustic bridge spanning the Pinhão, here little more than a tortuous torrent. The Pinhão crossed, we wind up a precipitous road skirting some extensive vineyards, which line either side of the way, till the summit of the hill is reached, when the eye looks over a vast stretch of undulating country, with vines and olives climbing the nearer mountain slopes, and pine-trees fringing the distant crests. We pass an occasional casa or two, and overtake some bullock-carts with four struggling oxen straining with their utmost strength to drag a pipe of brandy up the steep acclivity, while their drivers encourage them by shouts or taunt them with remonstrances such as "One would think you hadn't eaten anything since yesterday—why are you so lazy?" Several parties of vintagers are encountered going home for the night, and just as dusk has fallen around a bend in the road brings us to the outskirts of the picturesque but by no means cleanly village of Celleirós.

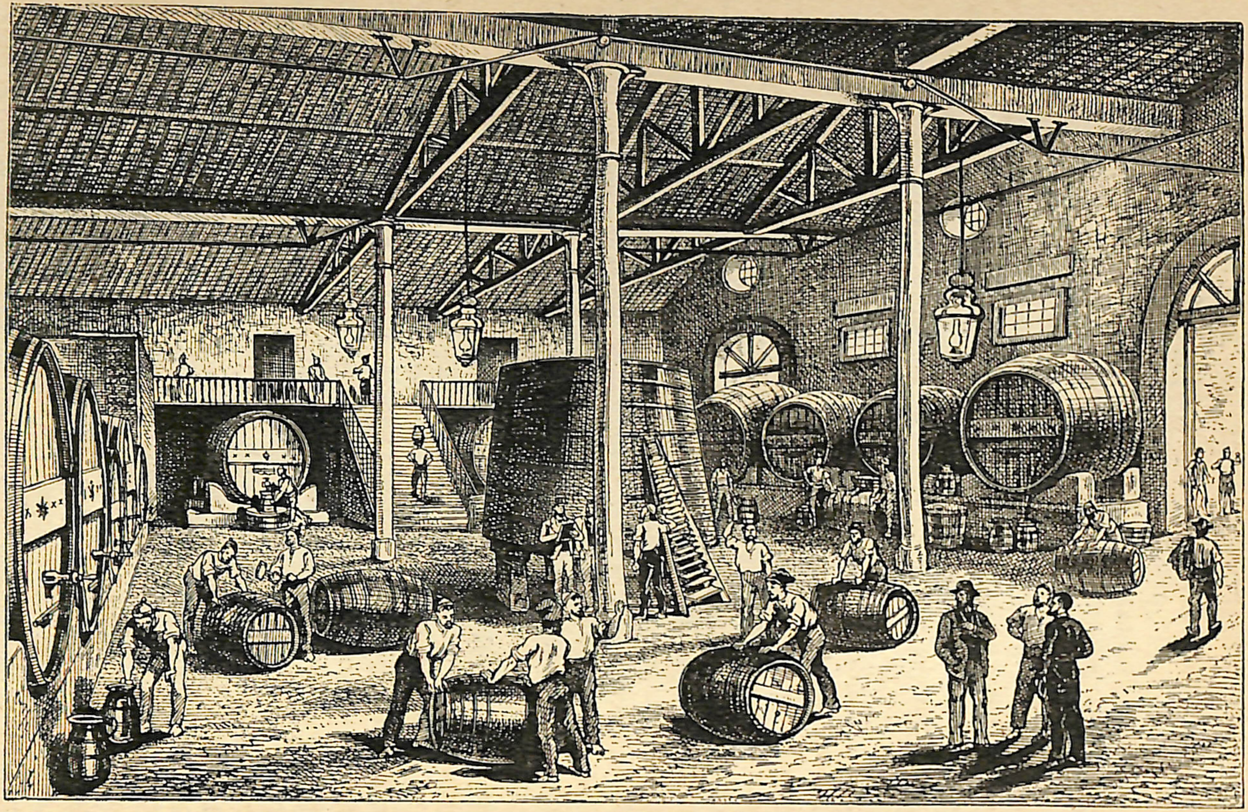
The villages of the Alto Douro, when seen a little way off, girt round about with vines and groves of orange, oak, chestnut, cork, and olive trees, with a distant panorama of undulating mountains rising up behind them, have usually a pleasing air of rustic repose. A cloudlet of blue smoke curls above the bright-roofed cottages; cask-laden bullock-carts wind slowly and inharmoniously between the vineyards, where carolling vintage girls are plucking the grapes; pedlars with their mules jog leisurely along, and women pass to and fro balancing stone jars of water or far heavier burdens on their heads; a tolling church bell re-echoes down the valley, whence the shouts of gambolling children from time to time ascend. The scene is full of light and colour; the village is nestled so cosily under the mountain-side, its casas gleam so brightly in the sun, the embowering trees are barely touched by the tints of autumn, and everything looks pleasant, lightsome, and clean. Should you, however, venture upon a closer acquaintance its pretensions either to beauty or cleanliness speedily vanish. The squalid houses, rudely built, are too frequently grimy on the outside and foul

within. The roads are often filthy in the extreme, smells undefinable assail one's nostrils as much from the open doorways as from the refuse-littered street. Occasionally the neat whitewashed abode of some well-to-do farmer may be seen, standing back in its pleasant garden, in striking contrast to the pair of dingy hovels, with linen of a dirty grey drying on lines before their paneless windows, which flank it on either side. Stables or sheds for beasts of burden there are certain to be, but the pigs, who are legion, live either in the street or in the common room of the family to whom they belong—a dimly-lighted fœtid apartment where vermin abound, where the atmosphere is always close and smoky and the walls charred and blackened from the absence of chimneys to the houses. Now and then these miserable dwellings are built up in layers of schistous stone without either mortar or cement. When the former has been employed, a single coat of whitewash, set off perhaps with some tawdry streaks of red and yellow, suffices in the owner's eyes to keep his casa clean for a decade. Turning from the houses the eye lights on dirty children, yelping curs, emaciated poultry, and, above all, long-legged pigs, basking at full length in the middle of the road, disdaining to move out of your horse's way, and who, after indulging in a refreshing mud bath, will considerately retire, dripping with slush, to the single room where their owners live, eat, and sleep. The prevalence of swine in the villages of the Port wine country arises from the longing with which every one appears to be beset to possess his own pig. To fatten this is the care and delight of his existence until the time for slaughtering it arrives, which in the Alto Douro is invariably between Christmas and Lent.

Just such a village as the one we have been describing is Celleirós; still it is only fair to say that it is perhaps the dirtiest village throughout the Alto Douro. Fortunately the main street is provided with raised paved footways, so that it is possible to escape walking ankle-deep through the mire stagnating in the road. The bare-legged vintage-girls, however, trudge through it, with their baskets of grapes on their heads, quite as

unconcernedly as the bullocks do. A few of the better-class houses have flights of stone steps outside leading up to their first floors, round which run open wooden galleries. Here are the family living-rooms, the ground floors in this case being mostly used as stables, adegas, or casas dos lagares. Roadside stone crosses are numerous, but scarcely ever carved, as one sees them in Rhineland villages; and chapels, with massive escutcheons of preposterous dimensions surmounting their low doorways, appear every now and then between the dingy tenements.

In France it is very different. There nothing resembling a wine village in the Upper Douro is to be met with throughout the length and breadth of the wine-producing districts, all the villages of which have an unmistakable air of comfort and prosperity about them. It was to the casa grande, as the country people call it, of this unclean village of Celleirós that I was bound. Standing on the higher ground, at the farther end of the main thoroughfare, blocked up with bullock-carts just come in with casks of brandy, is a large white house built in the modern style, which, together with some new and extensive adegas facing it, belongs to Senhor Arnaldo de Souza, the largest winegrower hereabouts. Senhor Souza is noted throughout the Alto Douro for his sagacity and enterprise, and his well-appointed residence, at which we were hospitably entertained for several days, is like a gleam of civilisation in those outlandish parts. He owns three large quintas at Celleirós, and three others on the Douro and in the famous Roncão district—namely, Malheiros, near the rapid of Carrapata, Liceiras, and Sarrão—as well as the quinta of Cascalheira on the Rio Torto. These properties united, however, were only expected to produce between 200 and 300 pipes of wine instead of the 500 pipes which are their ordinary yield. Two of the Celleirós quintas—those of Pias and Verdigal—face the valley of the Pinhão, while the third, known as the Quinta de Celleirós, is just beyond the village on the road to Villa Real. These three quintas yield a good red wine of the second class, with a certain quantity of white wine of very



SENHOR ARNALDO DE SOUZA'S ADEGAS AT CELLEIRÓS IN THE ALTO DOURO.

(p. 67.)

superior character, which Messrs. Silva and Cosens annually contract to buy.

We visited the Quinta de Celleirós, which is walled in all round, and intersected with well-made roads. Although not touched by the phylloxera, it showed many blank spots where new vines required to be planted, or where provining—that is, the burying of a vine-stem in the earth with several of its shoots above ground—had been recently carried out. This, coupled with the unfavourable season, sufficed to account for the diminished produce of this particular vineyard. Senhor Souza had here made various experiments in accordance with Dr. Guyot's theories—training the vines on wires and pruning them after a particular system. The result, however, has scarcely proved satisfactory, for although the yield has been greater, the bunches of grapes, suspended too high above the ground, have never attained the requisite degree of ripeness. The past few years have certainly not been favourable for experiments of this description; still, Senhor Souza has satisfied himself that the Guyot theories are not applicable to the Alto Douro, and he intends returning to the old system of cultivation.

Senhor Souza's adega, constructed from designs by Mr. Rouse, an English engineer who has established himself at Oporto, is probably the finest in the Alto Douro. Entering through the large open doorway, one finds oneself in a vast and lofty apartment, its roof supported by light iron columns, the difficulty and expense of conveying which from Oporto to this all but inaccessible region were very great. Twenty-one tonels of varying capacity—namely, from twenty to fifty pipes—are disposed round the adega, in the centre of which is a huge vat, chiefly used for amalgamating different parcels of wine. From the adega a staircase communicates with the casa dos lagares, situated on a higher level, whence, by means of an elaborate system of pipes, the mosto is conveyed from the lagares to the different tonels. In this upper apartment there are seven lagares, four for red and three for white wine; for Celleirós is the great district for the finest white Ports. Whether the wine be red or white, one-third of

the stalks of the grapes are invariably removed before the latter are thrown into the lagar, and one-half should they be at all green. When there is an abundance of labour as many men as the lagares will conveniently hold are told off to do the treading. Both red and white wine are usually made sweet by arresting the fermentation before it has completed itself, in addition to which the white Ports commonly have two or three almudes of geropiga—a syrupy liqueur, the basis of which is unfermented grape-juice—added to each pipe at the moment of vatting. Whatever mosto is obtained from subjecting the husks and stalks of the grapes to the action of a powerful Mabille press is run into the same tonels as the other wine. In these tonels the wine remains undisturbed until Christmas, when it is racked into other tonels, and receives half an almude of brandy per pipe. In the spring it is sent along mountain-roads on bullock-carts to Senhor Souza's stores at Pinhão, whence it goes down the Douro by boat to Oporto.

Male lagariros chancing to be scarce at Celleirós, before I left that unattractive village I had the opportunity of seeing the fair sex creditably acquit themselves in treading the grapes in a lagar. It was at night-time, and a party of us, groping our way through one of the side streets of the village by the aid of a lantern, arrived in front of a low one-storied edifice, whence shouts of laughter mingled with the strains of music were issuing. The odour of fermenting mosto pervaded the air, indicating that wine-making was going on. The door being opened, we entered the dimly-lighted building, guided by one of the feitores, who advanced lantern in hand to greet us. Here were a couple of lagares filled with grapes, and in both of them treaders were at work. In the one over which the usual huge beam was suspended a party of men raised their legs alternately in a listless manner. The other lagar was tenanted by treaders, also in masculine attire, but of the softer sex. About a score of women (some young, but most of them middle-aged), dressed in the worn-out garments of their husbands and brothers, the majority of whom were at work in the adjoining lagar, were

crushing the purple grapes with an earnestness that suggested considerable delight in their occupation. They all wore short jackets and shorter linen pantaloons, but there was great variety in their headgear, some having slouched hats shading their scarcely lovely faces, while others wore straw hats cocked jauntily on one side, or caps with or without peaks; the remainder having the conventional gaudy kerchief tied over their heads. Seated

LOVELY WOMAN IN THE LAGAR.

on the parapet of the lagar a solitary musician fiddled away monotonously, while one or two damsels, gifted with high-pitched if not particularly melodious voices, struck up the well-known song of "Marianinha," interdicted, as we have already mentioned, by the Oporto authorities on account of its impropriety. Jokes were cracked, shouts of laughter followed, and much spirited conversation went on between the occupants of the two lagares. Altogether there was no dearth of animation,

and whenever the liveliness flagged or the treading grew at all slack, a cigarette or a drop of aguardente was served out as a reviver.

In another lagar, on an occasion of great emergency, we saw the grapes trodden by young women wearing their own garments, which they skilfully gathered up around them until they assumed the appearance of the biggest and most abbreviated of Dutchmen's breeches. When all was duly adjusted they sprang into the lagar, and, delighted with the novelty of their task, danced for a time among the grapes with the frenzy if not the grace of a troop of wild Bacchanals. The sight was certainly amusing, although the proceeding was, perhaps, not exactly a decorous one.

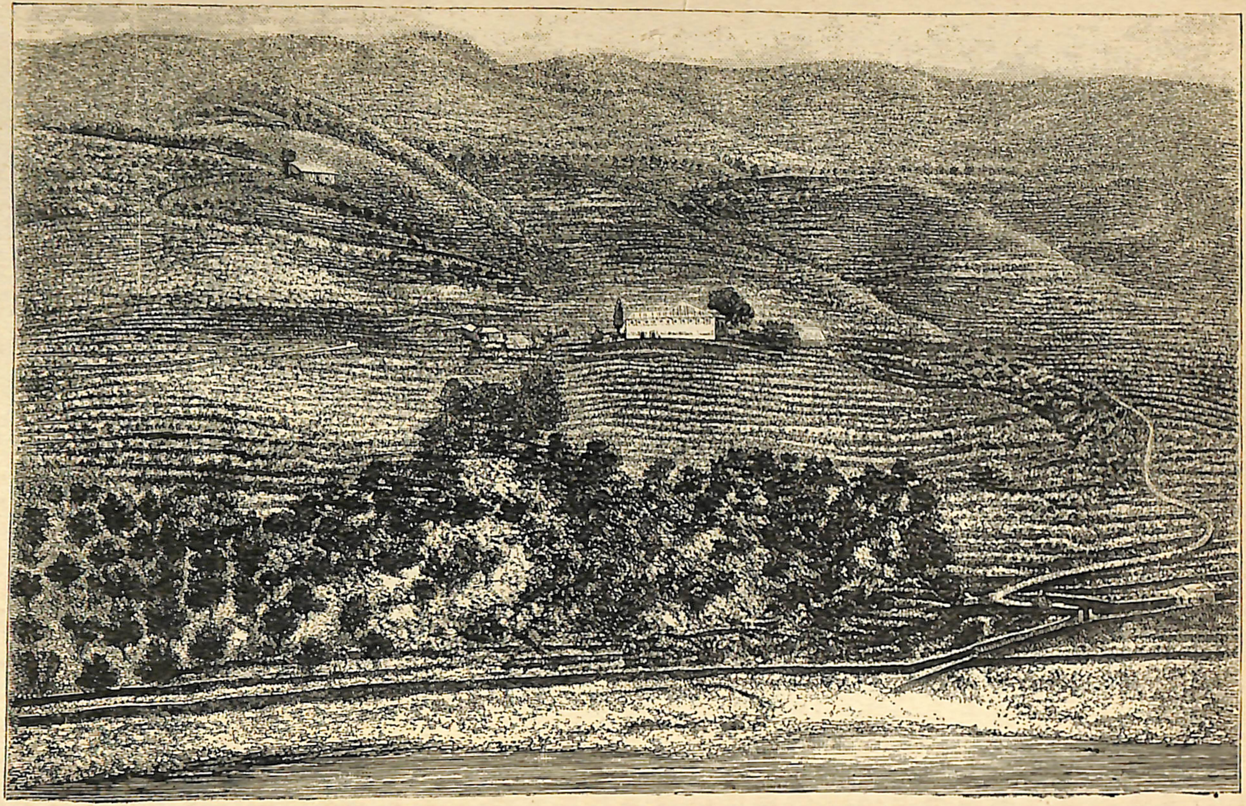
LAGARIROS REPOSING.

V.—A Tour to some Famous Quintas on the Douro and the Rio Torto—The Cachão da Valleira.

From Celleirós to the Costa do Roncão—A party of Lagariros taking their Repose—The Quintas of Roncão, Dona Rosa, Jordão, Romaneira, Serrão, Liceiras, and Malheiros—Other Quintas higher up the Douro—The Quinta do Roriz and its original Plantation by an enthusiastic Scotch Sportsman—Roëda, the so-called Diamond of the Port Wine Country—The Quinta renovated and extended by the Barão da Roëda—It is successively Devastated by the Oïdium and the Phylloxera—Efforts of the Barão da Roëda to arrest the ravages of the latter—The Quintas of Carvalhas and Ventozello—Excursion to the principal Quintas of the Rio Torto—Priests acting as Overseers in many Alto Douro Quintas—We meet troops of Donkeys carrying Skins of Wine—Reach a barren Plateau, and sight São João da Pesqueira—Its antique palatial-looking edifices, and their huge escutcheons—We visit the Quinta do Sidrô—Vines 1,000 feet above the level of the Douro—Ascend the craggy height of São Salvador do Mundo with little Chapels perched up its side—View from here of the dreaded Cachão da Valleira—The Douro Boatmen bare their heads and pray as they approach the perilous gorge—The Quinta do Vesuvio, the largest of the Douro Vineyards—Its Plantations of Oranges, Olives, and Almonds, as well as of Mulberry-trees for Silkworms—Other Quintas in the neighbourhood—We ride back and are ferried over to Pinhão.

Several other notable quintas being as yet unvisited, either on the banks of the Douro or up the valley of the Rio Torto—such, for instance, as Roncão, Romaneira, Rorez and Roëda; Carrapata, Carvalhas, Cannaes, and Cascalheira—we started during the forenoon from Celleirós, winding round the hills in the direction of the Pinhão, and passing through the Quinta of Terrafeita, where once more the customary vintage scene presented itself. It was the dinner hour, and men from the adjacent lagares, with their brawny legs dyed in new-made wine, were lolling or lying full length on the walls inclosing the vineyards, or dozing with the swine at the verge of the mountain road. Having crossed the river over a wooden bridge, we ascended the opposite side of the ravine and passed through the village of Val de Mendiz, perched on a spur of the principal chain of hills. There were the usual execrable roads to be traversed—roads of which the reader can only form an idea if he has ridden up or down a narrow dried-up mountain watercourse verging on the conventional angle of 45 degrees, and strewn with boulders of all shapes and sizes—the kind of track, in fact, which even a venturous chamois might hesitate to take. For roads such as these your horse has need to be not only sure-footed and sound in his knees and fetlocks, and strong in his haunches, but he should possess the keenest of sights, for if night overtakes you with no moon shining he will have to pick his way in Cimmerian darkness. Should you dismount and try to lead him the chances are you will stumble and fall at every second step, leaving you no alternative but to jump into the saddle again and trust your valued neck to your horse's intuition. When making the steeper ascents, should he show an inclination to waver the spur must be promptly applied, for in mounting these rude rocky staircases the horse that hesitates is assuredly lost.

The summit of the hills gained, a large interior basin presented itself, formed by the mountain slopes bordering the Pinhão and the Douro, with terraces of vines rising from base to summit in every direction, and a little brook, the Povoa,



THE QUINTA DE ROMANEIRA IN THE ALTO DOURO.

(*p.* 73.)

coursing among the trees and rocks along the bottom of the valley, the precise counterpart of a Welsh mountain stream. Perched on the high ground are the white cottages of three little villages in the midst of garden patches—Povoa, girt round about with olive-trees; Cottas, fringed with vines; and Villarinho de Cottas, through which we have to pass on our way to the Douro. We wind round the hills encompassing the valley and forming a complete amphitheatre of vine-clad slopes, while beyond, bathed in a flood of sunlight, glimmer the distant mountain-tops. All the wine grown low down in these hollows is remarkable, it should be noted, for its depth of colour. After a time we commence our descent, and a bend of the road discloses to view the yellow Douro, flowing tumultuously at our feet. Reaching its margin we cross the Povoa, which literally dribbles into the larger stream, and find ourselves within the limits of the famous Costa do Roncão, so named from the murmuring sound produced by the waters of the Douro dashing against a rock which here obstructs its course, and where some of the choicest wine in the Alto Douro region is vintaged.

Here are the Quinta do Roncão, belonging to Senhor Souza, our host at Celleirós, with its long adega, flanked on the one side by a cypress-tree, and on the other by a lofty cedar; the Quinta de Dona Rosa, planted more than a century ago, and yielding a remarkably fine wine, of which as many as 150 pipes are produced in a first-rate year; also the Quinta do Jordão, or Sibio, as it is sometimes called, with its large white casa and adjacent chapel, producing some 35 pipes of wine of the highest quality. The wine here is purchased by Messrs. Silva and Cosens, who also buy up the produce of the largest of the Romaneira quintas, of which there appear to be two. The quinta to which Baron Forrester gives the name of Romaneira in his map of the Alto Douro wine district usually yields some 70 pipes of wine, remarkable alike for body, mellowness, and aroma. The other, which ordinarily produces 100 to 120 pipes of first-class wine, is called the Quinta dos Reis by Baron Forrester, and by others the Quinta do Abbade, it being conjectured that it was originally

planted by an Abbot of Goivaes, although to-day it is more generally known as the Quinta da Romaneira or de Dona Clara, from the name of its proprietor, Dona Clara de Lacerda.

The road to it lies along the margin of the Douro, over large slabs of rock washed down by a succession of winter floods, and which, on the waters subsiding, are left high and dry on the sandy river bank, jumbled together in grotesque disorder. Over these my sorry steed picked his way for some time cleverly enough, stepping cautiously from one slippery boulder to another, until one steep shelving rock brought him down with his four legs under him. Disengaging my feet from the Moorish stirrups, I was soon out of the saddle, preferring not to run the risk of the horse falling anew in his endeavours to recover his footing. The remainder of the journey over this perilous roadway was performed in safety, and passing through the monumental gateway of the quinta, and ascending the steep road cut through the vines and shaded by spreading olive-trees, we reached the open terrace on which the long adega, faced by a row of tapering cypresses, interspersed with orange-trees and acacias, stands. Turning sharply round to the right, and passing through a large iron gateway surmounted by an escutcheon, we find ourselves in a spacious courtyard. At right angles with the casa dos lagares stands the little house where Dona Clara and her daughter instal themselves during the vintage. In front are some stables, and facing the press-house is another range of outbuildings, surmounted by a quaint little bell-turret, dominated by the painted figure of some patron saint. Fowls are wandering about the courtyard, dogs are sleeping in the shade, and a boy is thrusting tufts of maize down the throats of a couple of bullocks yoked to a cart laden with a pipe of brandy. The vintage had commenced in this quinta on the 25th of September, and was now drawing to a close, nearly the whole of the wine having been drawn off into the tonels, ten of which, capable of holding from fifteen to thirty pipes each, are ranged along the spacious adega. Here, as in adjoining quintas, phylloxera had manifested itself; still its

ravages had been limited, and we were informed that the yield would be nearly a hundred pipes of wine.

Eastward of Romaneira, and within the limits of the famous Costa do Roncão, are several quintas adjoining each other, all of which yield high-class growths, purchased for many years past by Messrs. W. and J. Graham, of Oporto. Among these may be mentioned the quintas of Serrão and Liceiras, together with that of Malheiros, or, as it is sometimes called, Carrapata, from the "galeira" or rapid of that name which here obstructs the navigation of the Douro, on whose margin the buildings of the quinta stand, screened, like those of Romaneira, by a row of cypresses. The Liceiras quinta is somewhat small; still the three vineyards combined yield in good years from 150 to 200 pipes of wine. Messrs. W. and J. Graham are also the purchasers of the produce of the neighbouring quintas of Bairral and Barca, as well as of the quinta of Sivio, higher up the river, all noted for their fine wines. Many of the best quintas in the Upper Douro are concentrated hereabouts, while only a few of those situated above this point enjoy any special repute. Among the latter are the Quinta do Merinço, in which the touriga species of grape is principally cultivated, and which yields in good years as many as 100 pipes of fine wine; also the Quinta de Malvedos, remarkable for the solidity of the terraces along which its vines are planted. Near this latter quinta are the ancient storehouses built by the famous Wine Company of the Alto Douro wherein to lodge the wines collected by their agents, as well as those confiscated by their bailiffs for being fraudulently introduced within the privileged district throughout which the Company exercised an arbitrary rule. Still higher up the Douro—some distance beyond the village of Tua, situated at the point where the river of the same name flows foaming into the Douro, and bounded by the valley of Riba Longa, where the wine district on the right bank of the Douro temporarily ceases—is the Quinta do Zimbro, producing a limited quantity of high-class wine.

From the terrace of Romaneira the eye looks over the

opposite bank of the Douro, where the hills present a series of gently-rounded buttresses horizontally scored with terraces of vines. Just across, but somewhat higher up the river, the white-walled casas and chapel of Roriz—which is the name of a particular quinta, as well as of a considerable district—gleam conspicuously amid the varied foliage of vines, olive-trees, and cypresses, and by their number and dimensions assume almost the appearance of a little hamlet. At the close of the last century not a vine was to be seen here; the ground lay uncultivated and covered with bushes and brushwood—the lair of the wolf and the wild boar, which used to swim the Douro and make havoc among the grape-laden vines on the opposite bank. The story goes that at the time when extensive plantations of vines were being made above the line of the Corgo there arrived a Scotch gentleman named Robert Archibald, passionately fond of field sports. He found the savage wilds and rugged steeps of the Douro well suited to his tastes; and his sporting expeditions having carried him to Roriz, he built there a small shooting-box. After a time, perceiving that the situation was well adapted to the plantation of a vineyard, he rented a large tract of the surrounding land, belonging to a Commandery of the Order of Christ; and thus originated the present Quinta do Roriz. This quinta is now more than 170 acres in extent, but its produce does not exceed 100 pipes of wine, of a high quality, however, and fine deep colour. It is worthy of remark that the predominant species of vine in this quinta is the tinta francisca, imported by Mr. Archibald from France, and thought to be identical with the pineau noir of Burgundy.

From the Quinta da Romaneira we proceeded to that of Roëda, the property of Senhor Fladgate, Barão da Roëda, and taking its name, like other quintas, from one of the rapids in the Douro—a rapid to which the name of Arrueda has been given from the noise made by the water rushing over a bank of loose stones and pebbles. There is a current local saying to the effect that if the wine country were a ring Roëda would be its diamond, for the quinta enjoys one of the finest aspects in the

THE QUINTA DA ROEDA IN THE ALTO DOURO.

(*p.* 77.)

Alto Douro, being situated midway between the Costa do Roncão and the mouth of the Pinhão, at the point where the valley of the Douro expands and the opposite bank subsides into a more gentle slope, over which the sun flashes its rays from the south upon the terraced amphitheatre of Roëda. The quinta, which is of some antiquity, was in all probability planted after the increased demand for Portuguese wines had sprung up in England consequent upon the Methuen treaty. From an inscription on the stone gateway it is certain that it was in the possession of an Englishman, the "Sor Bartolemev Bealsley," in 1744. A century afterwards it was acquired by its present owner, who entirely renovated the old vineyard and materially extended its area at very considerable cost, so that to-day the quinta comprises about 270 English acres. Prior to the appearance of the oïdium, when its plantations of vines were much less extensive than at present, the Quinta da Roëda yielded in good years 220 pipes of wine. After that malady had invaded the Alto Douro there came a year when Barão da Roëda derived from his estate no more than 2½ pipes of wine. Now, under favourable conditions, Roëda, according to its owner's estimate, should produce 350 pipes; but, owing to the phylloxera and the unfavourable season, its yield the year of our visit was merely a fraction of that quantity. The vines at this quinta are not planted at a higher altitude than 500 feet above the river level, the majority of them being found at less than half this height, consequently the whole of the wine vintaged is of the first quality. We found the vintage almost terminated, and but little animation in the casa dos lagares, containing its ten lagares, two of which hold thirty pipes each, while the eight others contain from fourteen to fifteen pipes respectively. As it frequently requires two, and even three days when labour is scarce, to fill one of the larger lagares—a delay which is likely to prove detrimental to the wine—Barão da Roëda, like many other growers, gives a preference to the smaller ones. In the adjacent adega we counted no fewer than six-and-twenty tonels, ten of them holding two-and-twenty pipes each.

Barão da Roëda has paid much attention to the cultivation of the vine in the Alto Douro, as well as to the production of olive oil, the rearing of silkworms, and the making of wine without spirit. He has studied the oïdium and the phylloxera, having visited France the better to pursue his investigations respecting the depredations of this latter pest, and was one of the first to take measures for the repression of these twin scourges of the vine. It was in 1848 that the oïdium first declared itself in the Alto Douro by a strange bitter flavour in that year's wine. By 1851 it had fully developed itself, and its ravages during several subsequent years were of a most disastrous character. Against the phylloxera Barão da Roëda has tried, among other remedies, phosphate of lime, coal tar, sulphate of potash, natural magnesia, and sulphurate of carbon, all being applied to the roots of the vines, but with little effect. Most of the remedies prescribed by the scientific world for this scourge are very costly under ordinary circumstances, while the expense of bringing them up to and applying them in the Alto Douro is fully double what it is elsewhere.

From Roëda we were ferried over to the Quinta dos Carvalhas, immediately opposite, where Messrs. W. and J. Graham usually have their Douro head-quarters. The press-house and adegas, shaded by spreading olive-trees, are clustered together close to the margin of the river, while the vines rise in terraces up the adjacent slopes. Carvalhas produces a high-class, stout, and at the same time mellow wine; but its present yield does not exceed seventy pipes. Higher up on the same side of the Douro, and with many of its slopes facing one of the minor valleys, is the Quinta de Ventozello, belonging to Senhor Antonio de Souza, and producing in good years 150 pipes of high-class wine, regularly purchased by Messrs. G. G. Sandeman and Sons. This quinta had suffered considerably from the phylloxera, which had reduced the yield down to eighty-five pipes.

On a subsequent occasion we made an excursion up the valley of the Rio Torto, so named from the labyrinthine course taken by the mountain stream, which is bounded on either side

by chains of winding hills. In many parts their slopes offer a succession of gently-rounded buttresses, presenting great varieties of aspect, and being in every way admirably adapted for the cultivation of the vine. Of recent years the yield of wine has greatly fallen off owing to the violence with which the phylloxera seems to have assailed this particular region. Generally speaking, it may be said that all the vineyards on the left bank of the Torto, from Bateiras at its mouth to as high up as Castanheiro, and on the right bank from the same point to the neighbourhood of the Quinta da Soalheira—a distance in a direct line of some half-dozen miles—have more or less suffered.

We started from Pinhão shortly after daybreak, and proceeded along the new road to the left of the Rio Torto, which, passing by Ervedoza, conducts across the bleak and lofty tableland to São João da Pesqueira. Our intention was to visit the famous Cachão da Valleira well-nigh at the extremity of the Paiz Vinhateiro, or wine district, and in whose dangerous eddies Baron Forrester—a real enthusiast on the subject of Port wine, and intimately associated in various ways with the Alto Douro, the vineyards, mountains, and tributary streams of which he personally surveyed—unhappily lost his life. A little beyond the village of Cazaes we sighted the Quinta da Cascalheira, belonging to Senhor Arnoldo de Souza, the produce of which, reduced the year of our visit to 80 pipes, is purchased by Messrs. W. and J. Graham. Three of the four lagares here are worked with metal screws, according to the Jerez system, the fourth being provided with the ancient heavy beam which, besides being very cumbersome and far less efficient than the metal screw, has the further disadvantage of being more costly. The original expense of conveying one of these huge pieces of timber up the Douro—where nothing larger than an olive-tree is ordinarily to be met with—is, of course, considerable, and its mere transit from the river-bank to a quinta, some few miles distant along the rude steep narrow mountain roads, often costs as much as £10 in this country of cheap labour.

Higher up the Rio Torto valley, and with its vines spread over the lower slopes descending to the river's bed, is the Quinta

da Sedavim, to reach which we quit the high road and follow a narrow bullock-track bordered with olive-trees. Here we found the vintage over, and merely some agua pé being made in one of the lagares. The 80 pipes of high-class wine which the quinta had yielded had been purchased, we learned, by Messrs. Cockburn, Smithes, and Co., who buy up the produce of a good number of quintas of long-established repute.

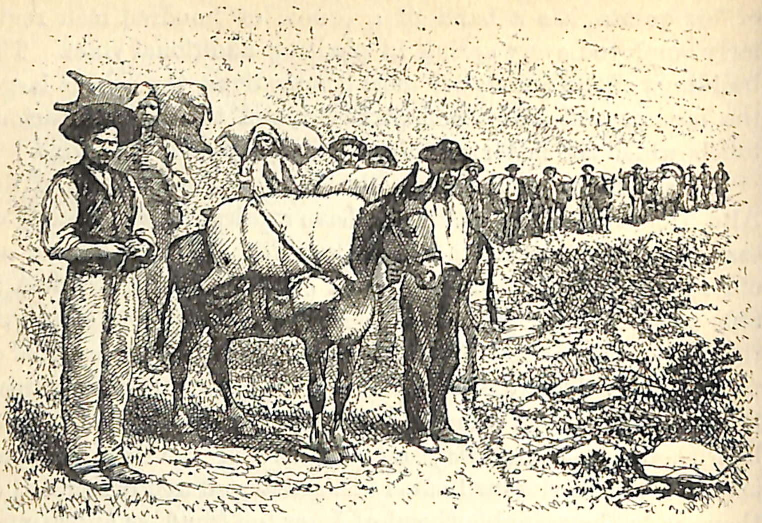
On the other side of the Rio Torto we note the Quinta do Bom Retiro, also producing some excellent wine; while on the same side of the river as Sedavim, but higher up the valley, we come to the district of Perdiz, where the phylloxera had reduced the yield to some 120 pipes. The wine of this quinta, purchased by Messrs. Silva and Cosens, is of excellent quality, and possesses that great depth of colour for which all the Rio Torto growths are more or less noted. The principal Port wine shippers, it should be remarked, obtain their supplies of new wine in various ways. Certain among them contract to buy the wine of particular quintas for a series of years, and in this case superintend its manufacture. Others buy the produce of merely a few notable quintas, and secure their principal supply from small growers in the good districts, often purchasing the wine without troubling themselves to see it made, and judging of it from samples and their knowledge of the farmers and particular localities. This system is not without its advantages, as the shipper, comparatively unfettered in his purchases, can buy as little wine as he pleases in years of bad vintages.

Within the district of the Rio Torto, but beyond Ervedoza—the little village up the mountain where we were lost and benighted when we were less familiar with the topography of the Alto Douro than we are at present—and outside the extensive circle of vineyards assailed by the phylloxera, is the Quinta da Soalheira, exceedingly well situated, planted with the best varieties of black grape, and producing on an average 180 pipes of wine yearly. The vineyard when completely planted will yield, it is anticipated, from six to seven hundred pipes per annum; and its proprietor, undismayed by the phylloxera at the threshold

of his quinta, has a band of a couple of hundred men regularly employed every spring in planting additional vines. The buildings of the quinta are most commodious, the casa is large, the lagares and adega well arranged, and the eight capacious tonels which the latter contains will hold 240 pipes of wine.

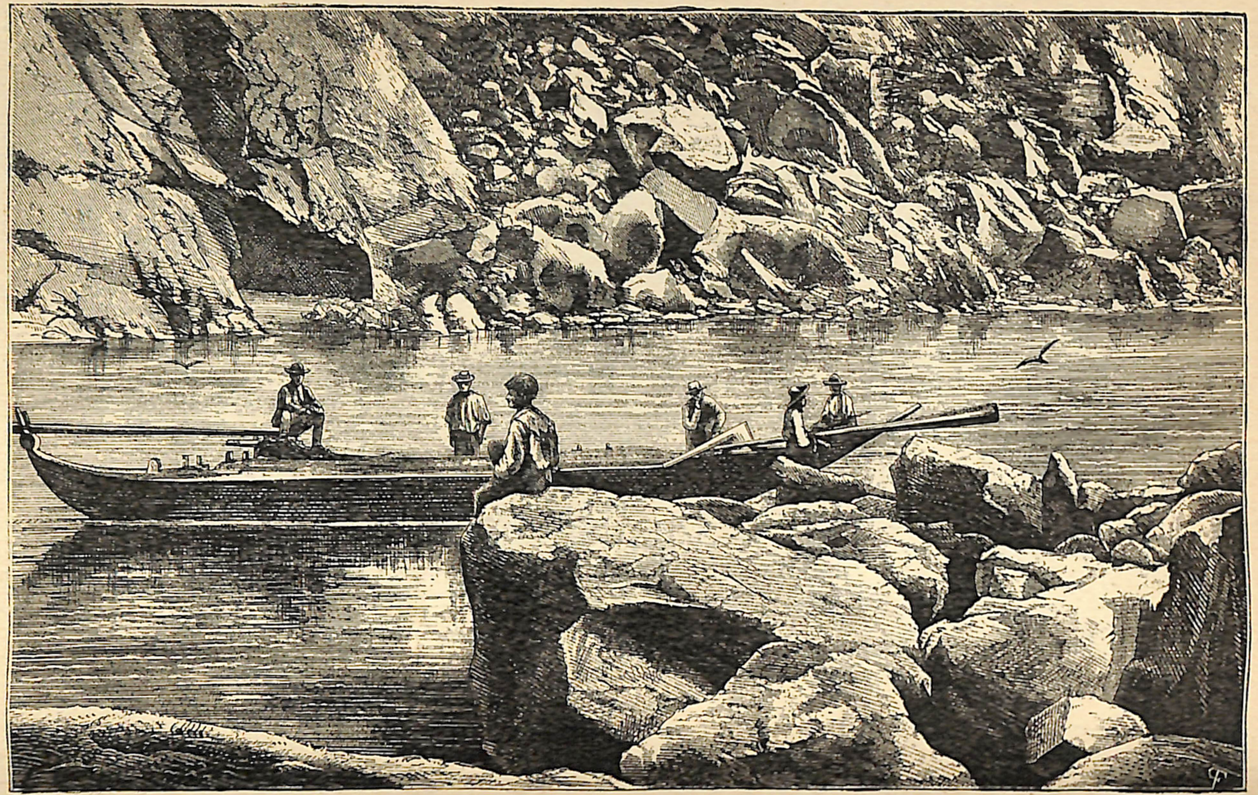
At several quintas in the Rio Torto and other parts of the Alto Douro it is the custom to have a priest in the capacity of cazeiro, or superintendent, and Barão da Roëda has even an old monk for his overseer. It is considered that a priest is able to exercise far greater influence over the people employed than an overseer taken from their own class would be capable of maintaining. The rural clergy here have not lost their hold upon the peasantry in the same way that their Spanish brethren have lost theirs in Andalusia; and instead of the little chapels attached to the vineyard casas being deserted and desecrated as they are in the neighbourhood of Jerez, on Sundays and saints'-days the clerical overseer invariably summons his flock to early mass in the chapel of the quinta before the pickers roam through the dew-covered vineyard or the treaders turn into the grape-strewn lagares.

From the Quinta da Soalheira one wound round the lofty hills which form the boundary of the Rio Torto district, encountering on the way the customary files of pack-laden mules and troops of nimble little donkeys carrying skins full of wine. Following a deep cutting through the mountain we reached the bleak plateau which stretches in the direction of São João da Pesqueira. Here the cultivation of the vine abruptly ceased. The air, which was chilly in the shadow of the hills, became bitter cold on the breezy mountain summit. The distant peaks rose cold and barren, or fringed with pines, against the clear blue sky. All the land around was covered with brushwood—merely a few little patches in favourable situations being under tillage—and it was not until Pesqueira, with its red-roofed houses, was seen spread out before us that vines again appeared in sight. Pesqueira, both in its outskirts and narrow streets, boasts several ancient palatial-looking edifices with



imposing escutcheons poised above their doorways, threatening to fall and crush those who pass beneath. Such edifices in so remote, and, at the epoch of their erection, well-nigh inaccessible a region, with barren granite peaks, which here hem in the Douro, frowning down upon them, and merely a few patches of neighbouring land under cultivation, come upon us by surprise and excite our curiosity, but we seek in vain for their origin or for any information concerning their builders.

Passing through Pesqueira, a gateway on the right conducts to the Quinta do Sidrô, some couple of miles in circumference, and admirably kept, where we find the vintage still going on. Vines were first planted here sixty years ago, and some of them are fully 1,000 feet above the level of the Douro, which at this part is itself several hundred feet above the level of the sea. The vines of this quinta had only recently been attacked by the phylloxera, and that merely in the low situations. The produce was estimated at 120 pipes, one-third of which was white wine, in lieu of the 150 pipes of good years. Of the hundred hands engaged in the vintage, the women were receiving a fraction over 5d. per day, together with their food (bread excepted), and



THE CACHÃO DA VALLEIRA IN THE ALTO DOURO.

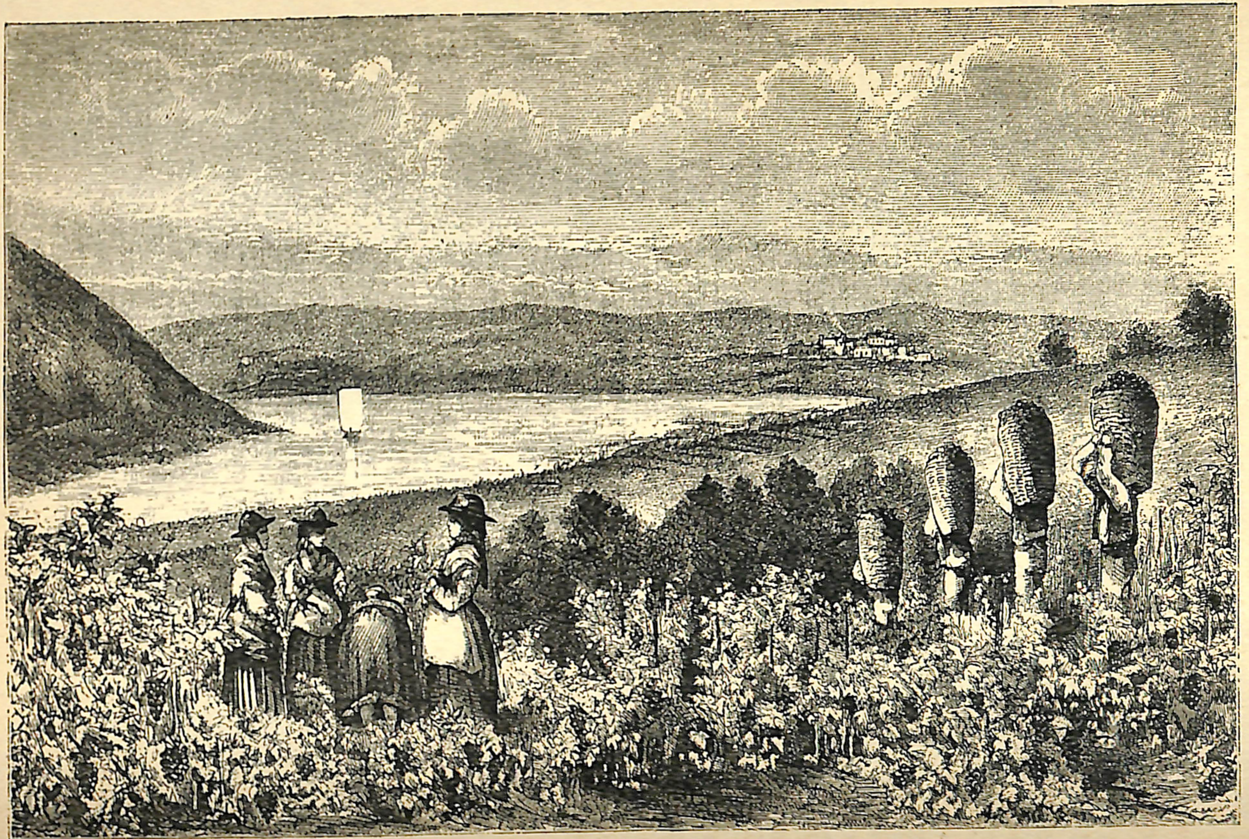
(p. 83.)

the men 8½d. Nearly the whole of them came from Pesqueira, where the women returned of an evening to sleep. The casa dos lagares, which stands near the centre of the vineyard on a small terrace bordered by chestnut-trees, has its front completely overgrown with ivy. It contains six lagares, all of moderate dimensions, and a dozen tonels holding from 24 to 32 pipes each. At one end is a still where cheap wines, purchased for the purpose, are distilled into brandy. Senhor Jorge Soveral, the owner of this quinta, sells his wine to Messrs. G. G. Sandeman and Sons, and also superintends the vintage in other quintas in this part of the Douro, the produce of which Messrs. Sandeman contract to purchase.

From Sidrô the road winds in the direction of the Douro, where the craggy height of São Salvador do Mundo, with a series of little chapels perched at intervals up its side, detaches itself from the surrounding hills. When near the summit we dismount, and, picking our way through tangled underwood and jutting boulders, arrive near the verge of a precipice, whence one looks down upon the foaming Douro, here shut in by tall precipitous granite rocks. This is the dreaded Cachão da Valleira—a long and narrow gorge, through which in former years the river dashed and foamed and tumbled headlong, a roaring cataract. At the close of the last century the rocks which caused this fall and rendered navigation impossible were demolished, and now boats can pass down the Douro, although not without danger, from the Spanish frontier to the sea. As they approach this perilous gorge, and the church of São Salvador comes in sight, the boatmen invariably bare their heads and utter a brief prayer. When the water is at its ordinary level the chances are that the passage will be safely effected; but at high water, when the current is extremely rapid, it is attended with great risk, and is at times even impossible. It was in navigating this dangerous channel that Baron Forrester, to whom the Alto Douro owes so much, lost his valuable life.

From São Salvador you catch a glimpse to the westward of a few vineyards climbing the lower slopes of the hills which

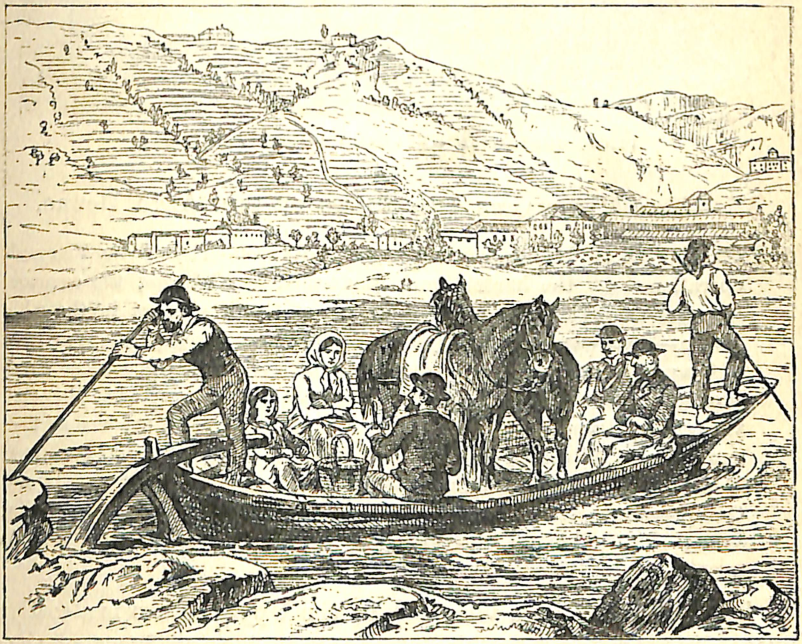
border the river, while away to the east in the region of the Superior Douro stretch the vine-clad terraces of the Quinta do Vesuvio, the largest of the Douro vineyards. It comprises as many as 750 acres, of which, however, scarcely one-half is under vine cultivation, the yield being merely 300 pipes in lieu of the 800 pipes it ought to produce. Oranges, olives, and almonds are largely grown in this quinta, where there are also considerable plantations of mulberry-trees for the rearing of silkworms, and of beans, maize, and cane-brakes for supplying stakes for the vines. On account of the great extent of the property it is divided into three sections, each with its particular gangs of labourers and special overseer. Immediately opposite to Vesuvio, on the right bank of the Douro, is the Quinta da Coalheira, vintaging a small quantity of high-class wine, and nearer to us, on the same side of the river as the Quinta do Vesuvio, we sight the Quinta do Arnozella, the wine of which was formerly in high repute. Still closer to us are the Quintas de Vargellas, together with the Quinta Nova do Cachão, all yielding wine of a good quality, while across the stream are the quintas of São Martinho, Sibio, and Cannaes. The wines of this part of the Douro are much sought after for their fine muscat flavour. There are but few other quintas of importance in the Superior Douro, and these are noted principally for their white wines. The most extensive vineyards are in the neighbourhood of the Foz do Sabor, and higher up the Douro—at no great distance from the Spanish frontier and the ancient little fortified town of Freixo d'Espada-á-Cinta, in other words, "Ash of the Girded-Sword." This town, according to tradition, owes its quaint name to Dom Diniz, the husbandman-king, who, when he first passed that way, was impressed by a huge ash-tree on the summit of a hill commanding a full view of the country on both sides of the Douro. Ungirding his sword from his waist, the king buckled it round the tree, exclaiming, "Here we will build a town, plant vineyards and olive-trees, sow good fields of corn, and have flocks and herds, and the town shall be called 'Ash of the Girded-Sword!'"

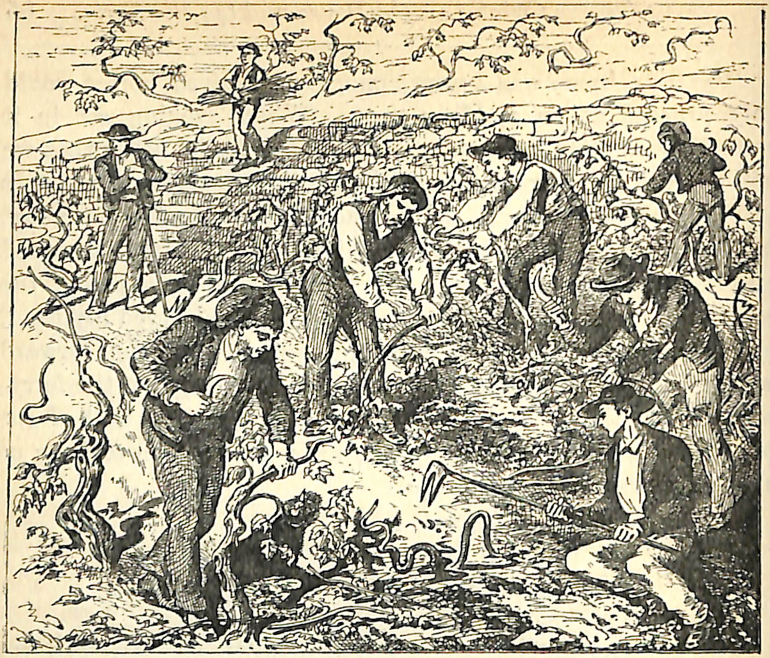


VINEYARDS NEAR THE FOZ DO SABOR IN THE SUPERIOR DOURO.

(p. 84.)

The ride home was a weary one, for our tired horses would only proceed at an ambling pace. When evening set in it became absolutely necessary to urge them on in order that we might reach the ferry across the Douro to our sleeping quarters at the Quinta Amarella before the boatmen had gone away. My horse, on being suddenly urged into a brisker trot, stumbled and fell, landing me a few feet in front of him on a road of the consistency of iron. Luckily the rim of my hat saved my head, and I escaped with sundry cuts and bruises. Pressing forward we fortunately succeeded in arresting the attention of the ferrymen just as they were leaving for the night, and by dint of our persuasive powers eventually prevailed upon them to ferry us and our horses over to Pinhão.





VINE-PRUNING IN AN UPPER DOURO VINEYARD.

VI.—The Vineyards and Vines of the Alto Douro.

The Planting of an Upper Douro Vineyard—Its cost—The various Vineyard operations—All the harder work performed by Gallegos, the common Drudges throughout Portugal—Ravages of the Phylloxera in the Alto Douro—Remedies employed by the more intelligent proprietors—Varieties of Grapes that enter into the composition of Port Wine—Species of Vines producing the White Ports—The Malvasia or Malmsey and Moscatel varieties of Grapes—Area of the Douro Vineyards—Their produce of fine and ordinary Wines—Prices of these Wines in *loco*—Course of the River Douro—Climate of the Wine region—The proper elevation of a Douro Quinta—Rareness of Spring Frosts—Hail and Thunder storms in the Alto Douro—The Soil of the Vineyards, together with Vines, Trees, and Rocks, swept away by Rushing Torrents.

The planting of a vineyard in the Upper Douro is a costly proceeding, arising from the steepness and ruggedness of the slopes along which the vines have to be cultivated. This conformation of the ground obliges the wine-growers to adopt a

mode of plantation to which the sharp windings of the valleys give the effect of a vast amphitheatre, on the steps of which the vine grows and bears fruit. These steps, known in the Douro as calços or geios, are formed by cutting the ground away longitudinally, generally about five or six feet in breadth and three to four feet in depth, along the hill-side, and building up walls a foot and a-half in width, and varying from two to ten feet in height, according to the conformation of the ground, as supports. On particular slopes as many as 150 of these stone-built terraces may be counted rising one above the other. It is not merely here and there that seemingly endless lines of terraces have been constructed, but mountain after mountain will have its sides scored with them, whereby a strange and unpicturesque effect is imparted to the landscape. The amount of labour expended in raising these Cyclopean staircases has evidently been immense. The loose clay schistous soil in which the young vines are planted, and which in time becomes disintegrated by atmospheric influences, is arranged nearly level, in order that the torrential rains, common to the Upper Douro, may not wash it away and uproot the vines. It is no uncommon thing during heavy storms for vines, and walls even, to be swept away, and for the former to be carried down the Douro by thousands.

The practice is to plant the vines in rows and from two and a-half to upwards of three feet apart, with one or more rows on each terrace, according to its width. The cost of planting a vineyard of this description is always considerable, and at times enormous. It varies from about £9 to £45 for 1,000 vines. As on an acre of soil not more than a couple of thousand vines can be planted, it follows that the cost per acre on the more difficult sites is as much as £90. At present it is even more, the price of labour having increased greatly of late, so that the average cost may be estimated at £50 per acre at the very least. The work is usually done by the job and by natives of Gallicia—Gallegos, as they are commonly called—who arrive in the Upper Douro regularly every October, and return to their native mountains in the April or May following. In every new

vineyard there are always a certain number of cuttings which have failed to take root, and the common practice is to supply their place by provining, performed by cutting long trenches in the same direction as the vines are planted, and turning down and burying in them the stem of an adjacent vine, leaving three of its shoots above ground to furnish in time three new vines. These trenches are never completely filled up, in order that they may receive all the rain-water flowing from the heights above. After the vintage is over holes are also dug round the stocks of the vines to receive the winter rains. This labour, known as the escava, is immediately followed by the poda or pruning. An old Alto Douro proverb says—

"O cesto n'uma mao, e'n outra o podao"—

that is, "the basket in one hand and the pruning-knife in the other;" meaning that the vines should be pruned directly the vintage is finished. At the pruning only a couple of branches, which are to yield fruit the year ensuing and are never suffered to grow more than three and a-half feet from the ground, are left. A couple of eyes on the stock below these branches furnish the shoots for the following year. Early in March the cava a montes takes place—that is, the loosening of the soil to a depth of ten or twelve inches, followed by piling up the earth in heaps in order that the roots of the vines may be protected from the sun's more powerful rays. At the same time the vineyards are thoroughly weeded. The next operation is the tying of the vines to supports made from cane-breaks, broom, and other shrubs, or young pines, and even from reeds. This is accomplished by attaching the main branch of the vine near the second or third shoot to the prop and securing the end to another, or, if the branch be long, even to a third or fourth support. In May the redra, or levelling of the heaps thrown up early in the spring, takes place, when the ground is cleared of all fresh weeds and a new layer of soil is exposed to the fertilising influences of the atmosphere and the schistous fragments to more rapid disintegration. All the digging is done with heavy two-pronged hoes, which the labourers have to provide themselves with.

GROUP OF VINTAGERS AT THE QUINTA DO NOVAL IN THE ALTO DOURO.

(*p.* 89.)

As oïdium still prevails in the Alto Douro vineyards, the vines have to be sulphured often twice a year, but invariably just after they have blossomed. The sulphuring, together with the pruning and training, is done by the labourers of the district; but all the hard work of the vineyard, from raising the terraces and building the stone walls to carrying the heavy baskets of grapes to the lagares, and there treading them, is performed by the toiling and thrifty Gallegos, some 8,000 of whom find employment in the Alto Douro. These men are, moreover, the common drudges throughout Portugal; and there is a contemptuous Portuguese proverb that says, "God first made the Portuguese, and then the Gallego to serve him." Latouche, in his *Travels in Portugal*, observes that "of a hundred men-servants, coachmen, grooms, porters, and water-carriers, in the larger towns of Portugal, ninety-nine are Gallegos, or Gallicians. The rusticity, awkwardness, and slowness of the Gallician have become proverbial. Of an ill-bred man the Portuguese say all when they say, 'What a Gallician!' A coarse expression is a 'Gallegada'—a Gallicianism. The epithet Gallician is even used as an equivalent of wild, common, or uncultivated; the crab-apple is, with the Portuguese, the Gallician apple; the common cabbage of Portugal, which grows a yard or more in height, is the 'Couve Gallega'—the Gallician cabbage; and so forth." After gaining all they can the Gallegos invariably return to their native villages, reversing, as some one has spitefully remarked, the order of things observed by our neighbours across the Tweed. When paid according to time they receive about fifteen-pence per day, with soup made of lard and vegetables, a salt sardine or a bit of salted cod, and agua pé for drink. They have, however, to provide their own bread. Formerly they had to be content with sixpence or so per day; but the cost of hard manual labour has risen considerably of late, owing to the great demand for it on public works, notably the railway to the Spanish frontier in course of construction along the right bank of the Douro.

Of late years the ravages of the phylloxera in the Alto Douro vineyards have very far surpassed any damage done by the

oïdium. The oïdium chiefly attacks the fruit of the vine, the insect blighting and withering the grapes which it preys upon, whereas the phylloxera gnaws mainly at the roots of the plant, checking its bearing powers and eventually causing it to perish. The existence of the phylloxera in the Alto Douro vineyards was first suspected in 1868, but nothing much was done to arrest the progress of the scourge until comparatively recently, and even now only the more intelligent and well-to-do vine proprietors have attempted to cope with it. The chief remedies employed are—first, the *kainit*, or sulphate of potash, and natural magnesia, which is sown on the carefully-tilled ground round the vine-stocks in a powder consisting of a mixture of that substance with Aylesbury sewage and vine-ashes in equal proportions ; secondly, sulphurate of carbon made up into Rohart's cubes or gelatinous prisms, which are thrust into the ground between the vine-stocks at about a foot or a foot and a-half distance.

A score or more of different varieties of grapes enter into the composition of Port wine. By far the best among them is the touriga, which is assumed to bear some resemblance to the carbenet, the grand grape of the Haut Médoc. It is sloe-black in colour, soft, pulpy, and thick-skinned, with a sweetness of flavour which is almost nauseating, and is indicated in the expressed must by 24 per cent. of sugar. Next comes the mourisco preto, or tinto, which the Trazmontanos have nick-named the "uva rei," or king grape, thick-skinned and pulpy like the touriga, less sweet but pleasanter in flavour, and yielding in must 55 per cent. of the weight of its bunches. The tinta francisca, another prized variety, is said to be identical with the pineau noir of the Côte d'Or, of which species of vine Mr. Archibald, the founder of the Quinta do Roriz, obtained numerous specimens from France, as appears by the old account-books of the quinta. This grape, as grown in the Alto Douro, is of a deep purplish black, not very pulpy, but succulent, thick-skinned, and extremely sweet, yielding, like the touriga, 24 per cent. of sugar, and no less than 60 per cent. of its weight in mosto. Of the alvarelhão, which is more plentiful

MOURISCO AND TOURIGA VINES IN THE QUINTA DO NOVAL.

below than above the River Corgo, there are two varieties, the pé de perdiz, or partridge foot, and the pé branco, or white foot, the first being one of the best grapes grown in Portugal. It is of an oval shape, scarcely black in colour, soft, decidedly sweet, yet possessing an agreeable acidity, and will yield as much as 62 per cent. of its weight in must containing upwards of 26 per cent. of sugar. The sweetest grape of all, however, is the bastardo, also extremely prevalent in the Lower Corgo district. The bunches of this variety—which ripens early—are very compact, the fruit being hard to the touch, and containing plenty of pulp. It yields 51 per cent. of a fine pinkish must containing more than 29 per cent. of sugar.

The species of vine known as the cornifesto has the peculiarity of throwing out along its branches a number of productive offshoots. Its fruit possesses the usual characteristics of the Alto Douro grapes, being thick-skinned, sweet, and pulpy, whilst the yield in must and sugar is of a fair average. The variety known as the bona da mina is noted for its delicious flavour; and the donzellino do castello, a bluish-black grape,

combines a slight acidity with a delicate sweetness, and yields a clear must charged but slightly with viscous matters. The souzão, the remaining black variety of grape grown in the Alto Douro vineyards that claims especial mention, was brought from the banks of the Lima at the beginning of the last century. It is round and thick-skinned, and the must, which is subacidulous in taste, is remarkable for the abundance and brilliancy of its colouring matter. A splendid purple shade is communicated to wines of a light tint by merely having the skins of the souzão grape steeped in them. This grape yields 64 per cent. of must in proportion to its weight, and contains, on an average, some 12 per cent. of sugar.

Of the varieties of white grapes grown in the Upper Douro special mention is due to the verdelho, highly prized in Madeira, and generally known in the Port wine district as the gouveio. It is a hardy species and bears fruit early, and its must, which emits a delicious perfume, contains 22 per cent. of sugar. The mourisco branco, another prized variety, is an amber-coloured pulpy grape of the size of a filbert, and with a very thick skin. It produces 65 per cent. of generous must, and when grown in cool soils often hangs in bunches nearly 4½lbs. in weight. The rabigato, or "rabo de ovelha," as it is sometimes called, is an excellent white grape, much esteemed for the abundance of its fruit and the strength it imparts to the wine. In the Superior and Alto Douro it is very productive and bears early, generally yielding a very spirituous wine, unless grown at a considerable altitude, when it does not ripen well. The berry is small in size, has a fine translucent pale greenish-white skin, and yields 60 per cent. of must, containing 24 per cent. of sugar.

In the Alto Douro several varieties of malvasias and moscatels are cultivated, the most common of the former being the delicate malvasia fina, which yields a high-class white wine. The aromatic malvasia roxa, a pinkish variety, notable for its fine flavour and perfume, is grown only to a limited extent. Of the moscatels the principal are the moscatel branco and the amber-coloured moscatel de Jesus, the fruit of both of which yields a

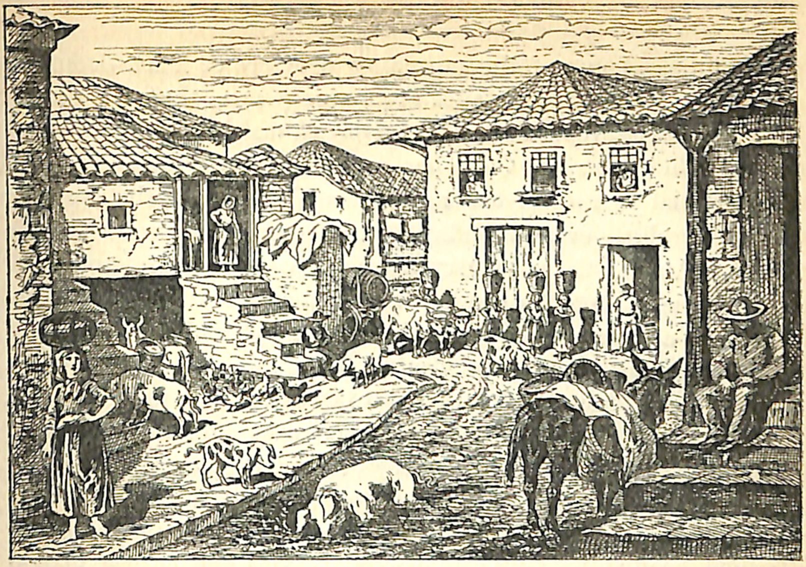
good sweet wine of a particular kind, made, however, in very limited quantities. Among the purple moscatels is the variety which produces the well-known muscat wines of Setubal, as well as the moscatel preto, needing a rich soil to yield wine in anything like abundance. All the malvasia and moscatel vines in the Alto Douro appear to be particularly liable to the attacks of the oïdium.

The Alto Douro wine district, comprising a series of steep hills intersected by narrow ravine-like valleys, extends for a distance of some thirty miles, and is from five to ten miles in breadth. The vineyards are estimated to occupy an area of about 86,500 acres. Their production, which varies considerably in different years, has largely fallen off since the phylloxera has made its appearance in the district. In 1856, when the oïdium had done its worst, the total yield was merely 15,000 pipes of wine of 115 gallons each. Five years ago the average yearly produce was calculated to be 80,000 pipes. Of this quantity about one-fourth was first-class wine, vintaged principally in the Upper and to a small extent in the Superior Douro, while of the second quality, grown for the most part in the Lower Douro, there were about 30,000 pipes. A portion of the latter is ordinarily mixed with wine of the first quality, and the bulk of what remains is shipped to the Brazils. The inferior wine, of which about 30,000 pipes used to be vintaged, comes from vineyards situated at a considerable altitude, and generally at some distance from the river and its tributaries. The price on the spot of the newly-made Douro wines ordinarily ranges from about £12 for the best down to £5 per pipe for the inferior qualities. This, is, however, but a mere fraction of their cost by the time the wines are shipped to England.

The general course of the River Douro is from east to west. The disposition of its banks, the great altitude of many of the heights which form the river valley, and the heat-absorbing properties of their soil, combine to give the region a peculiar climate, temperate in the winter and extremely hot in the summer, owing to which circumstance dense fogs arise, causing ague to

prevail in their immediate neighbourhood. During the summer months the temperature in the sun frequently attains 122° Fahrenheit, and Baron Forrester mentions that at the vintage of 1852, in the months of September and October, the thermometer usually stood at 105° Fahrenheit in the shade. The colder temperature which prevails as one ascends the hills accounts for the grapes ripening later, as well as for the inferior quality of the wine grown above a certain altitude. The proper elevation of a Douro quinta is indicated by a local proverb, which says that "the best wine is grown within sound of the creaking of the boat rudders."

The spring frosts, which in more northern countries are so injurious to the sprouting vine, are all but unknown in the Douro region, and when they occur it is only in vineyards situated at an exceptional altitude. Although in winter frosts are not particularly frequent, when they do happen they are usually severe. Falls of snow are rare, and the flakes moreover melt on reaching the ground, excepting on the very summits of the hills. There is a regular but seldom overabundant fall of rain all along the river banks during the winter, and owing to the sea winds which continually bring masses of vapour as far eastward as the Marão and Monte Muro, rain is tolerably frequent on the Lower Douro throughout the summer. Higher up the stream, however, there have been years when not a drop of rain has fallen from May to September; but this is an exception, for in the warm weather thunderstorms are by no means unfrequent. If not too violent they naturally exercise a beneficial effect upon the parched soil and scorched vines, which suffer more or less from the dry easterly winds. But at times the rains are accompanied by large hailstones, and torrents of water will dash from the summit of the more abrupt heights, where no vegetation can restrain their progress, and bounding and rebounding from ledge to ledge will carry away the loose soil of the vineyards, tearing down walls, uprooting vines and trees, detaching masses of rock, and imparting great velocity to the current of the Douro, the navigation of which frequently becomes obstructed by the *débris* with which the rushing waters strew its bed.



THE VILLAGE OF CELLEIRÓS IN THE ALTO DOURO.

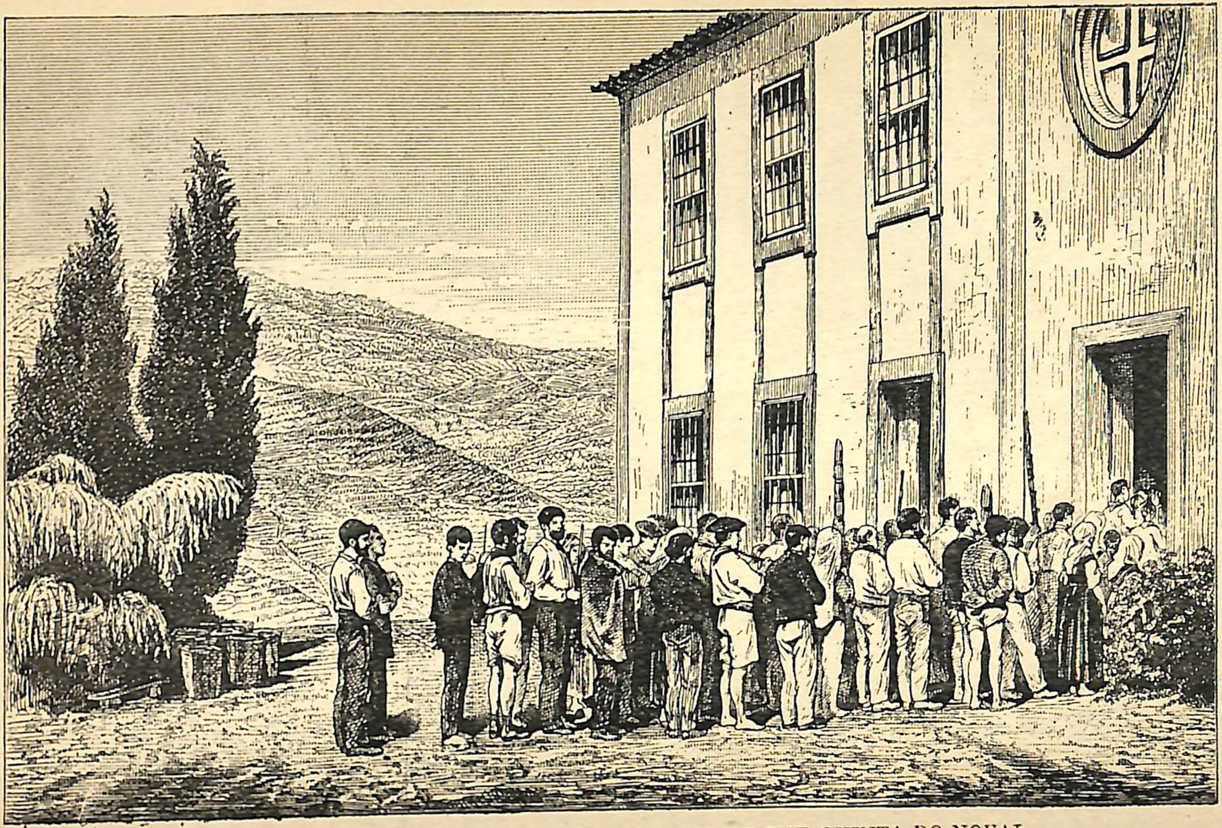
VII.—The Inhabitants of the Alto Douro Wine District.

Temperament of the People—Their Sturdiness—The Marriage Rite dispensed with by the Peasantry—State of Education—Alto Douro Funerals—Gradual dying out of Ancient Superstitions—The Lobis-homen, or Wehr-wolf—Its Nightly Occupation—The Bruxas, or Witches—Their Midnight Festivals—Antipathy of the Douro Peasant to Military Service—His Ambition to be a Vineyard Proprietor—The Alto Douro Wine-Farmer—His Honesty—His Hasty Temper—The Lawlessness formerly prevailing in the Alto Douro region—An Incident which occurred some few years ago at Tua—A Supper interrupted by a party of Armed Men—Courageous Conduct of a Feitor—A Dislocated Wrist and Broken Ribs—A Vain Search and a Lucky Escape from Assassination—Arrival of a Relief Party—Death of the Leader of a Marauding Gang—Burial of the Corpse by a Goatherd.

The Port wine country is in the province of Traz-oz-Montes, that is, "Beyond the Mountains"—alluding to the Serra Marão. It is but thinly populated, and the bulk of the inhabitants, unlike those of all other celebrated wine-producing regions with which we are familiar, are miserably poor. Gloomy and morose, proud and independent, they offer a striking contrast to their gay and

servile neighbours of the adjoining province of Entre-Douro-e-Minho. The Transmontanos are a sturdy race, thriving well on the salted cod, vegetables, and rye-bread which form their staple fare. They are strict Catholics, and the majority of them think it essential to attend the missa das almas, or early morning mass, regularly every Monday before commencing work for the week. Among the peasantry marriage contracts are unknown, yet the men rarely abandon the women they take up with. Children are numerous, but only of recent years have steps been taken to secure them some kind of education. To-day, however, nearly every little village in the Alto Douro has its public school, at which attendance is obligatory, as most parents prefer their children earning a few pence daily to receiving instruction which they do not conceive tends to any pecuniary advantage. When there is a funeral in the Alto Douro a kind of procession is formed, headed by boys; afterwards comes the corpse, attired in ordinary garments, and inclosed in a covered wooden box; next follow the priest and his assistants, and then the male relatives and friends of the deceased, a crowd of women singing hymns bringing up the rear. At a funeral which we chanced to witness, the body, before being consigned to the grave, was removed from its wooden receptacle, the latter to all appearances being simply intended for the conveyance of the corpse to the churchyard.

The peasants of Traz-os-Montes are gradually abandoning their ancient superstitions. Formerly they were devout believers in "bruxas," or witches, and in the "lobis-homen," or wehr-wolf, but to-day these merely serve the purpose of the traditional bogie of the English nursery. Among the women a belief in ghosts is still prevalent, and no Alto Douro peasant likes to hear a dog whine or the screeching of an owl at night-time in the village, as to his mind both of these sounds indicate bad news, and possibly a death. The lobis-homen, according to one account, is a young man or girl who being subject to a spell is obliged when night sets in to take the form of a horse and gallop wildly on until daybreak. Formerly when



VINTAGERS ATTENDING MASS AT THE CHAPEL OF THE QUINTA DO NOVAL.

(*p.* 96.)

the clatter of a horse's hoof was heard in the still night-time in a Traz-os-Montes village, the peasants used to cross themselves and exclaim, "God help the poor lobis-homen!" The more popular idea of the lobis-homen was that the bewitched individual took the form of a wolf and prowled about at night in search of some newly-born infant to drink its blood, in order that it might escape the spell under which it lay, and cease to be a lobis-homen. The superstition regarding the "bruxas" was a peculiarly horrible one. According to Mr. John Latouche they were believed to dig up the bodies of children, who had died before their first communion, with their finger-nails, and to carry them away to the hills and feast upon them. If they chanced to pass a sleeping shepherd on the way they would trail the dead child by the hair of its head over his body and over any sheep as well, and every living thing it came in contact with was said to die before sunrise.

The Douro peasant is particularly averse to military service, and does his utmost to escape being drafted into the army. Many young fellows emigrate to the Brazils before attaining the age when they can be called upon to serve, and others resort to self-mutilation to avoid having to shoulder a rifle. The great ambition of every man in the Port wine country is to be the owner of a vineyard, and spite of the evil times which have fallen of late years on the Alto Douro farmer, his great and indeed only pride is in his vines. He is literally their slave. He toils and moils in his vineyard only to gather an indifferent harvest, which yields him scarcely a bare subsistence. The moment he sells his wine, and months before he delivers it, beyond seeking the customary deposit which binds the bargain, he will beg for some substantial advance, of which you may be certain he is sorely in need. And yet, pinched though he may be for money, he is thoroughly to be trusted, and after agreeing to sell his wine will neither sophisticate it nor attempt in any way to cheat the purchaser. Still, with all this, should he chance to have a dispute with a neighbour, on the provocation of an angry word he will run a knife into his adversary without a moment's hesitation or subsequent

regret. The after consequences will trouble him but slightly, as the administration of justice is slow and uncertain in this comparatively inaccessible region where only some few years back a thorough spirit of lawlessness prevailed.

I was informed by a friend that about a dozen years ago he had occasion to spend several weeks in the neighbourhood of Tua, a miserable little village situated on the banks of the stream of the same name that runs into the Douro about ten miles above Pinhão. He was engaged in purchasing white Ports, which are alike good and cheap in this locality, and had taken up his quarters in a house on the hill-side which a wine-farmer had placed at his disposal. Before his business was completed he found himself attacked with ague, and had to remove to a village higher up the hills, leaving his feitor, or foreman, to finish the racking of the wines and to pay the growers a considerable balance remaining due to them.

This man was a fine specimen of a Portuguese mountaineer, six feet two or three inches in height, and powerfully built. The farmhouse in which he was installed was a long, low building, surrounded by a vineyard, and containing one large living-room and several adjoining alcoves that served the purpose of sleeping apartments. The principal room communicated with the kitchen—in which the men engaged in racking the wines lived—down a small flight of steep wooden steps, while a larger and a steeper flight led from the kitchen to the adega, containing half-a-dozen of the customary huge tonels, resting in a row on stone and wooden frames some couple of feet from the ground.

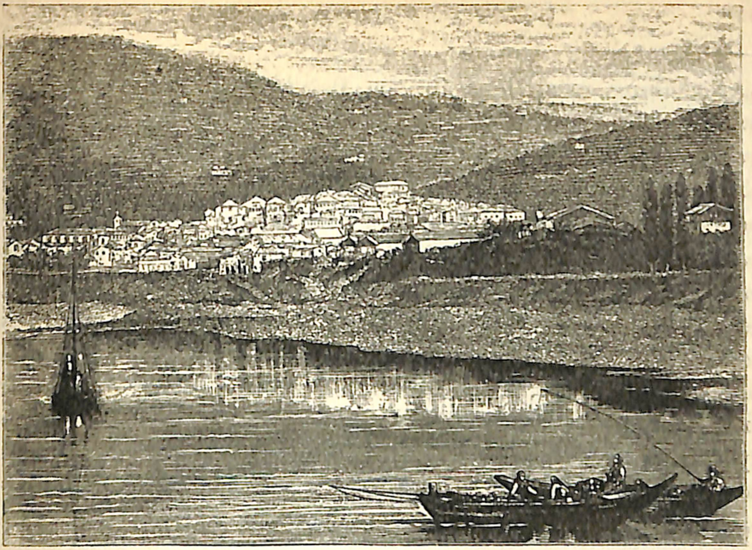
Matters went on smoothly enough until one particular evening, when the feitor had invited the sacristan of the neighbouring chapel to sup with him. While partaking of this meal by the glimmer of a Douro lamp, which, fed with olive oil, imparts a dim and depressing light, they were startled by the sudden apparition of four masked armed men, who proceeded to level their guns at them. For the moment the feitor was perfectly thunderstruck, but, remembering that the men in his employ were in

the adjacent kitchen, he extinguished the lamp and rushed on the gang, grappling with the two foremost of the party and thrusting them in the direction of the kitchen steps. On reaching the doorway, however, he noticed by the light of the kitchen lamp his own men standing armed with sticks, as though in league with his assailants. Doubtful what to do, he grasped hold of a couple of the masked men and dragged them with him down the steps, falling and dislocating his wrist while doing so. In the confusion which ensued the kitchen lamp was upset and extinguished, and the feitor made at once for the adega, but, stumbling down the steep flight of stairs, he again fell and broke two of his ribs. Finding himself near the tonels he crawled beneath one of them, and, creeping along, reached the tonel in the furthermost corner, where he hoped to remain undiscovered.

In the meantime the kitchen lamp had been relighted, and the masked men, assisted by their accomplices, searched for the feitor in various directions—in the kitchen, in the dining-room, and in the different alcoves—vowing the while that they would hack him to pieces if they discovered him. They searched, too, for the money which they knew he was in possession of to pay the farmers for their wine, and which they believed to be secreted somewhere in the feitor's sleeping-room, but with equal unsuccess, for the money in question was really hidden in a disused oven in the kitchen. Enraged at finding neither the feitor nor the money, they proceeded to the adega, there to continue their search, and while a couple of the gang sharpened their long knives on a stone, the other two crept under the row of tonels and commenced making a careful examination. They had looked beneath the first, second, and third tonels, when one of them suddenly remembering the sacristan, exclaimed that he must be concealed upstairs, and might perhaps be able to tell them where the money was kept. The pair thereupon hastily withdrew and rushed up to the dining-room, followed by their comrades, but they all soon returned, having discovered one of the dining-room windows open, and seen by the broken vines below that the sacristan had made his escape that way.

During their absence the feitor crawled from under the furthermost tonel back to the one nearest the door, so that when the men returned and resumed their search they failed to discover him. Baulked of their prey they were ransacking the place of what food it contained when shots outside were heard, and the gang beat a hasty retreat. It seems that the sacristan, after escaping through the window, had hurried to a neighbouring village and aroused the inhabitants, a party of whom, armed with guns, advanced to within a few hundred yards of the farmhouse and then halted to fire a volley. Some of them pretended this was done to frighten the robbers in case they might be murdering the feitor, but it is far more probable, as they had many friends among the villagers, that the object was to give them timely warning to escape.

The feitor's wounds and broken bones having been attended to, he was sent by my friend down the Douro to Oporto, where he had to remain for several months in the hospital before he was completely right again. The poor sacristan kept very quiet, being in constant dread of the vengeance of the gang, the chief of whom was well known. Such, however, was the lawless state of the district that no one dared denounce, much less arrest him, and he openly boasted that the sacristan should never see another vintage. This threat rendered the sacristan desperate, and he got a couple of friends to lie in wait for the ruffian, and one evening as the latter was passing through a vineyard they shot him dead before he could level his own gun. The body remained where it fell for several days, as the village priest refused to bury it in consecrated ground, and no one would give themselves the trouble to inter it elsewhere. At length a goatherd was induced, by the promise of a knife and a blanket, to bury the corpse a few inches deep in the loose slaty soil of the vineyard where the man met his death. No legal inquiry was held into the circumstances of the latter. The village was rid of one of its pests, and nobody thought it his business to apprise the authorities that this had been accomplished by violent means.



VIEW OF REGOA.

VIII.—The Return Journey—Regoa—Baixo Corgo and Villa Real.

Along the Banks of the Douro to Regoa—Origin of the Capital of the Port Wine District—Earliest Shipments of the Douro Wines to England—The Methuen Treaty—Port Wine in Difficulties—Rise in its Price and Falling off in its Quality—Formation of the Alto Douro Wine Company—Its Arbitrary Privileges and more Arbitrary Proceedings—Its eventual Abolition—Some Baixo Corgo Quintas—The limits of the Paiz Vinhateiro—A party of Homeward-bound Vintagers—Prices of the Lower and Upper Corgo Wines—The Journey to Villa Real—A Sunday Scene at Sao Miguel de Lobrigos—Halt at Cumieira—Typical Portuguese Beggars—Reach Villa Real—Great Antiquity of the Town—Dom Diniz, "who, as every one knows, did what he chose"—Fine old Houses built by Adventurers returned from India and the Brazils.

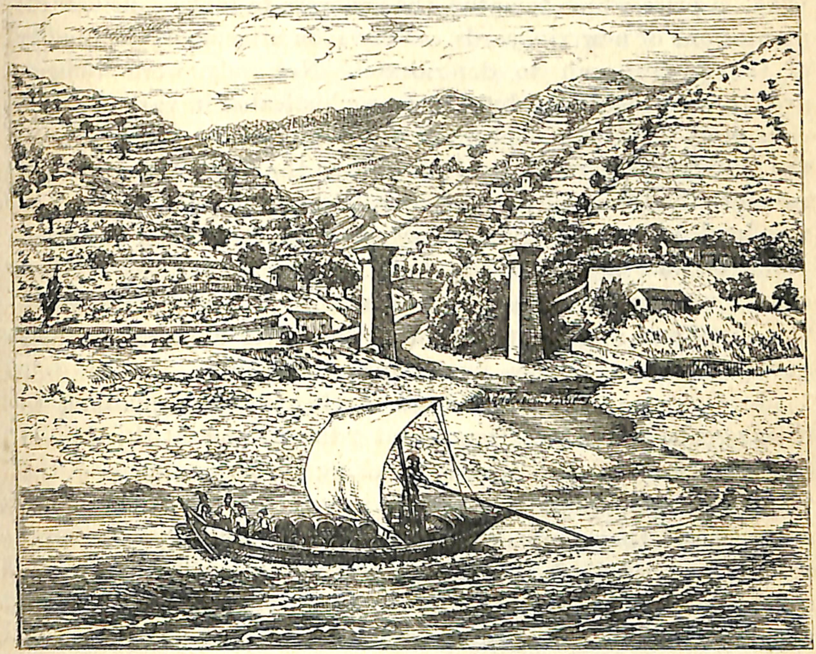
At the expiration of the second week in October the vintage in the Paiz Vinhateiro, above the Corgo, was coming to an end, and I turned my back, though not without regret, upon the quintas and their interminable terraces of vines, the carolling vintage girls and the wearied lagariros, the laden wine-boats and the creaking bullock-carts, the perilous roads and insalubrious mountain villages, and proceeded to Regoa. Here I spent a few

days making excursions in the Baixo Corgo district, where, owing to the dearth of hands, the gathering and pressing of the grapes was still going on. I returned by the same road along which I had ridden nearly three weeks previously, and profited by the circumstance to visit one of the largest Douro quintas—namely, that of Valmór—belonging to the viscount of the same name. This quinta is situated on the left bank of the Douro, between the Rio Tedo and the Valley of Folgoza, and one rides along its borders for a distance of more than two miles. It comprises 200 acres, not, however, all under cultivation with the vine, but nevertheless yielding in good years as many as 256 pipes of first-class wine. The highway separates the capacious casa dos lagares from the vast and well-arranged adegas, and the wine is run off from one to the other by means of pipes passing under the road.

Regoa, standing on the slope of a low hill, on the right bank of the Douro, which here expands itself, as it were, on emerging from a gorge, is a town of no very ancient date, owing its origin entirely to the Port wine trade. The surrounding hills subsiding into gentle slopes, with endless undulations, are planted with vines, and dotted with scattered villages and numerous casas, while the loftier summits are crowned with pines and other forest trees. A couple of centuries ago, when the vineyards were principally concentrated hereabouts, all the Douro wines designed for Oporto used to be shipped at this convenient point. In the course of time there sprang up wine-stores, erected by the larger merchants on the margin of the river, and then houses for residence clustered around them. Centuries before, however, a little town, known to-day as Pezo da Regoa, existed higher up the slope, and here at the present time the aristocracy and wealthy vine-proprietors of the district have their residences. On the same side of the river on which Regoa is situated, but a few hundred yards higher up, the Rio Corgo mingles its waters with those of the Douro. In years gone by this little river used to form a line of demarcation, the wines grown above which were not allowed to be shipped to England, on the plea that they

were of inferior quality. Time, however, has accomplished one of its customary revolutions, and to-day a precisely contrary opinion of their merits prevails.

It is just about a couple of centuries ago when the Alto Douro wines were first regularly imported to England, consequent, it is said, upon a falling off in the Florence vintages. During the year 1678 the entire shipments from Oporto to all



CONFLUENCE OF THE RIO CORGO AND THE DOURO.

parts of the world amounted to little more than 408 pipes. Port wine is erroneously supposed to have come into general consumption in England consequent upon the Methuen Treaty, signed in 1702, and which secured free admission for our woollen goods into Portugal in return for the reduction of the duties on Portuguese wines to two-thirds of the duties levied on the wines of France. No considerable increase in the import of Douro

wines to England resulted from this treaty. Nine years before it was signed—namely, in 1693—we received as many as 13,011 pipes of these wines, whereas during the first fifteen years of the existence of the treaty only in one year—namely, in 1716—was the quantity exceeded, and then merely by 900 and odd pipes. At this period English merchants in Oporto paid as much as 60 milreis, or £13 6s. 8d., for the pipe of Alto Douro wine—a price which tempted the growers to make considerable plantations of new vineyards. Very soon afterwards the quality of the wine began to deteriorate. Not only were inferior growths mixed with it, but it was sophisticated in various ways, causing it to fall into such great disrepute that by the middle of the eighteenth century the best wine in the market commanded no more than ten milreis, or under £2 5s., per pipe. Owing to this inadequate price, and the poverty of the growers, the vineyards became neglected and their produce diminished. Merchants and producers accused each other of being the cause of this disastrous state of things, and the latter appealed to their government to save them from impending ruin.

In the year 1754 we find an English firm complaining to their agents in the Alto Douro that "the grower at the time of the vintage was in the habit of checking the fermentation of the wines too soon by putting brandy into them whilst fermenting, a practice," they emphatically remark, "which must be considered as diabolical; for after this the wines will not remain quiet, but are continually tending to ferment and to become ropy and acid." The agents in reply assert that "the English merchants knew that the first-rate wine of the Factory had become excellent, but they wished it to exceed the limits which nature had assigned to it, and that when drunk it should feel like liquid fire in the stomach, that it should burn like inflamed gunpowder, that it should have the tint of ink, that it should be like the sugar of Brazil in sweetness, and the spices of India in aromatic flavour. They began by recommending, by way of secret, that it was proper to dash it with brandy in the fermentation to give it strength, and with elderberries or the rind of

the grape to give it colour; and as the persons who used the prescription found the wine increase in price and the English merchants still complaining of want of strength, colour, and maturity in the article supplied, the recipe was propagated till the wine became a mere confusion of mixtures."

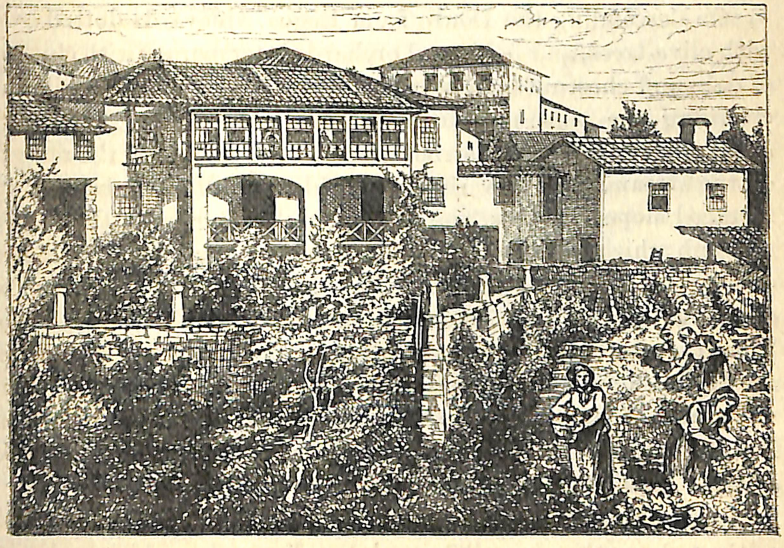
Two years afterwards, in 1756, when the annual exports had fallen from an average of more than 20,000 pipes down to 12,000, the imperious Marquis de Pombal, in accordance with the erroneous economic notions of the time, of which he was the fanatic exponent, established an Agricultural and Commercial Company for the Wines of the Douro, with the intention of repairing the existing state of things, and above all of preserving the purity of the wines in question. This Company was invested with the most arbitrary privileges. In the words of its statutes its objects were "to uphold with the reputation of the wines the culture of the vineyards, and to foster at the same time the trade in the former, establishing a regular price for the advantage alike of those who produce and who trade in them, avoiding on the one hand those high prices which, rendering sales impossible, ruin the stocks, and on the other such low prices as prevent the growers from expending the necessary sum on the cultivation of their vineyards." The staff of the Company comprised a president, twelve deputies, six councillors, a secretary, a judge conservator, a fiscal judge, a notary, and a constable, together with a posse of clerks, stewards, overseers, commissioners, bailiffs, tasters, and the like. The highest and the lowest arrogated to themselves unusual powers, and the deputies constituted a true oligarchy. To this day their quintas in the Alto Douro are distinguishable by the magnificence of the mansions and the ponderous escutcheons proudly displayed over their principal doorways. The Company had the monopoly secured to them of the wine trade of the Douro with England and Brazil, the distillation and the sale of brandy in the northern districts of Portugal, and the exclusive supply of the taverns and wine-shops of Oporto and its environs—a privilege which led to some serious riots, and to as many as six-and-twenty individuals perishing upon the scaffold.

The Company commenced operations by arbitrarily dividing the viticultural region of the Alto Douro into two distinct circumscriptions, from one of which wine for export was exclusively to be derived, while from the other wine for home consumption was obtainable. Every year its officials decided on the exact quantity of wine that might be exported, had the wines classified by their tasters, put prices upon them which the growers were obliged to accept, and issued permits for all wine selected for exportation, lacking which not a single pipe could leave the grower's stores. In course of time, however, these permits were openly sold in the market at the rate of £3 per pipe or thereabouts, and by securing them merchants were enabled to ship whatever wine they pleased. No sooner was a vintage over than the Company's tasters flocked up the Douro in a shoal, drew samples from every one of the growers' large vats, and marked and classified them. They congregated in a large room, where many of them began to smoke, and under such conditions the samples were submitted to their judgment. Numbers of these officials had no knowledge whatever of wine, and certainly not of wine a few weeks old; still their decision was irrevocable. Nevertheless, for a bribe of half-a-dollar it was frequently possible to substitute wine of any quality for one of the official samples.

To check adulteration the Company secured the passing of a law making it a felony—punishable with transportation for life and confiscation of all property—on the part of any one having a single elder-tree growing on his premises within five miles of the boundary-lines of the districts it had caused to be marked out. This monstrous state of things endured until the year 1833, when the Company was abolished, to be re-established, however, ten years subsequently with the same powers regarding the classification of the wines, but with the arbitrary viticultural circumscriptions done away with. This second Company was finally dissolved in 1853, since which time the trade in Port wine has been perfectly unfettered.

While I was at Regoa I visited several notable quintas in Baixo Corgo, whence came the original Port wine that our forefathers

used to drink. The produce of these quintas, although in most instances small, is usually unexceptionable as regards quality. Among those visited may be mentioned the Quinta do Terrão, imdiately facing the entrance to the Corgo valley, but on the opposite bank of the Douro; the Quinta do Valle da Lage, in a southerly direction, a few miles on the road to Valdigem, with its slopes stretching down to the little Rio Baroza; also the Quinta do Mourão, still on the left bank of the Douro and on the road to Lamego, together with the quintas of Quintião, Moinho de Vento, and Bellas, all three in the same direction, and the two former lying close together. We drove to them along the wild and picturesque valley of the Baroza, with grey masses of rock towering above the luxuriant autumn foliage, and whence a view of the ancient Moorish Castello da Reposa, perched on a distant peak, was obtained. On the road we passed a troop of young girls, and some pitiable-looking old crones, verging on to seventy, bending under the heavy burthen of five-and-twenty huge earthenware jars packed in coarse sacking, which, although they

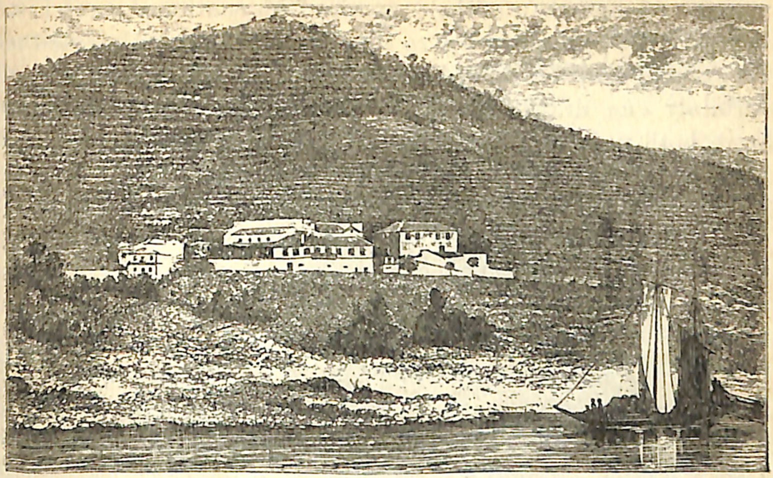


THE QUINTA DAS BELLAS.

would have been a good load for a mule, each of these poor creatures had to stagger along with on their heads. The Quinta Moinho de Vento overlooks the Douro, and among the vines on the opposite bank gleam the white houses of Pezo da Regoa. At this quinta some fifty pipes of wine are produced, a small portion of which is white, while at the Quinta das Bellas, a mile distant to the east, thirty pipes of red and ten of white wine are vintaged. Everywhere it was almost a repetition of the scene we had left behind us higher up the Douro, the only difference being that everything was on a smaller scale. There were fewer pickers in the vineyards, and fewer treaders in the lagares, which, like the tonels, were smaller and less numerous. The mode of vinification was precisely the same. The three last-mentioned quintas belong to Senhor Antonio da Costa, of Regoa, the able commissario in the Alto Douro of Messrs. G. G. Sandeman and Sons. At the Quinta das Bellas we tasted some choice tawny Port vintaged in 1847, fresh in flavour and with an agreeable sub-pungency, but so pale in colour that it would never have been taken for a red wine.

On descending the Douro from Regoa, vineyards dotted over with olive-trees, and fields and orchards interspersed with clusters of oaks and chestnuts, are seen on either hand, with little villages crowning the more prominent heights, and the bright-looking casas of river-side quintas rising up at intervals along the margin of the stream. On the right is Caldas de Moledo, backed by terraced slopes of vines, and immediately afterwards the valley, through which the Rio Seromenha comes rushing from the Serra do Marão to mingle its waters with those of the Douro, opens to our view. Here we momentarily catch sight of the bleak and barren summits of the distant Marão range. Below this valley are the meadows and orchards of Rede, and farther on are the vineyards of Mesão-Frio sweeping round the base of Mont Soa Silvestre as far as the village of Barqueiros, where the wine district of the Alto Douro ends.

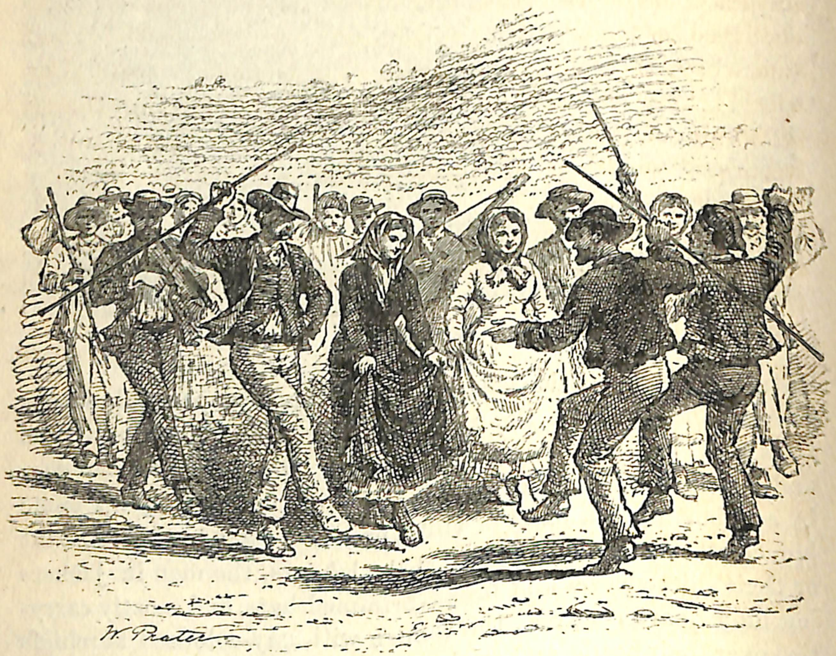
In the Baixo Corgo vineyards the leading varieties of grapes cultivated are the alvarelhão and the bastardo. Although the



SEROMENHA.

district is far more densely populated than the parts above the Corgo, nine-tenths of the people employed at the vintage came from afar, the men receiving from 1s. 1d. to 1s. 10d. per day, and the women from 6d. to 8d. While I was at Regoa I came by accident upon a party of vintagers on the way to their distant homes after the conclusion of their labours, the men in jackets or their shirt-sleeves and broad-brimmed hats, and mostly carrying long quarter-staves; the women with gay-coloured kerchiefs tied over their heads, and, with one or two exceptions, bare-legged. The party comprised players on the drum, fiddle, and guitar, and most of the others were provided with castanets. The tune to which they danced and sang was a very humdrum one, still they gaily pirouetted along, musicians and all, not dancing as though for money, as on the stage, nor in compliance with social exactions, as in a ball-room, but for the pure love of the thing, going over twice or thrice the ground they need otherwise have done. At particular points the music and the singing rose to a louder key, when the dancers, throwing up their arms, brandished their staves and whirled round and round, leaping at times into the air with unrestrained delight. And although I

was the sole spectator of their capering, this continued until I was beyond sight and hearing, so that it was evident they neither danced nor sang for my solitary gratification. The incident had certainly one drawback—the women, whether young or old, were both ugly and unkempt. If they had only endeavoured



to compensate for their want of charms by some slight attention to their personal appearance the sight would have been a more interesting one.

The wine—generally of good quality—which was being vintaged in the Baixo Corgo at the time of our visit commanded from 6 to 7½ guineas per pipe for the first-class growths, and from 5 to 6 guineas for the second-class. In the vineyards above the Corgo the price of the newly-vintaged wine ranged from about 6½ guineas to as high as 11 guineas per pipe for the finest qualities. The first cost is, however, largely supplemented by the expense of carriage, warehousing, frequent rackings,

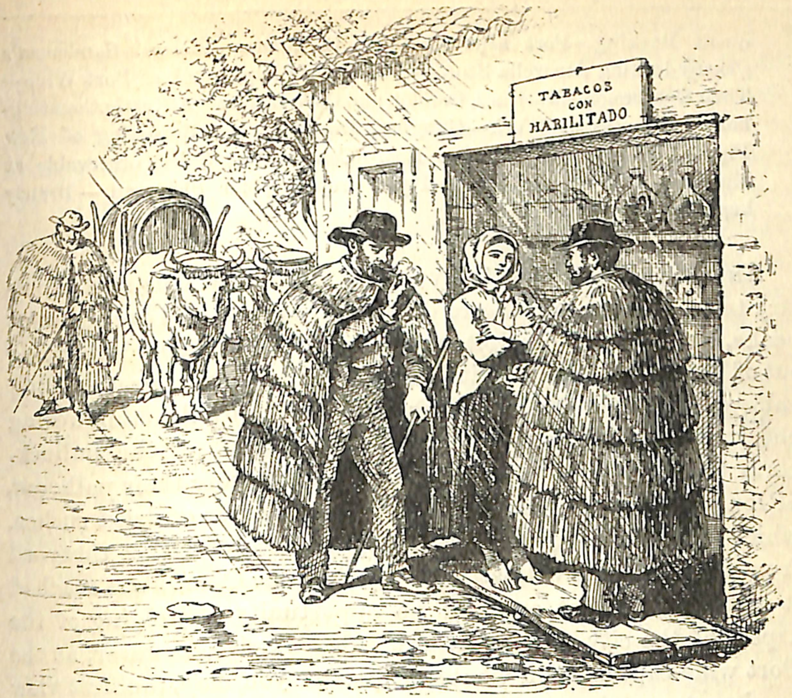
loss by evaporation and ordinary ullage, as well as interest on money, before the wine is in a condition for shipment. It is impossible to obtain even an approximate idea respecting the annual production of the Paiz Vinhateiro during recent years, the "arrolamento," which formerly supplied some valuable statistics respecting this and other matters, having been abolished on the pretext of economising the comparatively small sum which the collection of these returns used to cost. Port wine is, however, taxed sufficiently heavily by the Government to admit of proper statistics being compiled concerning so important an article of commerce, and which is, moreover, a source of so much wealth to the district producing it.

From Regoa we proceeded to Villa Real, leaving Fontellas and its quintas on our left hand, notable among which is the Quinta do Neto, famous for its bastardo and malvasia vines and yielding upwards of a hundred pipes of wine. As one winds up the steep road the eye takes in an extensive panorama of vine-clad hills displaying all the varied tints of autumn, streaked here and there with plantations of olives, dotted over with little villages and scattered casas, and fringed at their summits with gloomy pine-woods. Crowning a lofty hill on our right hand is Villa Maior with its celebrated quintas, and after awhile we pass through the village of São Miguel de Lobrigos, with the famous vineyards of São Comba occupying the steep slopes in front. It is Sunday, and women are gossiping in groups on the doorsteps, while a few, rather more regardful of their personal appearance than is customary, occupy themselves in arranging their front and back hair—sadly in need of their attention—in public. Men whose garments are stained all over with new-made wine are lounging inside and around the village venda, in front of which a constable in uniform promenades up and down flourishing a long stick, while troops of well-laden donkeys snatch a limited repose under the shade of some spreading chestnut-tree.

We pass through Cever, leaving the vineyards of Sarnadello on our right, skirt Conciero and the large Quinta do José Luis,

yielding its 120 pipes, while a few miles farther on, at Bertello, we pass the extensive Quinta do Dr. Avelino, where 200 pipes of the best Baixo Corgo wine is vintaged, and the smaller one of Antonio Osorio producing its 120 pipes. While we halt at Cumieira to replace a shoe which one of our horses has cast, a couple of the typical old beggars common to the Peninsula earnestly plead and pray for a *tostas* or a *vintem.* These mendicants are the precise counterparts of the hoary knaves hit off so cleverly in all their rags and dirt by Callot's truthful burin, with their rheumy eyes and grizzly beards, slouched hats and tattered gaberdines, long staves and ragged shoon, and bent frames and shambling gait.

The Baixo Corgo vineyards may be said to end at Cumieira, and while winding up the road to Villa Real we caught a final glimpse of the vintage girls roaming over the receding terraced slopes, and heard their melancholy monotonous chant for the last time. Villa Real is perched on the summit of a steep mountain, and from the adjacent cemetery you look over a lofty precipice into the wild gorge, through which the turbulent waters of the Corgo fume and foam on their way to the Douro. The town is of great antiquity, and from its proximity to the Paiz Vinhateiro is necessarily of considerable importance, being, indeed, the capital of the province of Traz-os-Montes. It claims to have been founded in the 13th century by Dom Diniz, the King Denis of the popular rhyme, "who, as every one knows, did what he chose," and the low massive-built granite houses still standing around the church belong, it is said, to this early epoch. Like Pesqueira, Villa Real boasts several of those palatial-looking old mansions, the origin of which is somewhat of a puzzle. In the present case wealthy vineyard proprietors may have been the builders, still their erection is generally attributed to obscure adventurers, who, on their return to Portugal laden with the treasures of India and the Brazils, were intent upon dazzling their former fellow-townsmen with tangible evidences of the wealth they had amassed.



MINHO BULLOCK-CART DRIVERS.

IX.—The Port Wine Capital—A Couple of Villa Nova Wine Lodges.

We Recross the Serra do Marão—Bullock-Drivers wearing great-coats made of Rushes—Picturesque coup d'œil presented by Oporto—Animated aspect of the River Douro—Its varied Craft—Most of the Hard Work at Oporto performed by Women—The Female Bullock-Drivers and their partiality for Jewellery—The Oporto Streets so many Paved Precipices—Long Horns and Ornamental Yokes of the Oxen—Rarity of Female Beauty throughout Portugal—Is most prevalent among the Peasantry—Sedan Chairs still used by Oporto Ladies—City Night Patrols—Tortoises and Mussels—Redundancy of the Picturesque and Absence of the Artistic at Oporto—Scarcity of Fireplaces in the Oporto Houses—Capotes and Woollen Shawls common at Winter-time in Oporto Drawing-rooms—The Rua dos Inglezes and the British Factory-house—Villa Nova da Gaia—The Lodges of Messrs. G. G. Sandeman and Sons—Their Antiquated Aspect—Arrival of New Wine from the Alto Douro—Its Blending and subse-

quent Racking—Port kept sparingly in Soleras—Messrs. Sandeman's gloomy-looking Amarella Stores—The Firm's large stock of Port Wine—Their Cooperage—Martinez, Gassiot, and Co.'s Lodges—A Rustic Counting-house—Coopers at Work—Gauging, Branding, and Seasoning of New Pipes—Falling-in of a Lodge Roof—Conservative Spirit observable at Martinez, Gassiot, and Co.'s—Pipes preparing for Shipment—Brandy kept isolated in the Lodge.

In returning to Oporto by way of Villa Real it is still necessary to recross the lofty Serra do Marão, with its cold grey granite peaks, its wild and precipitous slopes, with huge boulders rising out of the russet bracken, its rushing watercourses, green fertile valleys, and little white villages, half-hidden by the embowering chestnut-trees. The day being wet the drivers of the bullock-carts on the Minho side of the mountain wore their palhoças, or long loose great-coats, with large capes, made of dried rushes, which gave to their wearers the appearance of being thatched from head to heels with straw. By the time Oporto was reached it was dusk, so that one had no opportunity of judging of the aspect of the city on its northern side. Arrive, however, at the Port wine capital from whatever quarter you may, the first view is almost certain to impress you. If you come by sea and disembark at Foz, the Portuense Brighton, with its long rows of canvas bathing-cabins, and its red, green, and yellow houses in their pretty gardens, all under the shadow of an old granite castle built in the days of the Spanish domination—or if you arrive by rail from the south, the instant the city comes in sight, with its compact pile of houses, churches, and public buildings towering one above the other in irregular tiers along the precipitous cliff which rises from the brink of the river, you cannot fail to be impressed by the picturesque *coup d'œil.*

Some inelegant church-towers and a few pretentious edifices break up this singular jumble of quaint-looking houses, with their belvederes, pointed projecting roofs, gaily-tinted façades, and endless lines of ornamental balconies. On the high table-land to the west—facing a cluster of Villa Nova wine-lodges perched among the trees up the side of a steep hill—stands the

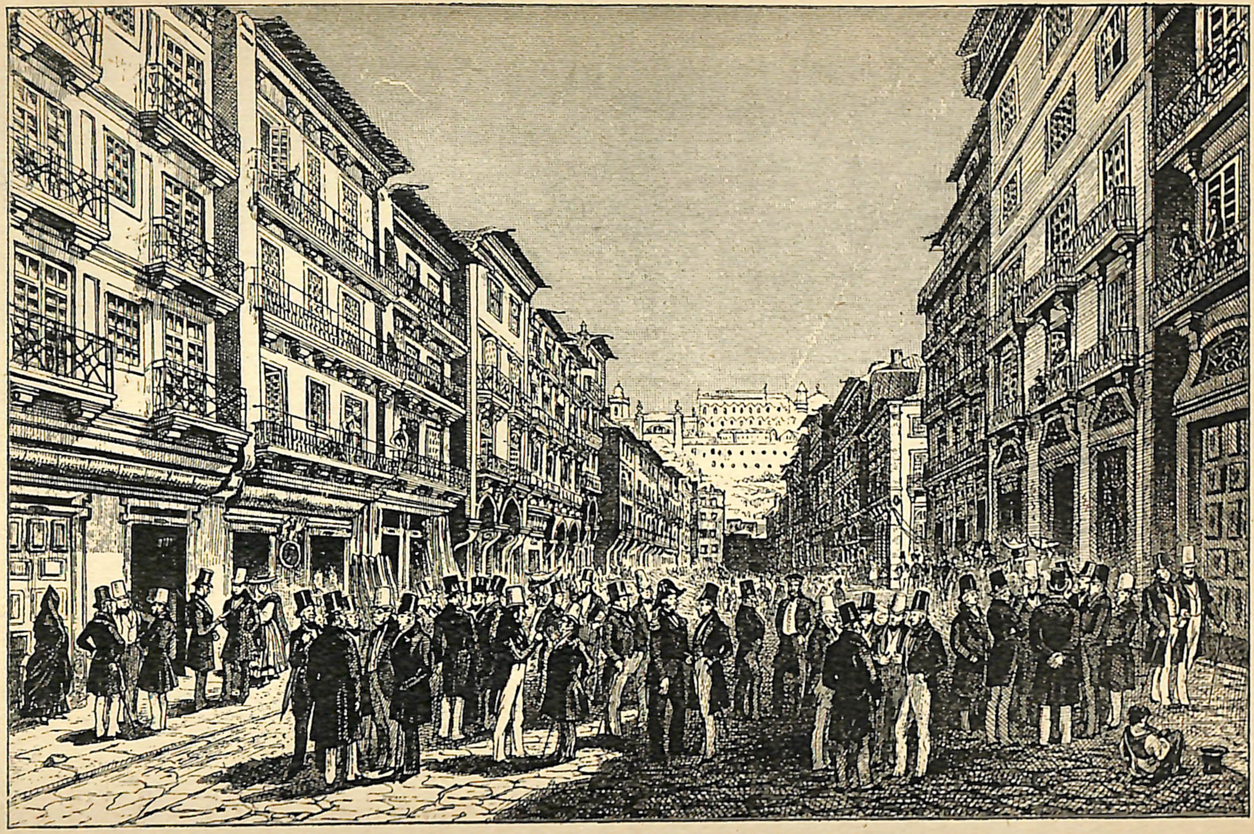
Oporto Crystal Palace; while to the east, and immediately in front of the famous Serra convent, a tasteless colossal square edifice, known as the Bishop's Palace, towers above the surrounding buildings. The vast Serra convent, parcelled out to-day in dwellings for the working classes, and occupying, with its octagonal church, a bold and lofty eminence on the Villa Nova side of the river, is certain to form a prominent object in the view. The Douro—here broad and placid enough, and spanned by a lofty railway bridge—is always teeming with life. Among the schooners and the barques discharging their cargoes of wheat and flour from America, and dried cod from Norway and Newfoundland, the Newcastle and Cardiff colliers, and the solitary steamer taking in its thousand or so pipes of fruity or tawny Port, there is no end of smaller craft, including large broad-beamed fishing-boats—with the invocation, "God preserve us," rudely painted in red letters on their sides—putting out to sea manned by as many as fifty or sixty hands, who, when the wind fails the huge lateen sails, row out of port, standing with their faces towards the bows after the fashion common to the Levant; also coasting rascas, with stumpy masts and tapering lateen sails, Oriental-looking high-prowed begas and saveiras, and clumsy gondola-like toldes, with an occasional yacht or launch owned by some Englishman of aquatic tastes. Then there are the flat-bottomed wine-boats, with large square sails and formidable-looking rudders, discharging their cargoes of youthful Port from the Alto Douro at Villa Nova, together with innumerable ferry-boats, with low wooden awnings, plying incessantly between one bank of the river and the other.

The quays, and on market-days the streets, of Oporto are full of animation, and it is evident that more than their fair share of the heavy work falls upon the weaker sex. Most of the lower-class women have either a bullock-goad in their hand or half-a-hundredweight on their heads. Wearing short full skirts that display their well-shapen bare legs, coiffured with bright kerchiefs and black turban-shaped hats, their breasts adorned with huge gold brooches, and their ears hung with huge gold

earrings of antique mauresque design, they deftly guide the stream of primitive-looking bullock-carts up and down the winding streets, every other one of which is a paved precipice, and so rudely paved withal as to threaten incautious pedestrians with a sprained ankle at every second step. The animals yoked to these carts have long outstretching horns, measuring at times fully four feet between the tips, and threatening to thrust out the eyes of heedless passers-by. Most of the yokes are elaborately carved in relief or perforated, and not unfrequently gaily coloured with interlacing arabesques. Besides acting as bullock-drivers the fair sex assist in discharging the cargoes of the ships in harbour, including even the colliers, and perform most of the porter's work of the city.

Female beauty is rare throughout Portugal, and of that encountered in the Port wine capital—putting, of course, one's own fair countrywomen out of the question—the larger share certainly pertains to the peasantry of the environs. At the principal theatre of the city, after a minute inspection of the occupants of the boxes, it is possible to count upon the fingers of a single hand the few pretty faces you will have succeeded in discovering, and the process may be repeated night after night. Ladies still go to the theatres here in the old-fashioned sedan chairs, the unexpected apparition of which, with their quaintly-attired chairmen, in one of the more ancient tortuous streets, relegates one back for at least a century. These dimly-lighted, long, narrow, winding thoroughfares would appear to be slightly dangerous at night-time, judging from their being regularly patrolled by helmeted horse-guards with drawn swords, who, from the slow pace at which they move, have been irreverently nicknamed "tortoises" by the Portuenses. Why the latter have given the name of "mussels" to the guardians of the peace posted after dark with their loaded rifles at the end of many of these thoroughfares is less comprehensible.

Everything combines to render Oporto one of the most picturesque cities of the Peninsula. Site, surroundings, the excessive steepness of the streets, the quaint and diversified



THE RUA DOS INGLEZES AT OPORTO.

FROM A DRAWING BY BARON FORRESTER, MADE IN 1834.

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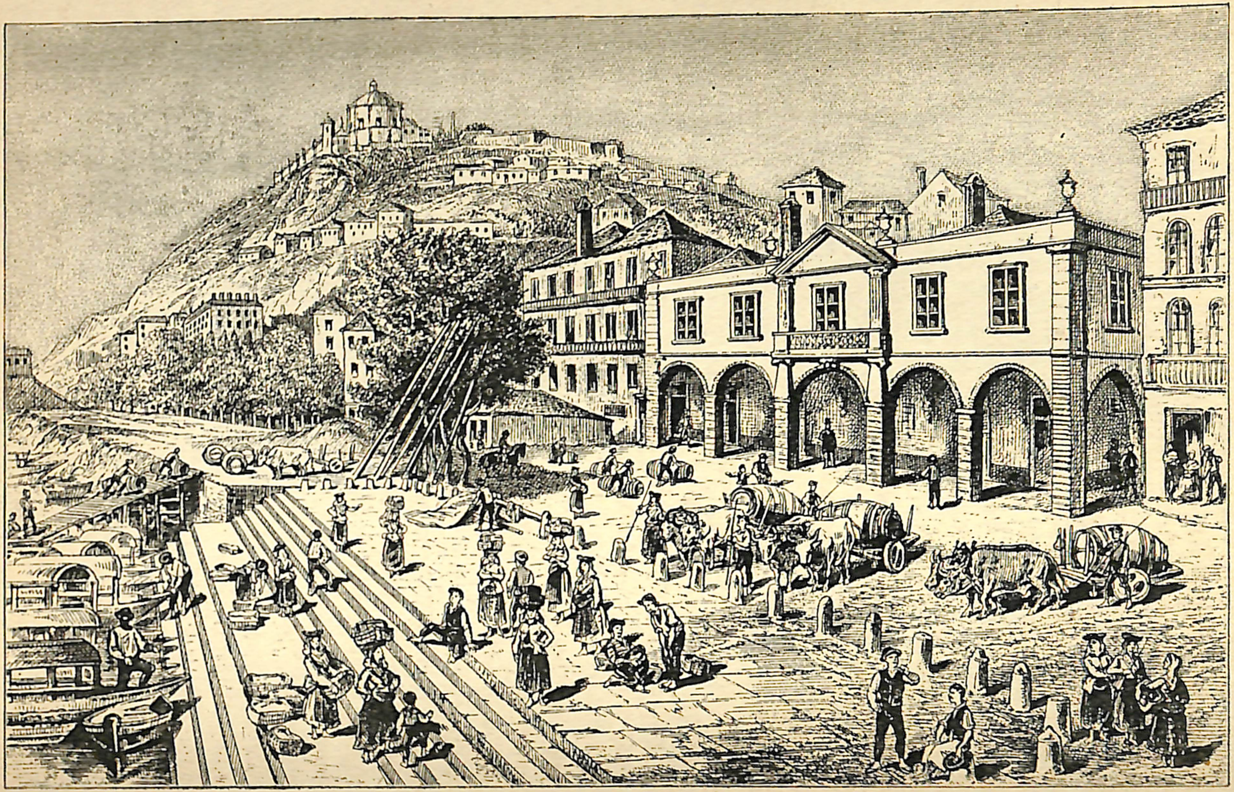
character of the gaily-coloured houses, with their endless lines of ornamental balconies, the utter absence of all architectural uniformity, the many public fountains, surrounded by crowds of garrulous Gallegos, the primitive-looking bullock-carts, the smartly-attired and bejewelled bare-legged peasant-women, the old-fashioned sedan chairs and eccentrically-attired chairmen, and, above all, the river, with its animated quays and diversified craft—all assist the crowded picture which on every side presents itself. In the Port wine capital there is a redundancy of the picturesque, but scarcely a scrap of what can be styled real art. There is not so much as a church-tower, buttress, or pinnacle, house, gable, doorway, or window; not a piece of stone or wood carving, or a bit of ironwork in the myriads of balconies, over which Mr. Ruskin could consistently go into raptures. During the rainy season the water from these balconies and from the roofs of the older Oporto houses pours down pitilessly, through the myriad of trumpet-shaped gargoyles with which the latter are so considerately provided, upon the heads of helpless passers-by. If gargoyles are many chimney-pots are few, for most of the Oporto houses have no other fireplace beyond the kitchen one, a circumstance which renders it necessary for gentlemen to wear their capotes within-doors, and for ladies to wrap themselves up in thick woollen shawls in their drawing-rooms, when the cold weather sets in. In the Rua dos Inglezes—the Street of the English—a broad and rather handsome thoroughfare, planted with shady trees, and running parallel with and near to the river, several important Port wine shippers have their offices. At one end of it is the British Factory-house, an institution of some account in former times, but which of recent years seems to have subsided into a kind of sleepy club, limited to very few members, but liberally provided with English newspapers and magazines. Singularly enough, it closes when the day's work is over, so that not even such mild dissipation as an evening rubber is by any chance indulged in within its exemplary walls.

The Port wine trade is principally centered at Villa Nova

da Gaia, a suburb of Oporto, on the opposite bank of the Douro, and in the "lodges" of which some hundred and fifty thousand pipes of wine must be ordinarily stored. Embarking at the ferry stairs at the foot of the Rua do São João, a couple of minutes suffice to row us across the Douro, and we land in front of an open space planted with a few trees, where half-a-dozen bullock-carts are waiting to be laden close to the water's edge. Perched on a lofty hill to the left the church of the Serra convent, which played such a notable part in the Miguelite siege of Oporto, looks down upon the Douro, and immediately in front of us is a granite building with an open arcade below, and some sculptured flaming urns surmounting its slightly ornamental façade. On the principal doorway a small tablet, having a miniature representation of the Union Jack in one corner, notifies that the edifice is British property, the owners being Messrs. G. G. Sandeman Sons and Co., the eminent Port wine shippers, whose names for half-a-century past have regularly headed the Oporto shipping list. Here the firm have their offices, presenting somewhat of the antiquated appearance of a substantial merchant's counting-house of the last century, and adjoining is a network of lodges, in which their extensive stock of wine is stored. These comprise a series of irregular constructions, including numerous galleries or "cumes," as they are technically termed, communicating occasionally with each other by means of lofty arches, and many of them having all the appearance of great age. Fungi overspread the damper walls, rude, ponderous, blackened beams support their pointed roofs, and light usually is but sparingly admitted through small barred windows and diminutive skylights. Venerable-looking pipes full of the bright ruby-tinted potent wine of the Upper Douro are ranged in seemingly endless rows and in double and triple tiers, with here and there a tramway to facilitate the transport of the casks from one lodge to another. No special system of arrangement appears to be observed, wines of various ages, quality, and value frequently being stored for convenience under the same roof. Brawny barefooted matulas are threading



MESSRS. G. G. SANDEMAN, SONS, & CO.'S LODGES AT VILLA NOVA DA GAIA.

WITH THE SERRA CONVENT IN THE DISTANCE.

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INTERIOR OF THE LODGES OF MESSRS. G. G. SANDEMAN, SONS, & CO. AT VILLA NOVA DA GAIA.

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their way between the long files of casks, balancing caneços, or wooden pitchers, full of wine deftly on their heads, or emptying them into rows of pipes which are being got ready for shipment. Most of the lodges contain huge vats, in which new wines on their arrival from the Upper Douro, after being carefully classed, are equally carefully blended, only vintage wines from particularly prized quintas being kept intact.

After the late autumn rains, when the Douro has risen sufficiently for the passage of boats of heavy burden, the recently-vintaged wine commences arriving at the Villa Nova lodges, where, after being sampled and classed, all wine similar in character and quality is commonly blended together. This operation is usually effected in large vats holding from 40 to 100 pipes each, pressure pumps and flexible tubing being occasionally used to convey the wine from the pipes to the vats, and *vice versâ*. At times the vats are provided with revolving fans worked by steam or hand labour, or with paddles kept in motion by men stationed above, so as to secure a proper amalgamation of the wine. At a few lodges the wines are filtered prior to being blended, and at others the ancient system is adhered to, and the blend made in ordinary pipes by the aid of the caneço, a wooden pitcher holding about five and a-half gallons, equal to the one-and-twentieth part of a pipe. However the blending may take place, a small quantity of spirit is ordinarily added during the operation. The sweet and drier varieties of wine are usually kept distinct, and only mingled as required when a shipping order has to be made up. The blending in the vats having been thoroughly effected, the wine is drawn off into pipes and racked at intervals of three months, until it is in a condition for shipment, which may be in from fifteen to four-and-twenty months' time, according to its quality. This racking is accomplished by means of the caneço, in order that the wine, by being drawn off a few gallons at a time, may come well in contact with the air during its passage from one part of the lodge to another—a circumstance which materially assists its development. Every year that Port is kept in the lodge adds

materially to its cost owing to the labour and loss attendant on the frequent rackings, as well as the loss from leakage and evaporation. From Port losing its colour rapidly in the wood, as well as much of its fulness, wines of five years old cease to be regarded as shipping wines, and get relegated to the category of what are known as lodge wines, being used to give character and some of the qualities of age to younger vintages. When wines are coming forward too rapidly in the lodge, and losing their fulness and colour before their time, it is the practice with some shippers to transfer them from pipes to vats, and there to let them remain maturing more steadily while being less subject to waste from evaporation.

Unlike sherry, Port wine is not kept to any extent in soleras; still Messrs. Sandeman and the other large Oporto shippers all possess stocks of old wines of fine vintages, the character of which they keep up by refreshing them, as it is termed, with wines of a more youthful but equally high character. These soleras are exclusively used for blending purposes. A narrow roadway conducting to the river separates the principal lodges of Messrs. Sandeman from their gloomy-looking Amarella stores, comprising a range of long low cumes, each divided into a couple of aisles by a series of arches, and containing numerous vintage wines of 1873 and 1875. As Port wine is believed to mature less perfectly when subject to the influence of light, these stores have but few windows or skylights. Walls and timbers alike are blackened by the constantly-evaporating alcohol, and monster cobwebs hang in fantastic festoons before the dingy windows and from the dark, decaying rafters. The stock of wine in these united stores is larger than that held by any other shipper, and in the spring of the year will probably amount to little short of 10,000 pipes. In connection with the stores is an extensive cooperage, a double-aisled building with open arcades, where pipe-staves from the Baltic are split, boiled, shaped, bent, and finally fixed together, after which the perfect casks are scalded, gauged, seasoned with wine, branded, and painted on the outside before they are considered fit to receive the wine designed for

MESSRS. MARTINEZ, GASSIOT, & CO.'S COOPERAGE AT VILLA NOVA DA GAIA.

(*p.* 121.)

shipment. In an adjoining apartment the iron hoops for the casks are cut, bent, and pierced by means of a handy little machine of Birmingham manufacture.

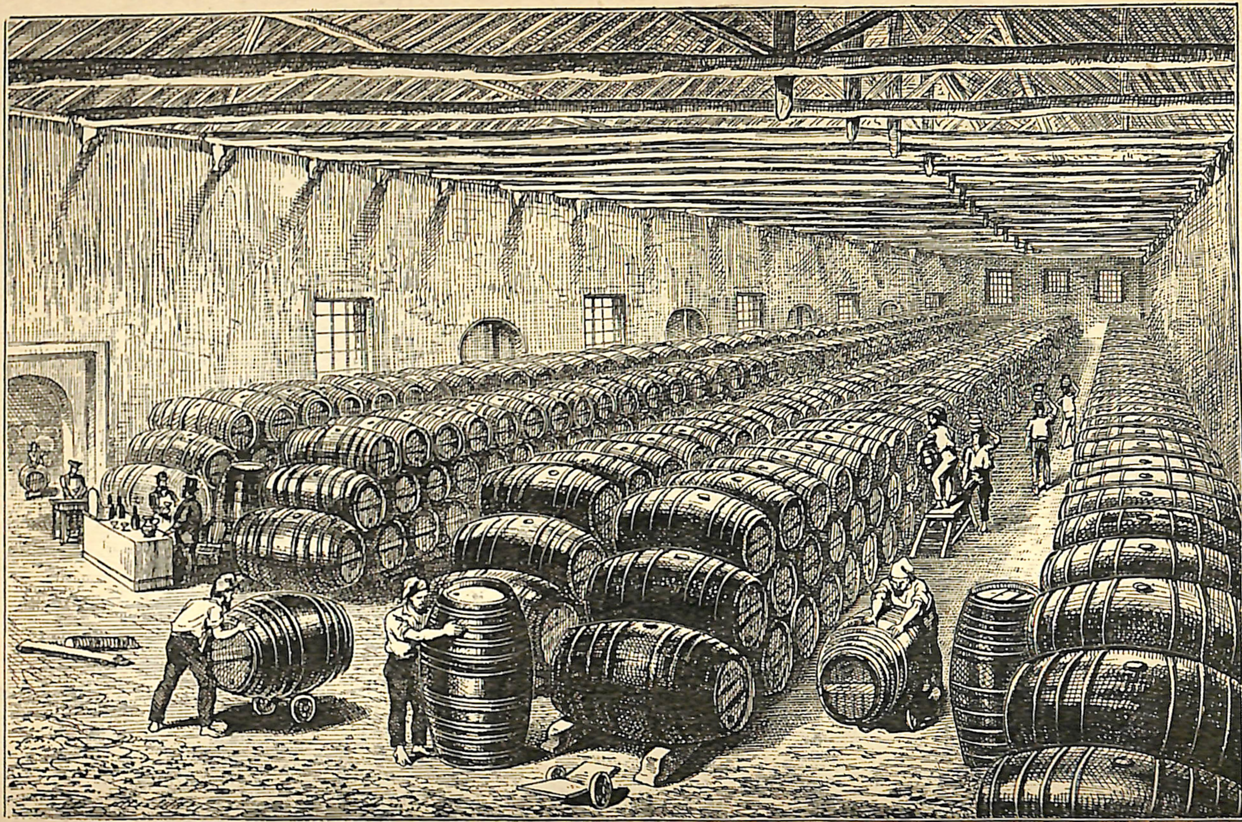
Some of the largest wine-lodges belonging to English shipping-houses are grouped half-way up the hill which rises from the Douro at Villa Nova da Gaia. To reach them we thread the antiquated sunless street running parallel with the river, wind round by the church, and follow a narrow tortuous lane bounded by moss-covered walls and overlooking a large and careless-ordered garden. Eventually we gain a paved road, whence a doorway on the right conducts to the premises of Martinez, Gassiot, and Co., who for two-thirds of a century have occupied a high position in the Oporto wine trade. Crossing a rudely-paved courtyard, where a few vines trained over a trellis partially screen from view a lofty lodge, in which older wines are stored, we pass the counting-house of the firm, a little low cottage with autumn flowers climbing up its rustic porch, and enter a long building where staves and hoops are being prepared for the tribe of coopers at work in the small inner court below and under the adjacent arcade. Here the construction of a Port wine pipe in all its various stages, from the fashioning of the individual staves to the driving in of its head, is going on. On one side the shapened staves are being set up and temporarily encompassed with iron hoops; elsewhere they encircle a fire which, charring them on the inner side, renders them pliable; close by men are hammering on the permanent iron hoops, while others fit the heads to the finished casks prior to the edges of the staves being bevelled and the bungholes drilled. At a neighbouring tank new pipes are being gauged, and if found correct are subsequently branded with the mark of the firm and then seasoned with wine.

A picturesque cluster of trees overlooks the court on one side, and facing the arcade is the principal lodge, comprising three long cumes connected by large arches, each cume containing half-a-dozen rows of pipes piled up in three tiers. The roofs are supported by the usual blackened rafters, and but little light

enters through the few small windows. The walls, however, are periodically whitewashed, so that the lodge has not that dingy, gloomy appearance distinctive of the typical Villa Nova wine-store. Some years ago one of the outer walls of this lodge gave way, and the roof of the outside cume, several hundred feet in length, fell in with a crash. Fortunately this happened on a Sunday, when none of the hands were at work, and the doors and windows being closed prevented the air from suddenly escaping, causing the roof, with its network of heavy timbers and its mass of tiles, to fall comparatively slowly, and do scarcely any damage to the couple of thousand pipes of wine on which the heavy mass descended.

At Martinez, Gassiot, and Co.'s no mechanical appliances have been introduced to economise manual labour. They never vat their wines; and, with the exception of a small iron truck for moving the pipes from one place to another, everything is done as in the old days when the firm was first established and Port wine was in high renown, counting its five and six bottle men, like Lords Eldon, Stowell, Panmure, Dufferin, and Blayney. These were the palmy times when Senhor Martinez, the head of the firm, was fond of inculcating the famous Oporto maxim:—"If it is a good vintage, sell your coat, sell the shirt off your back, sell your skin, if you can get any one to buy it, in order to purchase wine."

At the time of our visit, in place of the portable pumps and flexible tubing with which several of the more modern establishments are provided, we found barefooted matulas striding along in single file with caneços filled with wine, in course of being transferred from one pipe to another. In an open space a number of pipes recently painted over with a mixture of wine-lees and black earth, in accordance with the prevalent Oporto fashion, were being got ready for shipment, and having the marks of the house to which they were consigned deeply incised with awkward-looking tools, which the workmen handled with remarkable dexterity. The pipes are conveyed to the Douro by bullock-carts down a remarkably steep incline communicating with the



INTERIOR OF THE LODGES OF MESSRS. MARTINEZ, GASSIOT, & CO. AT VILLA NOVA DA GAIA.

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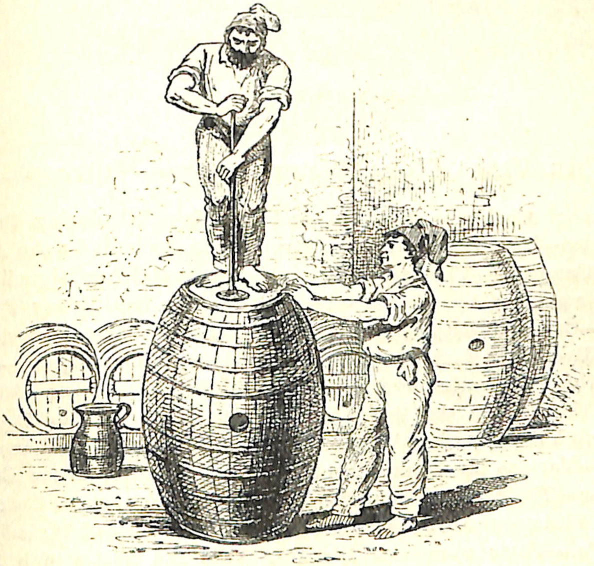
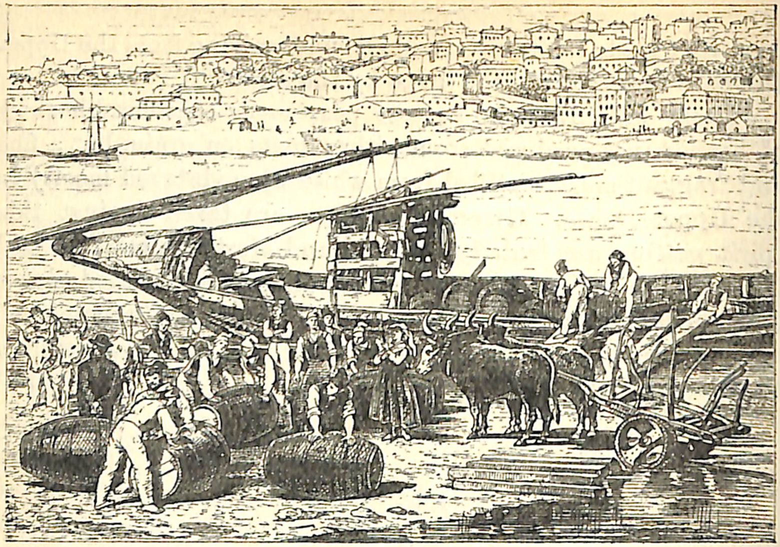
road that leads to the river, and all wine arriving from the Upper Douro is brought into the lodge by the same difficult route.

Every Villa Nova wine-store possesses a considerable stock of brandy, not produced from either roots or grain, but a fine and fragrant spirit distilled from white wine vintaged mostly in the Upper Douro. Great precautions are taken against this spirit getting accidentally ignited; and Martinez, Gassiot, and Co. keep the bulk of theirs stored in pipes in an isolated corner of the lodge, where under no circumstances are lights permitted, and whence it is transferred as required into vats holding their thousand gallons each.

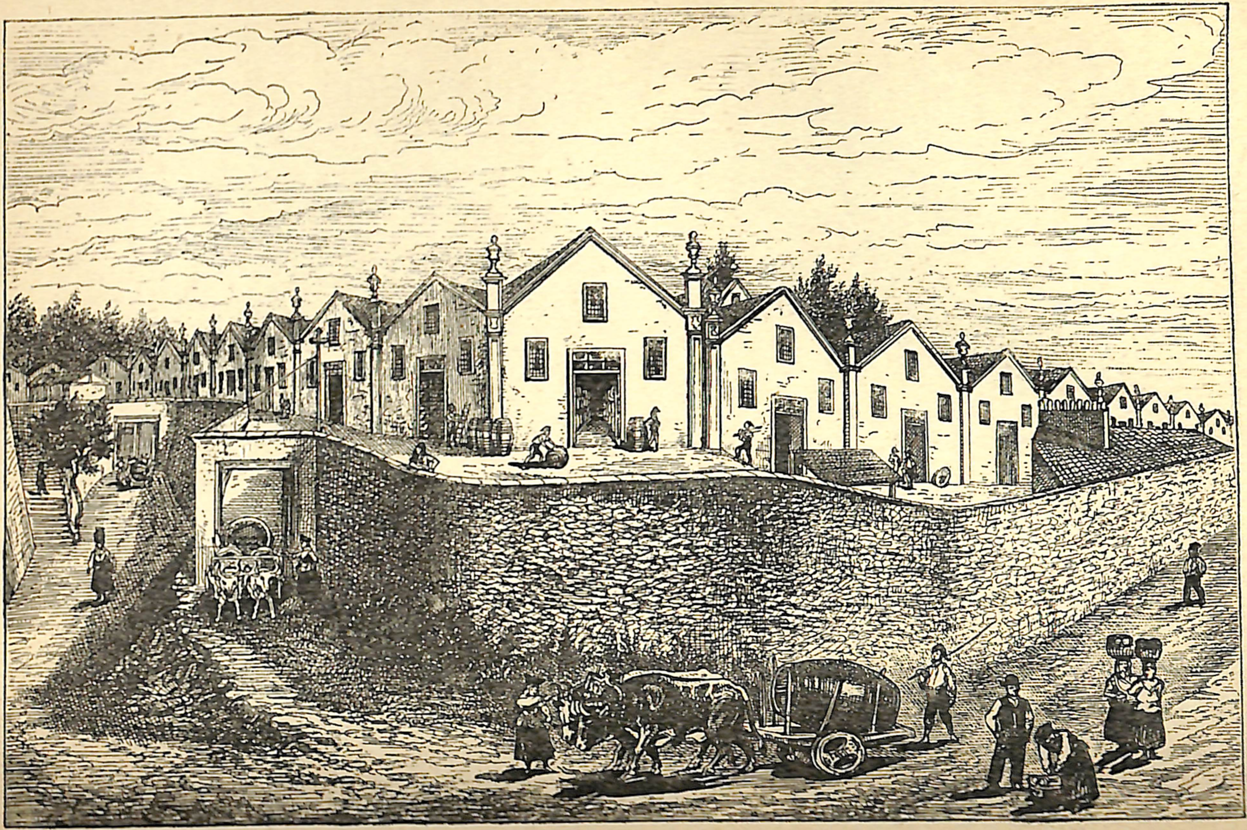




LANDING PORT WINE AT VILLA NOVA.

X.—The Villa Nova Wine-Lodges—Vintage Ports.

The House of Cockburn, Smithes, and Co. Founded during the Year of Waterloo—The Lodges of the Firm originally built by the Alto Douro Wine Company—They are Blown up by the retreating Miguelites in 1833—Their present Appearance—The fine Vintage and Tawny Ports of the Firm—Original Establishment of the House of Offley, Forrester, and Co. in 1761—Their Lodges known as the Armazens das Aguias—Witness at them the Preparation of Port Wine for Shipment—Fine Vintage Wines from the Quinta da Boa Vista—White Ports for Russia—Silva and Cosens's Villa Nova Establishment—Their New Lodge the Largest at Villa Nova—Various Mechanical Appliances had recourse to for Economising Labour—The Firm's Steam Cooperage and Machinery for Cask-Making—Their Vintage and other Wines—The various Lodges of W. and J. Graham and Co.—Their numerous Blending Vats and Shafts with Fan-shaped Wings—Conveniences for Transferring Wine from one part of the Establishment to another—Animated Scene at their Cooperage—Samples of Fine Ports shown to us—Only the Best Alto Douro Wines of Good Years Shipped as Vintage Wines—The Treatment they Undergo after Arriving at Villa Nova—Mode of Blending—The Racking and Shipment of Vintage Ports—Vintage Years in the Alto Douro since 1834—The Shippers of Vintage Ports—Vintage Wines Tasted at the



MESSRS. COCKBURN, SMITHES, & CO.'S LODGES AT VILLA NOVA DA GAIA.'

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INTERIOR OF THE LODGES OF MESSRS. COCKBURN, SMITHES, & CO. AT VILLA NOVA DA GAIA.

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Lodges of Warre and Co., Feuerheerd and Co., Taylor, Fladgate, and Co., and the Visconde Villar-Allen—The Natural Ports and other Wines of the latter—Prince Bismarck's Port—The Lodges and Wines of Hunt, Roope, Teage, and Co., Vanzeller and Co., and Mackenzie, Driscoll, and Co.—The Oporto Steam Cooperage Company and their Establishment.

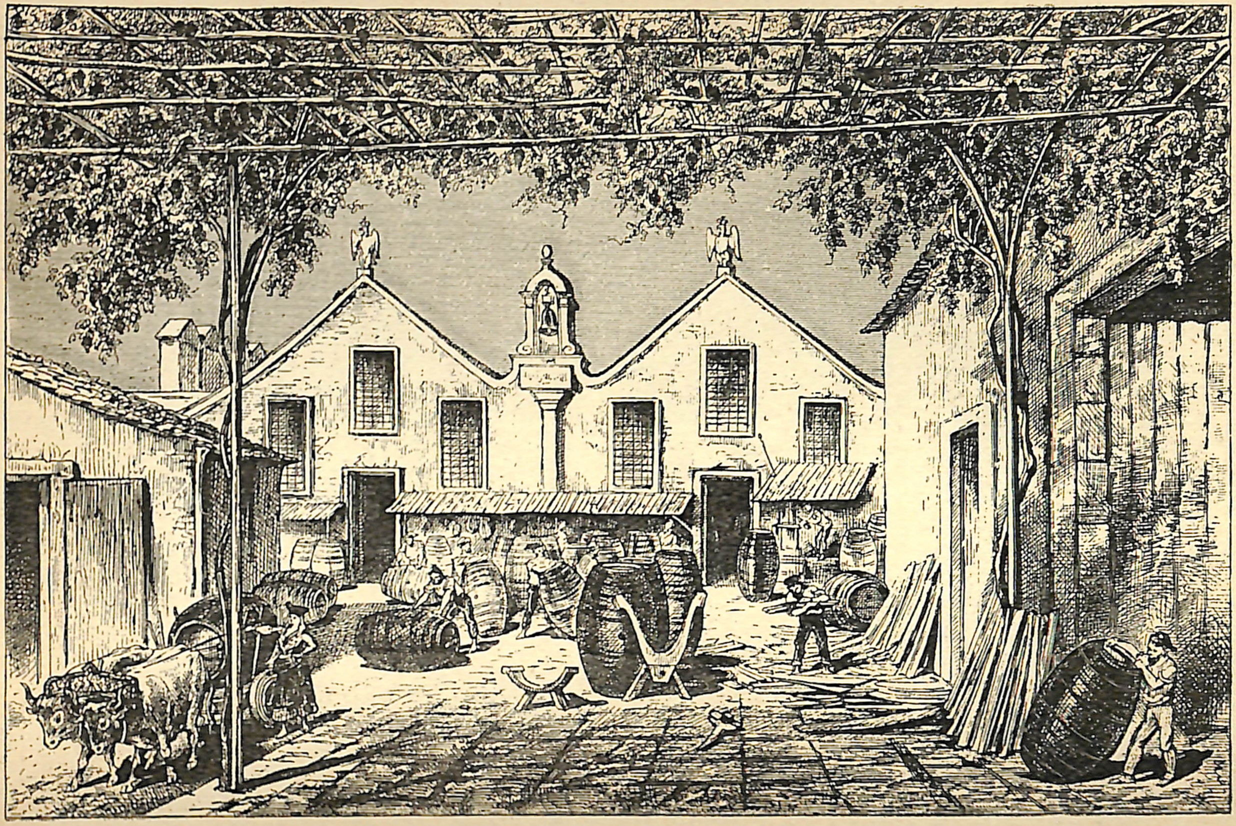
The shipments of Port wine to England, which had continued increasing up to the time of the great Continental war, afterwards experienced considerable fluctuations, and at the establishment of peace seem to have fallen from an average of upwards of 40,000 pipes to considerably less than 30,000 per annum. It was about this time that several existing large firms first established themselves at Oporto. The house of Cockburn, Smithes, and Co., for instance, which for a quarter of a century has held the rank of second largest shippers of Port wine, was founded during the year of Waterloo. The compact and extensive lodges of this firm, comprising sixteen long, broad, and lofty cumes, parallel with and adjoining each other, are without a rival at Villa Nova. There is a certain architectural pretension about their exterior observable in no other stores, dwarfed columns surmounted by urns of fanciful design rising up between each succeeding pointed gable. Originally built by the famous Alto Douro Wine Company, in 1833 they were mined and then set on fire by the Miguelite army on its retreat from Villa Nova at the raising of the siege of Oporto, to prevent the vast stock of wine which they contained falling into the hands of their opponents. The Portuenses, who knew nothing of the circumstance of the lodges having been previously mined, were suddenly startled by a formidable explosion which shook Villa Nova to its foundations. The roofs of the buildings were blown into the air, but the solid walls sufficiently withstood the shock to enable the lodges to be restored, and after an interval of several years they came into the possession of the present occupiers.

Facing the entrance to Martinez, Gassiot, and Co.'s is a narrow lane conducting to the premises of Cockburn, Smithes, and Co. On our way thither we pass a string of bullock-carts conveying pipes of wine down to the Douro for shipment. Entering an

umbrageous garden-court, bounded on two sides by the counting-house of the firm and the residence of one of the partners, we descend a flight of steps and pass through the sample and tasting rooms into the lodges. Each of these is divided into two aisles by stone arches, and the only variation from the serried files of ancient-looking casks, ranged in unbroken rows and several tiers down the lengthy galleries, are some huge gaily-painted blending-vats, which here and there rise out of their midst. We branch off to the extensive cooperage, detached in a measure from the stores themselves and divided into three sections, in one of which staves are being prepared of the requisite length and thickness, in another shipping pipes are in course of construction, while the gauging, steaming, and branding of the finished pipes are going on in the third. Retracing our steps, we continue our tour through the lodges until near the central one, when the ground descends, and we notice half-a-dozen large vats in which new wines are effectually blended by the aid of screw-fans worked by men stationed above. Adjoining are the tonels in which all the brandy is kept together, isolated as far as practicable from the rest of the stock. At the time of our visit wines of the present vintage were being received in the lodge, and samples of them were shown to us, together with several remarkably fine vintage wines of 1872-73, and '75, and certain rare tawny Ports of choice flavour which dated back for nearly two-thirds of a century.

Beyond the lodges is a narrow terrace where shipping casks were being painted the orthodox slate colour, and bullock-carts were being laden with pipes of wine intended for shipment. Their drivers, stalwart, bare-legged, bejewelled Minho peasant-women, pricked the animals' flanks with their goads, encouraged them with their shouts, or tugged away at their quaintly-carved yokes, yet with all this the stolid beasts moved leisurely forward at their own pace over the ill-paved winding road which leads down to the swift-flowing river.

Of the existing Oporto houses boasting a connection of more than a century with Port wine, Offley, Forrester, and Co. rank



THE LODGES OF MESSRS. OFFLEY, FORRESTER, & CO. AT VILLA NOVA DA GAIA.

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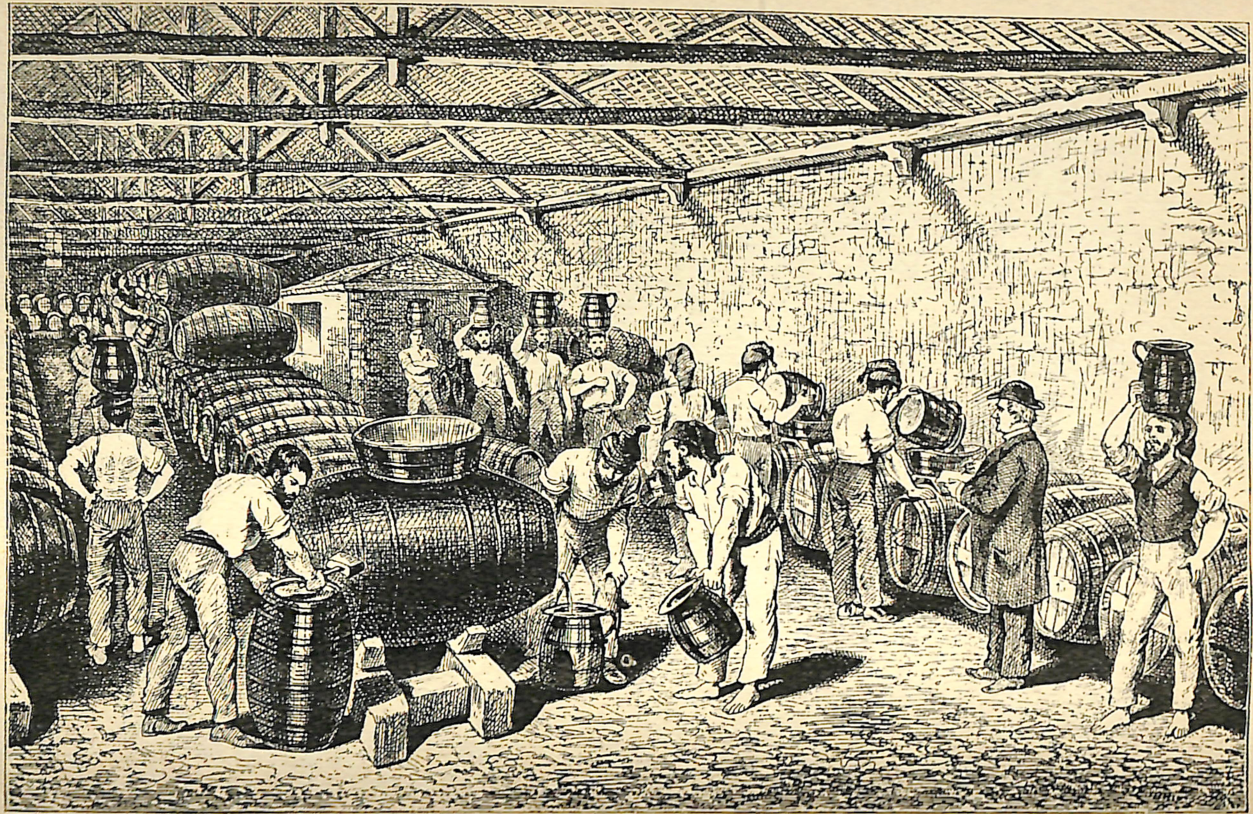

INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE LODGES OF MESSRS. OFFLEY, FORRESTER, & CO. AT VILLA NOVA DA GAIA.

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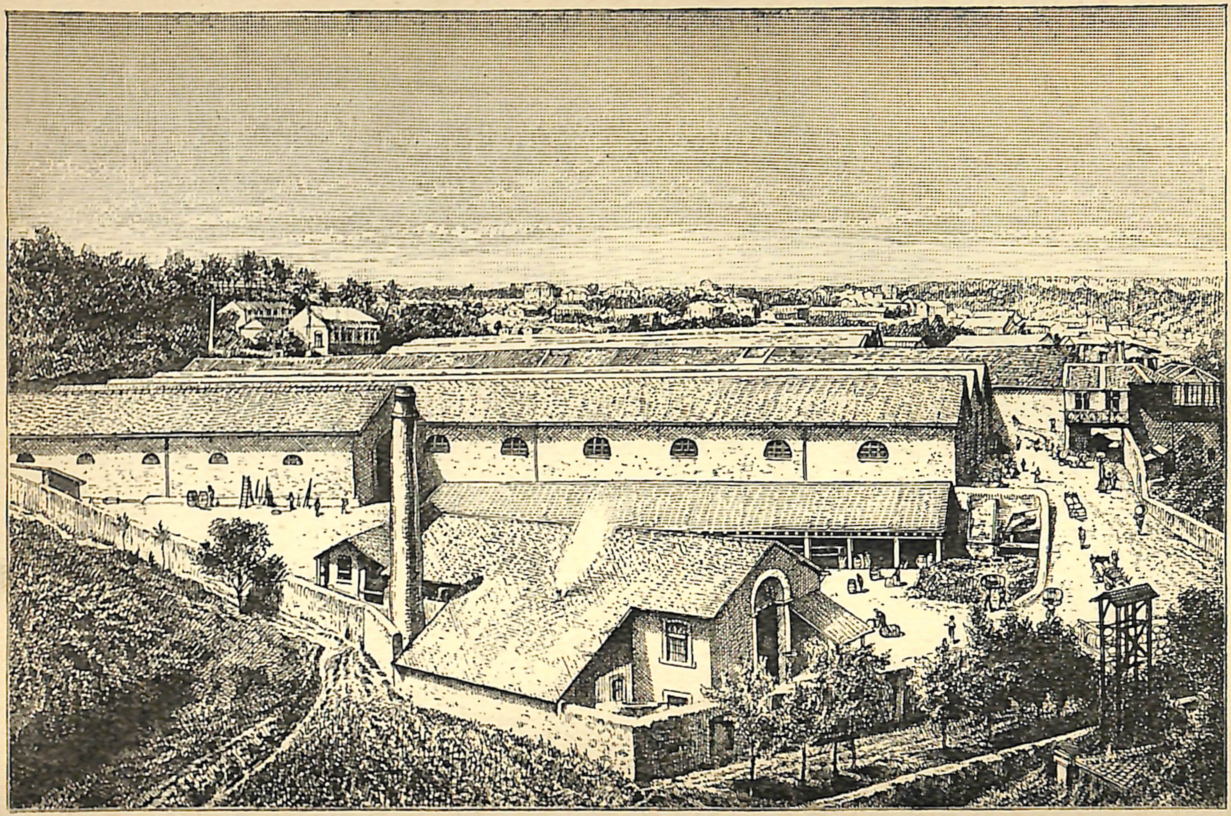
the highest. Established in the year 1761, and vineyard proprietors as well as large shippers, they monopolise most of the trade in the higher class white Ports with Russia. Baron Forrester, whose name is indissolubly connected with the Alto Douro and its wines, and whose lamented death at the Cachão de Valleira we have alluded to, was a member of this firm. Their lodges, known as the Armazens das Aguias, from the circumstance of the gables being surmounted by sculptured eagles with crowned heads, are reached by a narrow winding granite-paved road, shut in by high walls, overgrown with moss and ivy. A somewhat pretentious portal conducts up a steep incline to a spacious courtyard, the structures surrounding which are tinted, in Portuguese fashion, a lively salmon colour. A trellis of vines casts flickering shadows around, and beyond are the two principal lodges, with a small belfry rising up in the centre of their gabled façade. Adjoining is a third lodge, and right and left are the cooperage and carpenter's shop. At Messrs. Offley, Forrester, and Co.'s we witnessed the process of preparing Port wine for shipment. Ranged against the wall of the shipping lodge were a score or so of newly-painted pipes, into which wines of varying character and quality were being poured through small tub-shaped funnels out of the customary caneços, which a string of matulas kept constantly arriving with. The basis of an ordinary shipment is usually a wine of a year or two old rendered sweeter or drier, as may be required, by the admixture of either a fruity or fully-fermented wine, and improved in flavour by a dash of old wine of fine quality. The intended shipment consisted of a blend of three varieties, and as successive almudes were emptied into the various pipes they were duly checked off on a black board on which the precise proportions of the blend were indicated. The brandy was added by the aid of a small metal can, filled from a larger vessel holding nearly a couple of quarts, and having a scale indicated inside by means of a number of small wooden pegs. When the pipes were filled to the bunghole the latter was closed with a wooden plug, and the casks had their shipping marks cut deeply into them. All being ready they were rolled

one by one to the lodge doorway, and hoisted on to bullock-carts which descended with them to the river, where lighters were in readiness to convey them to the steamer lying moored off the Oporto Custom-house.

At the lodges of Offley, Forrester, and Co. we tasted some fine full-bodied but exceedingly mellow vintage wines of the years 1870 to 1875, from the renowned Quinta da Boa Vista. A sample of 1866, regarded as one of the worst years among Port wine vintages, was also shown to us, and proved exceedingly light and refined in flavour, having, moreover, a beautiful bouquet. The white Ports, although of fine quality, were exceedingly sweet and remarkably pale in colour, in accordance with the requirements of Russian consumers, for whom these wines are almost exclusively prepared.

The larger Port wine houses are, as a rule, very conservative in their ideas, and only two of them profit to any extent by mechanical appliances to effect a saving of manual labour in their lodges. These are Messrs. Silva and Cosens, and W. and J. Graham and Co. The premises of the former adjoin those of Cockburn, Smithes, and Co., and are entered under an archway conducting to an open terrace whence a magnificent view of Oporto is obtained beyond the long red-tiled roofs of the lodges of Villa Nova. To the right of this terrace are a couple of lofty and capacious lodges, where the firm store their younger wines, and adjoining is a recently-erected structure, designed by Mr. Rouse, the English engineer resident at Oporto, who superintended the erection of Senhor Souza's adega at Celleirós. This structure, said to be the largest single lodge in Villa Nova, is divided into four aisles by slender iron columns which sustain the immense roof of open woodwork covered with slate, light being admitted abundantly by means of windows on three sides. The contrast between this light and airy structure and the typical close and gloomy Villa Nova lodge is a striking one. In this model lodge, as throughout Messrs. Silva and Cosens's establishment, tramways run in various directions for the readier transit of casks, and just outside the building is a reservoir, into which



GENERAL VIEW OF THE LODGES OF MESSRS. SILVA AND COSENS AT VILLA NOVA DA GAIA.

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INTERIOR OF THE NEW LODGE OF MESSRS. SILVA AND COSENS AT VILLA NOVA DA GAIA.

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new wine on its arrival is poured, thence to be conveyed by means of a steam-pump into the numerous large vats ranged down one of the aisles. In front of the lodge is a steam cooperage, where a sixteen-horse engine sets in motion saws which divide the planks into three, reduce the staves to their proper length, give to the heads of the casks their circular form, and neatly bevel their edges. There are also cutting machines, certain parts of which perform their 3,000 revolutions a minute, which, after rough-shaping the staves, finish them off and bevel their joints, and finally give them their convex and concave form. Here, too, the rough-shaped staves are steamed in a tank to extract all colouring matter and flavour from the wood, the completed pipes being also slightly steamed in order to detect any imperfections in them. A crane is employed for letting down the casks to a long store, situated on a lower level, where they undergo the requisite seasoning with wine. In accordance, however, with the prevailing practice, many of the pipes are sent up the Douro without being previously seasoned to bring down the new wine. Newly-vintaged wine may be placed with impunity in perfectly new casks, but not so the older growths, the flavour of which would be seriously impaired if the pipe contained even a single new stave. Seasoned pipes intended for the shipment of wine are invariably pulled to pieces and made up again before being used.

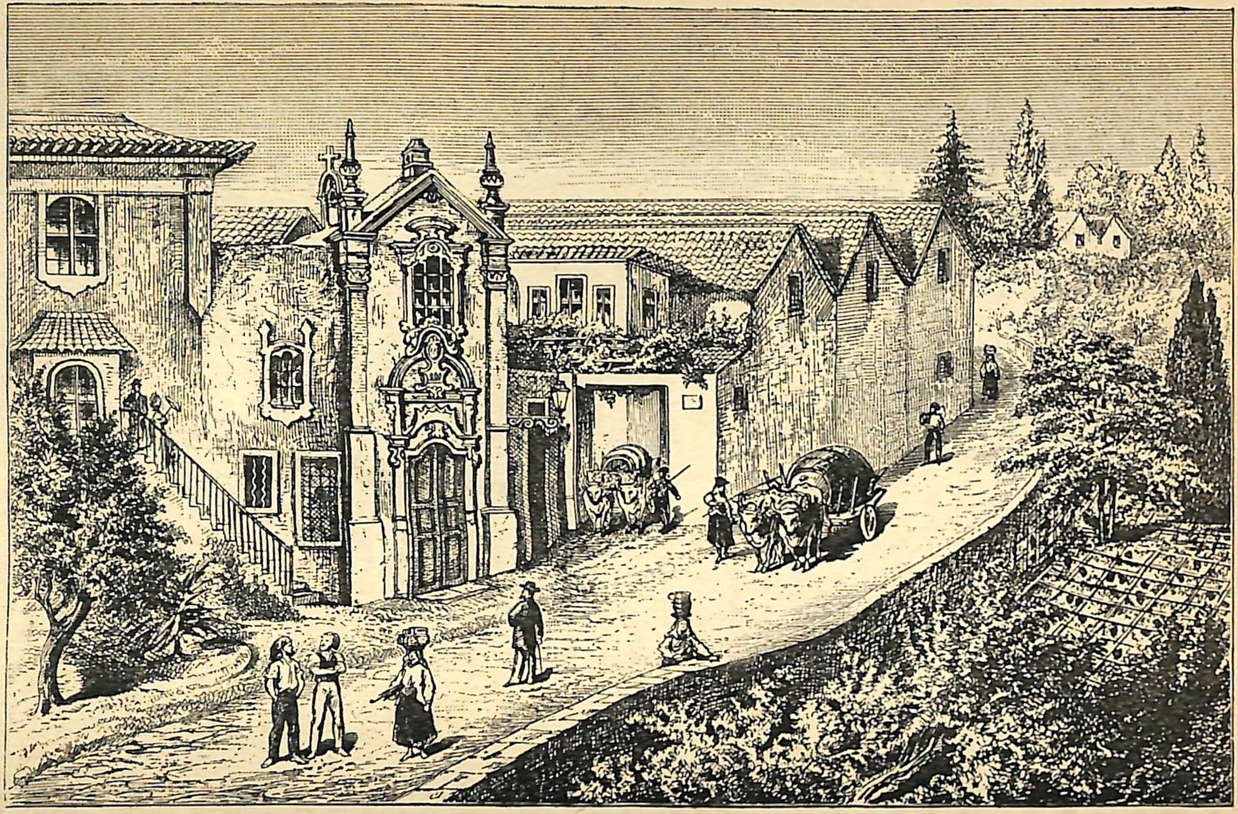
Silva and Cosens store their finest wines, with those of Messrs. Dow, whose business they had acquired shortly before our visit, in some old-fashioned lodges with blackened walls and pointed roofs, supported by heavy, untrimmed chestnut beams. A variety of wines of both firms were here shown to us, including several superior vintage growths, of which those of Messrs. Dow proved dry and full of flavour, and the others rich and more or less aromatic. Of the shipping wines we tasted some were full, fruity, and deep-coloured, others being light of body and tawny in tint, while the fine old wines, kept up principally on the solera system, and used exclusively for imparting character to younger growths, exhibited a sub-pungency such as sherry and madeira

acquire with considerable age. The white Ports intended for the Russian market had a liqueur-like flavour, and a *soupçon* of moscatel in their bouquet, arising from a slight admixture of moscatel grapes in the lagar.

In winding along one of the steep narrow lanes which conduct to the majority of the Villa Nova wine-lodges we come upon a little ornate chapel and an adjacent antique mansion—screened by a row of camelias just bursting into bloom—in that inartistic rococo style of architecture so prevalent throughout Portugal. The native owner of this residence is the lucky proprietor of one-fourth of the soil of Villa Nova, and counts numerous English shipping firms among his tenants. From the lane one overlooks a sloping quinta planted with vines trained along trellises, and with fruit and other trees. Next to the chapel are the spacious lodges of Messrs. W. and J. Graham, on the open door of which one notices the customary little tablet inscribed "Propriedade Ingleza," with its diminutive representation of the Union Jack in one corner. Tablets of this description are affixed to the entrances of most of the lodges belonging to English firms, their introduction dating from the epoch of the civil war, when the shippers were anxious to preserve their establishments from the fate which befell the lodges of the Alto Douro Wine Company. Proceeding up a paved courtyard we find ourselves on the threshold of Messrs. W. and J. Graham's stores, as a sturdy bare-legged peasant-girl, assisted by a couple of matulas, is rolling a pipe of wine, just brought up by her in a bullock-cart, into one of the lodges. These latter comprise three long structures, divided by a series of arches; also a building termed the tonel-house erected on a lower level, and what is known as the custom-house lodge, consisting of ten cumes, intersected by heavy stone pillars and massive arches. Most of the old wines are stored in separate lodges, some short distance from the principal establishment. The firm have no fewer than seventeen large vats for blending their wines, six of these being stationed in the central lodge, adjoining a small reservoir lined with glazed

THE STEAM COOPERAGE OF MESSRS. SILVA AND COSENS AT VILLA NOVA DA GAIA.

(*p.* 130.)



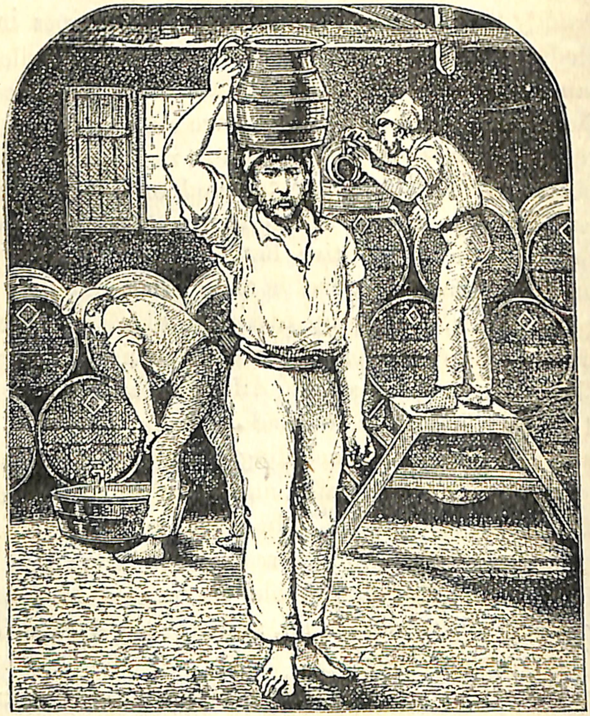
THE LODGES OF MESSRS. W. AND J. GRAHAM & CO. AT VILLA NOVA DA GAIA.

(*p.* 131.)

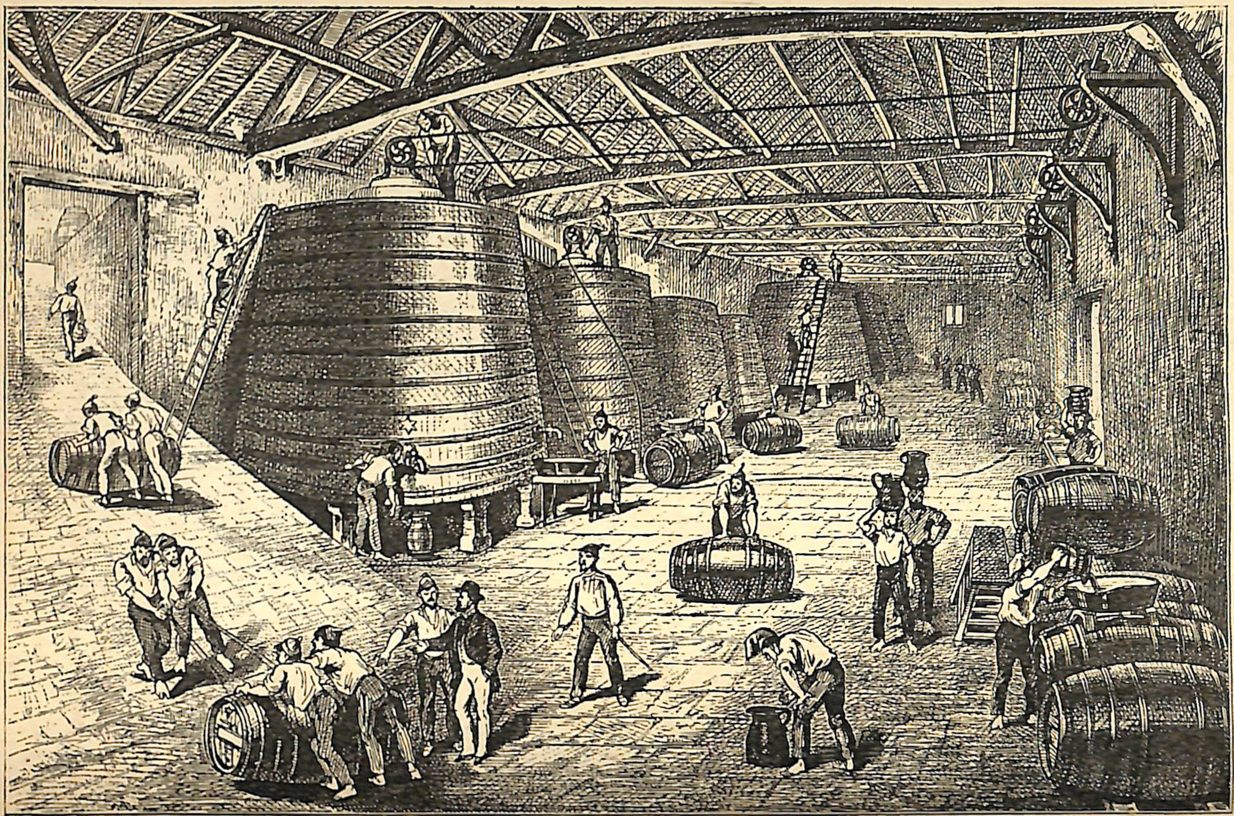
tiles, and a steam pump, by the aid of which the wine is conveyed through tubes to and from the pipes and vats in any part of the establishment. Beneath the principal lodge are some ancient vaults with an almost total absence of light and ventilation, where various rare old wines are stored. In the adjoining tonel-house, reached down a steep incline, seven additional large vats are ranged in a row, each of them being provided with a vertical shaft with fan-shaped wings, and a screw propeller worked by a line shaft affixed to the opposite wall, and by the action of which the thorough amalgamation of the wine is secured. Connected with the line shaft is a small pump, enabling the blended wine to be readily transferred from the vats to the pipes in any one of the lodges. The superfluous steam from the boiler is used for steaming new casks in a neighbouring old-fashioned cooperage, where as many as eighty hands are employed, and the usual animated scene presents itself. Men in red and blue Phrygian caps, check shirts, and either tattered or elaborately-patched velveteen nether-garments, are splitting staves with wonderful precision with their primitive hatchets, or trimming them to shape on their quaint wooden horses; are fashioning heads or drilling bungholes, setting up casks or taking them to pieces, hammers and mallets keeping up a continuous deafening sound as the heads or hoops are being driven on and fastened to the finished pipes. At Messrs. W. and J. Graham's lodges a variety of wines were shown to us, including young and fruity high class vintage wines, with softer, drier, and more matured growths, as well as fine, thin, tawny ports, which had mellowed during half-a-century in the wood. Notable among the latter was a grand wine of the year 1815, remarkable yet refined in flavour and exhaling a soft etherous bouquet, and scarcely darker in colour than ordinary golden sherry.

When the vintage in the Upper Douro proves an unusually fine one, it is the practice to ship the pick of the wine as a vintage wine—that is, without the admixture of wines of other years. In every quinta there are certain favourable situations where the grapes ripen more perfectly than in others; and in

what are called vintage years these grapes are gathered and pressed by themselves, the mosto being drawn off into separate tonels. Early in the year the wine is racked and sent down the Douro, and on its arrival at the lodges of Villa Nova the produce of the various quintas is blended together, excepting in rare instances, when the wine of some quinta of renown is kept intact. Now-a-days the largest shippers blend their vintage wines, as a rule, in capacious vats; although some few among them, and all of the smaller shippers, cling to the old-fashioned method of blending the wine in pipes, retaining their faith in



the beneficial influence of the air upon it while it is being transferred by means of the caneço from one set of pipes to another. There is a saying in allusion to the practice of the men passing



INTERIOR OF THE LODGES OF MESSRS. W. AND J. GRAHAM & CO. AT VILLA NOVA, DA GAIA.

(p. 132.)

hither and thither through the stores with caneços of wine balanced on their heads, to the effect that the best Port is made on the heads of the matulas. From the circumstance of the grapes having thoroughly ripened, these vintage wines are richer and fuller in flavour and stouter in body than the wines of ordinary years, and consequently require to be kept longer in the lodge, and to be very frequently racked before they can be shipped. These rackings commonly take place at intervals of three months, the condition of the wine being the guide for the precise time when they should be effected; and at each racking a new blending of the wine is invariably made. A couple of years after the vintage the shipping of the wine commences, and continues for another two years or a little longer, by which time the wine loses the bloom of its rich purple hue, and shows indications of becoming tawny. When it has reached this stage it can only be shipped after having been refreshed, as it is called, with a young wine possessed of plenty of colour. With vintage Ports the grand object is to get them into bottle while they retain their richness of colour and fulness of body; in which case they require a number of years, varying according to the character of the vintage, before they are fit for consumption. If kept in the lodge until they are four or five years old, they come forward far more quickly in bottle than when shipped at the end of their second year. During the last century it was the practice to ship selected wines of every year as vintage wines, but now only the wines of the best years are ranked in that category. Since the famous year of 1834 there have been in the Upper Douro sixteen years classed as vintage years—namely, '36, '40, '42, '44, '47, '50, '51, '53, '58, '61, '63, '67, '68, '70, '72-3, and '75, but out of these sixteen there were only four grand years, '40, '47, '63, and '70, with two others which almost deserved being thus classed—namely, '42 and '68: showing that on an average not more than one really grand vintage in the Upper Douro can be reckoned upon in each decade.

All the Oporto houses, from Messrs. G. G. Sandeman and Sons

downwards, ship vintage wines, and with certain firms these wines form leading shipments. The house of Croft and Co., whose bright yellow-tinted lodges are in the rear of those of Messrs. Sandeman, can reckon more than a century of celebrity in this direction; and Warre and Co., who are likewise noted for their vintage Ports, date back almost to an equally remote period. In the lodges of the last-mentioned firm we were shown a grand wine of 1870, which still retained remarkable depth of colour and body, a fine dry wine of 1872, and several specimens of the vintages of 1873 and 1875, some rich and full-bodied, others dry and refined in flavour, but all of high character. We tasted here, too, some 1834 Port, which had lost alike colour and substance in the wood, but yet retained a fine high flavour, and was remarkable for a peculiar bouquet. Some of this wine had been sold a few years back at the rate of £135 the pipe. The house of Kopke and Co., established at Oporto in 1808, is well known for its vintage wines from the quinta of Roriz, just as that of Taylor, Fladgate, and Co. is noted for its wines from the famous Quinta da Roëda. Of the numerous vintage Ports we tasted, however, none were more interesting than the collection shown to us at the lodges of Messrs. Feuerheerd and Co. This firm keeps certain of its vintage wines from particular quintas intact; and here we tasted a splendid wine of 1870 from the Quinta do Roncão, remarkable for its great delicacy and fine perfume; also a sample of 1873 from the same quinta, dry and full of flavour; and some beautiful wines of 1875 from the Quintas Bom Retiro and Zimbro. We were further shown some natural Ports made without any addition of spirit, vintage 1875 being beautifully fresh-tasting, 1873 emitting a strong bouquet, while 1872 was a well-rounded wine of singularly refined flavour. The wine of 1871 had been fermented in a cuve, after the Médoc fashion, instead of the stone lagar, and, although somewhat thin, had a splendid colour and a very fine bouquet. Among the archaic curiosities of the lodge was some wine marked palmeiro, nearly half a century old, slightly tawny, but of a rich, soft, delicate flavour, and also an antique Malmsey of great character.

At Messrs. Taylor, Fladgate, and Co.'s lodges we went through an interesting scale of high-class vintage wines from the well-known Quinta da Roëda, whence Mr. Fladgate, the principal member of the firm, derives his title. All of the wines shown to us were of a remarkably refined character and had a very pronounced bouquet, the majority of them being soft and somewhat luscious, and the few drier varieties having a similar velvety roundness. Remembering the advantageous situation enjoyed by the Quinta da Roëda, we were fully prepared for the fine quality of these wines, the especial bouquet distinguishing which is supposed to be due to the prevalence in the quinta of the gum cistus, a plant which grows in great abundance in particular districts of the Alto Douro. At the lodges of the Visconde Villar-Allen (M. J. Valente-Allen), at the farther end of Villa Nova, and almost immediately opposite the Oporto Custom-house, we were shown a variety of vintage wines from the celebrated Quinta do Noval, including a rich fruity wine of 1875, which required being in bottle fully ten years to attain a fine condition; a perfectly dry wine of the same year, already of excellent flavour; and samples of vintage 1873, of the two extremes of richness and dryness, both equally distinguished by that high character for which the wines of this quinta are remarkable. We tasted, moreover, some natural Ports of the year 1877 from Noval and Covelhinos — sound, clean, promising wines—but of course too youthful even to indicate the flavour which a few years are likely to develop in them; as well as a perfectly-fermented pleasant, fresh-tasting white Port from the rabo de ovelha (sheep's-tail) grape, made without any added alcohol, and, like the red wines, indicating less than 23 degrees of proof spirit. Some Malmsey of a pale golden colour, with a pronounced flavour and a powerful bouquet, was likewise shown to us, together with a luscious and delicate Moscatel vintaged at São Christovão. Both these wines are largely exported in bottles to the Brazils, and would be almost certain to become popular as ladies' wines if introduced into England. In a small, dimly-lighted store, containing some

fourteen tonels, holding their ten or twelve pipes of wine each, we were shown a solera, the original foundation of which dates from the year 1827. This wine is known in the lodge as the Bismarck Port, from the circumstance of several pipes of it being supplied regularly every year to the Prince Chancellor, for his own special drinking, through the German Consul at Oporto. Prince Bismarck has quite a Johnsonian reverence for Port, and the wine to which he gives the preference proved to be of a light, tawny tint, possessing considerable body for its age, combined with great flavour and a rich perfume.

The oldest existing house in the Port wine trade is that of Hunt, Roope, Teage, and Co., who date back to the first half of the last century. Port wine forms, however, only a branch of their business, they being the largest importers into Portugal of dried codfish, an article of almost universal consumption among the Portuguese. Their lodges at Villa Nova, although ancient, are very compact, and the long double tiers of pipes have a more venerable appearance than any we encountered elsewhere. The wines shown to us were generally of a superior class, comprising several vintage growths remarkable for their pure high flavour and depth of colour, with tawny wines retaining much of the aromatic richness which had distinguished them in youth.

Another old Oporto house is that of Vanzeller and Co., whose capacious and well-constructed lodges are situated within a few yards of the Douro, in close proximity to one of the principal landing and shipping stages of Villa Nova. They comprise two distinct sets of stores, separated from each other by a narrow roadway, and having a cooperage installed in the rear. One striking feature about them is their extremely cleanly and orderly appearance. The samples of vintage wines here shown to us were varied in character and of fine quality, the older ones being soft and liqueur-like, others dry and beautifully round, while the more youthful qualities were generally rich and often almost luscious. We also tasted some admirable tawny wines, mostly concentrated and powerful in flavour, although one or two

among them had much of the lightness and delicacy of a wine vintaged from white grapes.

The lodges of Mackenzie, Driscoll, and Co. are situated at the farther end of the long steep paved Rua das Freiras, leading from the Douro to the summit of the hill of Villa Nova. They are entered through a large doorway and up a slight incline leading into a courtyard, where a crowd of coopers are briskly at work making new pipes and rearranging old ones. The lodges comprise a couple of long and lofty cumes, each with its four rows of pipes frequently arranged in triple tiers. Here we went through a series of fine-flavoured vintage wines and dry and rich shipping wines, as well as some luscious white Ports and the usual venerable curiosities, dating back to the early part of the century, of which all the leading Oporto houses are certain to possess their quota. Mackenzie, Driscoll, and Co. own two other lodges in the Rua Cordas, near to the Douro, in which they store wines of various classes of all the more recent vintages.

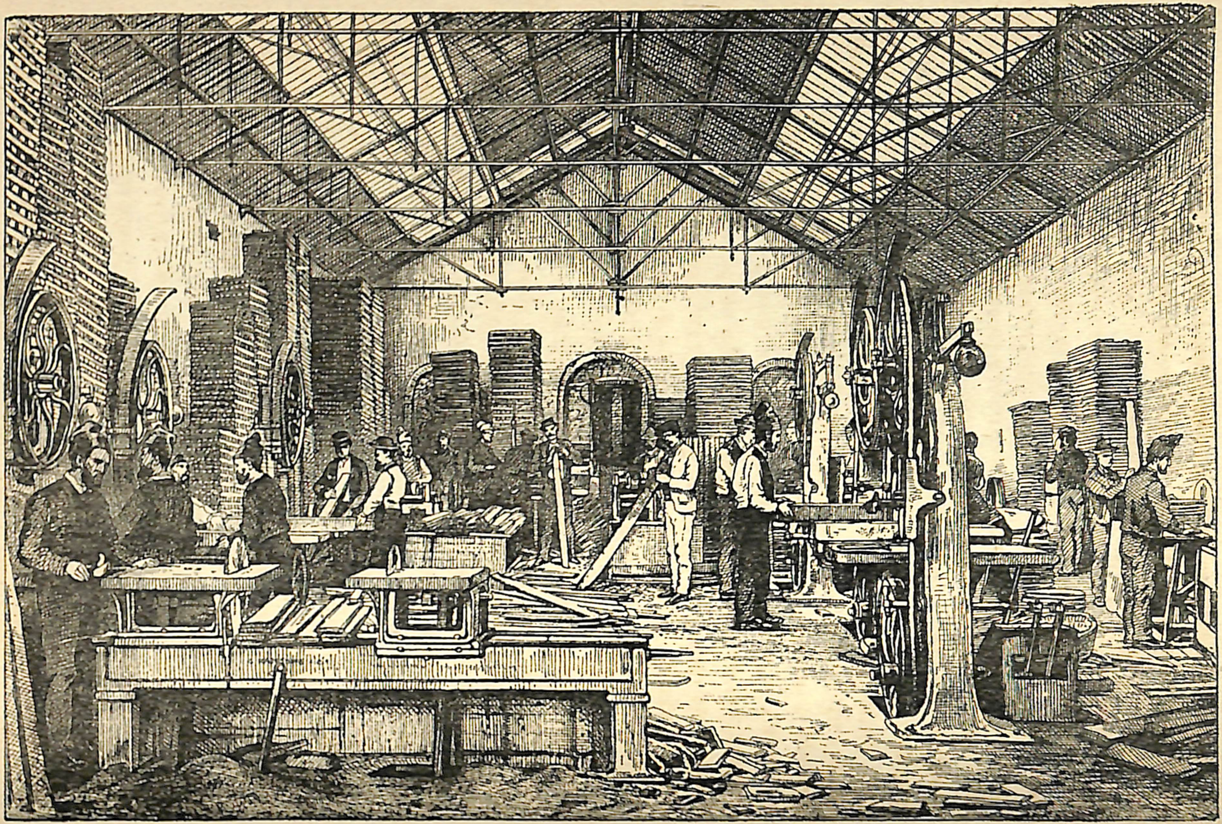
There are a few other Port wine shippers doing a considerable business whose lodges I had not an opportunity of visiting, notably Messrs. Clode and Baker, T. G. Sandeman, Smith and Woodhouse, &c. Those which I have described, however, furnish a sufficiently complete idea of the Villa Nova wine-stores, with their 150,000 pipes of Port of varying age and character, valued at something like £4,000,000 sterling.

Before I quitted Oporto I made a point of visiting the Tanoaria a Vapor, or Steam Cooperage, recently established by an English company at Villa Nova da Gaia. Crossing the river by the suspension-bridge, nearly opposite the precipitous Rua Nova de São João, and passing under the shadow of the commanding Serra convent—where the British batteries were installed when Wellington effected his daring passage of the Douro—one mounts a well-paved road leading to the Villa Nova railway station, midway between which and the river stands the establishment in question. The premises were only partially completed at the time of our visit, and comprised a large square

central building, roofed with glass and galvanised iron, containing the engine, boilers, and machine-rooms, flanked on either side by the trussing and rearing sheds, and having at the back a large finishing shed, in which 300 coopers can conveniently work. The entire establishment was planned in England by Messrs. Allan Ransome and Co., of Chelsea, the well-known makers of cooperage and wood-working machinery, in conjunction with Mr. T. Smith, engineering director to the company, Messrs. Bass and Co., of Burton-on-Trent, who were among the first to adopt the system of making casks by steam, having also furnished many valuable hints to the projectors.

On entering the machine-room the first machines that strike the eye are the cross-cut saw for sawing staves to their proper lengths, and the six large band saws for cutting the wood to the requisite thickness, and by means of which 1,800 logs can be transformed into three times that number of pipe-staves during the day. The freshly-cut staves are then either thoroughly tanked in hot water for forty-eight hours, or submitted to a new process, known only to the company, which by rendering the resin and tannin of the wood insoluble effects the same result as tanking in less than an hour. When dry the staves are brought back to the shop and passed through backing, hollowing, and jointing machines, the latter of which—a special feature of the establishment—can joint from 5,000 to 7,000 staves a day. These staves are then ready to be converted into casks, and are "trussed" or closed by hydraulic pressure in a few seconds, whereas two men would certainly require an hour to accomplish the operation by manual labour.

There is a special set of machines for making the cask-heads which turn out 150 pairs per diem. These are afterwards adjusted in the finishing-shed where the casks pass through the chiming and crozing machines, and are hooped, scraped, gauged, and stored ready for delivery. Before leaving the establishment each cask is carefully tested by steaming to detect any leakage or defective staves. The cooperage, which when we visited it

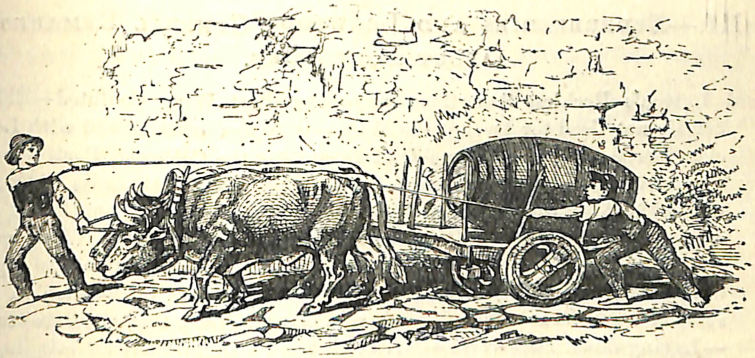


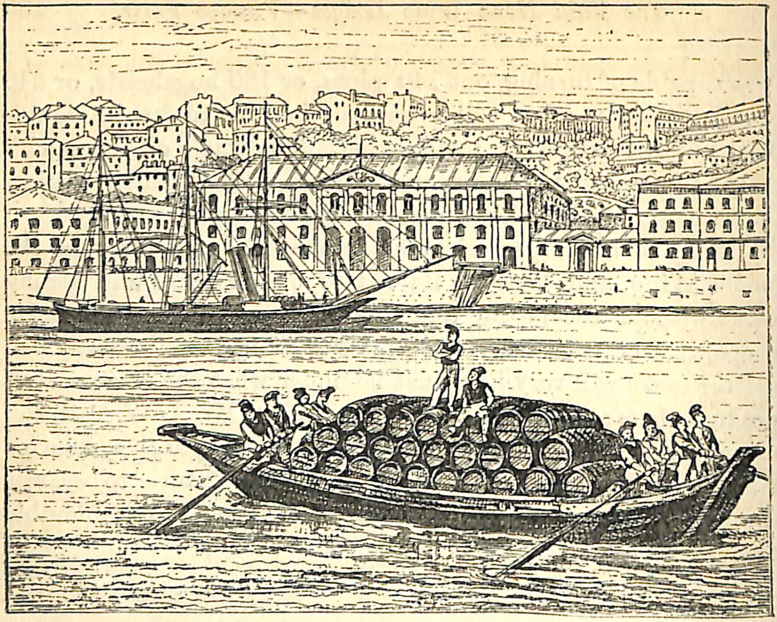
THE MACHINE-ROOM OF THE OPORTO STEAM COOPERAGE COMPANY AT VILLA NOVA DA GAIA.

(p. 138.)

was capable of turning out 140 pipes, or 180 hogsheads, or 240 quarter-casks per day, will eventually be able to furnish double that number within the same period. The whole of the machinery is driven by two horizontal engines, each of thirty nominal horse-power, with boilers on Galloway's principle.

Many of the larger wine-shippers are shareholders in the undertaking, and hope by its aid to obtain good and strong casks without the labour aud trouble of keeping up expensive cooperages of their own. The price at which the company can deliver casks will very likely not be under what the shippers can produce them at in their own cooperages, but Mr. A. W. Tait, the managing director, claims that the company's special system of tanking will render it unnecessary in the future to season the casks with wine, which of itself will be a considerable economy.





LIGHTER CONVEYING PIPES OF PORT TO THE ENGLISH STEAMER.

XI.—Elderberries and Logwood—General Remarks about Port Wine.

Lord Lytton's Reckless Assertions regarding Port Wine Confuted—Elderberries not Used for Dyeing the Wine—Geropiga often Mixed with Low-class Ports—Logwood incapable of Deepening the Colour of Port Wine—The amount of Spirit usually Added to Port—High Alcoholic Strength which the Alto Douro Wines will naturally develop—Evaporation of the watery parts of Wine in warm, dry Climates—Alto Douro Wine made without Adventitious Spirit—Wine of this character not likely to supersede Port of the established type—Frequent changes of Fashion in the style of Port Wine—Fine Old Tawny Ports and their Cheaper Substitutes—Laying down Port Wine—Mr. T. G. Shaw's suggestions for bringing it forward rapidly in Bottle—Burrow's patent "Slider" Wine-bins.

Some dozen years ago the present Governor-General of India, at that time Secretary of Legation at Lisbon, sent a thrill through the frames of habitual drinkers of Port wine by stating in an official report that "all Port wine intended for the English

market was composed almost quite as much of elderberries as grapes." This startling assertion was afterwards qualified, the author explaining that his allusion only applied to the deepening of the colour of the wine with extract from the skins of dried elderberries, and not to any admixture of elderberry juice with the wine itself. Lord Lytton had, moreover, affirmed that the Paiz Vinhateiro of the Alto Douro abounded with elder-trees. Both statements were inaccurate at the time, and are equally inaccurate to-day. With regard to the elder-trees, I may remark that during daily rides through the Upper Douro I was constantly on the look-out for them; but that above the Rio Corgo, whence the finest Port wine comes, I failed to observe even a single one. I do not say that none exist; but they must be exceedingly rare to have escaped my notice. That elder-trees are prevalent lower down the Douro, in the neighbourhood of Regoa, is well known, as also that the berries in a dried form are, or were, regularly exported in large quantities to France and Spain, presumably for colouring wine. Several years before the exportation of them to France commenced the Agricultural Council of the Pyrénées Orientales had called the attention of the French Minister of Commerce to the fact that wines imported into France from Spain were artificially coloured with elderberry extract.

The principal shippers of Port wine to England either own or rent quintas in the Alto Douro, or, what is equivalent, contract to purchase their produce in the form of wine. During the time of the vintage they or their representatives are every day engaged in riding about from one vineyard to another for the purpose of seeing that the vintage is properly made, that green or damaged grapes do not get into the lagares, that the pressing and fermentation take place under favourable conditions, that brandy from the juice of the grape alone, which they take care themselves to supply, shall be added only at such times and in such quantities as they shall approve of. This Alto Douro brandy Baron Forrester—an authority whom every one now-a-days accepts—preferred when old to the best cognac he

was acquainted with. I firmly believe that none of the wine made under the foregoing conditions is dyed with colouring matter obtained from the skins of elderberries. Were the latter used, the wine, instead of being of a rich crimson colour, varying in depth according to the degree of ripeness of the grapes, would be of a heavy purple tint. It is only after being drawn off into large tonels, and when its second fermentation has ceased through the cold weather setting in, that it acquires the rich purple hue common to young Port wine. It is quite possible that some small farmers deepen the colour of their wine in bad years—in good years it has ample colour of its own—by steeping in it a bag filled with dried elderberries; but I do not believe they find a market for their produce among any one of the respectable firms who ship nineteen-twentieths of the Port wine consumed in England, although dyeing wine with elderberry extract is quite a harmless proceeding compared to dyeing it with poisonous fuchsine.

In the same way that sherries requiring to be prematurely shipped have colour and character imparted to them by *vino de color* and softness and roundness by an admixture of *vino dulce*, so are certain Port wines indebted for a portion of their colour and fruitiness to the addition of what is known as geropiga, composed generally of two-thirds of unfermented grape juice and of one-third of spirit, or of partially-fermented mosto and spirit, occasionally deepened in colour by steeping the skins of dried elderberries in it. Of course, high-class Ports are never made by these or similar means. Wines thus manipulated are scarcely to be commended; still they are not deleterious in the usual sense of the term—not a tithe as hurtful as the spirits commonly sold in public-houses or any one of the scores of liqueurs in common use.

It has been often asserted that logwood is used to impart colouring matter to Port wine; and the authors of a bulky Treatise upon Wine, both of whom profess to be scientific men, endorsed this preposterous assertion with their authority. One of them, however, subsequently made a public recantation,

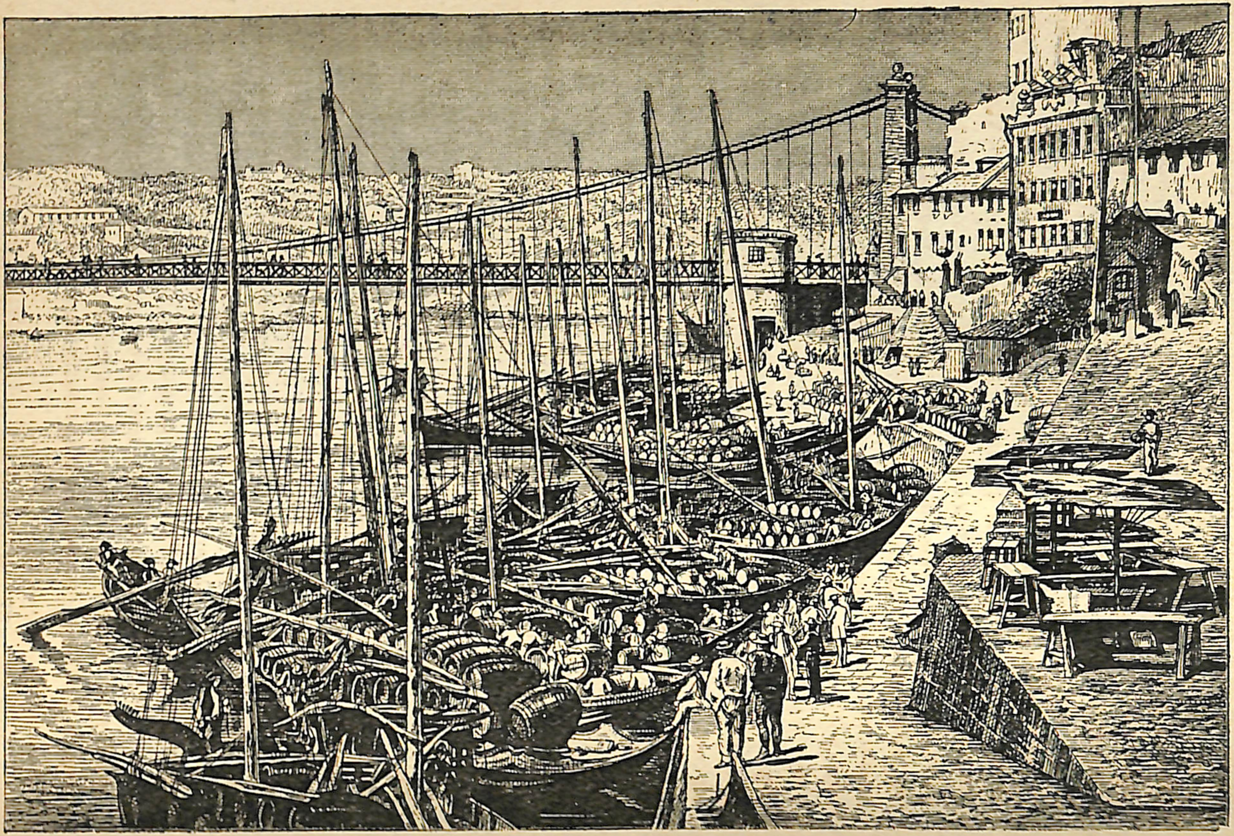
admitting that he had been the means of promulgating "a great and deplorable error; as it was quite impossible to dye wine of any kind with logwood, for the colour of logwood is purple only in alkaline solution, and not in acid, in which it is only tawny." And he wound up by saying that "the sooner we dismiss these prejudices and errors regarding elderberry and logwood in Port wine the better." When scientific men are found carelessly making assertions of this nature it is scarcely to be wondered that the general public should lend a ready ear to the many extravagant statements afloat with reference to the sophistication of wines.

That Port wine has spirit put into it to conserve a portion of its saccharine when the grapes are not over-ripe, and also to keep down ulterior fermentation when these have ripened in excess, is commonly known. Wine charged with fermentative elements in the form of saccharine is always likely to become troubled when disturbed; and hence Port wine usually receives a small additional quantity of spirit whenever it is racked and previous to its being shipped. The amount of spirit added varies according to the character of the vintage and the judgment of the shipper, who, when left to himself, puts in only as much as he considers absolutely necessary to render the wine safe. It is not his interest to add spirit in excess, as its cost is much greater than that of the best wine; besides which the wine shipped with the smallest amount of adventitious spirit is certainly the wine to be preferred. Mr. M. J. Ellis, of the firm of W. and J. Graham and Co., who had ample opportunities for arriving at a correct conclusion, has asserted that in years when the grapes have thoroughly ripened, perfectly-fermented Alto Douro wine will develop 32 degrees of proof spirit, and when made exclusively from the bastardo grape as many as 34 degrees. It appears, moreover, from the report made by Mr. Bernard, of Her Majesty's Customs, of his inquiry into the strength of the Spanish and Portuguese wines, that a wine vintaged by Mr. Fladgate in 1860 in the Quinta da Roëda and made in the first instance without any addition of spirit, and which had

subsequently had added to it merely 10 per cent. of wine fortified in the usual manner, indicated as many as 34 degrees when tested rather more than twelve months afterwards.

The above are exceedingly high figures; still I am satisfied, from what I saw during my sojourn at Jerez, that sherries which have had merely 1 or 2 per cent. of spirit added to them will in course of time indicate 34 degrees. People accustomed to the moist climate of England do not realise the fact that in these drier latitudes wines are rapidly deprived of their aqueous element, and that it is no unusual thing for a completely-fermented wine, which will indicate only 26 degrees when young, to mark 30 degrees in the course of a few years simply by the evaporation of its watery parts. It is this circumstance which renders the limiting of the one shilling duty to wines of 26 degrees of proof spirit so utterly unfair to the higher-class growths of the Peninsula.

The late Baron Forrester was one of the first to advocate and occupy himself with the manufacture of Alto Douro wine without any adventitious spirit, and since his time many growers and shippers have satisfied themselves that it is quite possible to make wine of this description and to ship it without fear of after-consequences, but then it is no longer Port wine. Having consumed all its natural sugar by means of its more perfect fermentation, it has none of the rich fruity flavour of the younger vintage wines, nor the refined liqueur-like character of the older growths to which Port wine drinkers have been accustomed, and they naturally refuse to accept it as a substitute for their favourite beverage. We have tasted at different times numerous wines of the above description made from the best varieties of grapes, and on the manufacture of which unusual care and attention had been bestowed. Undoubtedly they were all wines of some character; still they were not to be compared, either as regards flavour or bouquet, with the highest growths of the Médoc or the Côte d'Or, simply because the Douro vines, with all their advantages of soil, climate, and aspect, are not equal to the carbenet and the cruchinet rouge of the Gironde



DOURO WINE BOATS ALONGSIDE THE QUAY AT OPORTO.

(p. 144.)

or the pineau noir of Burgundy. There is no reason whatever why a perfectly fermented and consequently dry Alto Douro wine, which has received no addition of spirit, should not find a market in England; but it is scarcely likely to do so to the detriment of the "grand vin de liqueur," as the French style it, which we know under the name of Port.

One great disadvantage under which shippers of Port wine labour is the frequent change of fashion with regard to the style of wine demanded in England. So constant are the changes and so endless the varieties now-a-days that it has been said there are almost as many styles of Port wine as shades of ribbon in a haberdasher's shop. At one time a deep-coloured, heavy wine will be in vogue; at another a wine paler in colour and lighter in body, but rich in flavour. Sometimes dry wines are in request, and latterly the fashion has set in for thin wines of a light tawny tint, the result of their resting for many years in the wood—the kind of wines, in fact, which the Oporto shippers invariably drink themselves. But then these wines are often called for at a ridiculously cheap rate—less, in fact, than one-fourth of what wines of the required age would cost the shipper himself, who can only meet the demand by blending a red and a white Port together. This blending is perfectly harmless, and the consumer comforts himself with the belief that he has acquired a tawny Port of fabulous age at an absurdly low figure. I am, of course, referring here to cheap tawny Ports, and not to those grand wines which have mellowed in flavour and lost their colour in the course of a quarter of a century of ripeness, and which are only to be obtained by paying an adequate price for them.

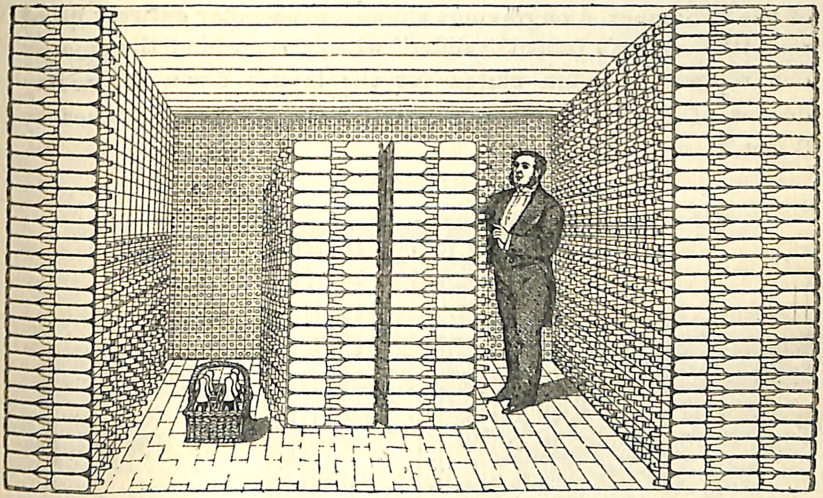
With such varying tastes requiring to be ministered to, Port wine must necessarily be in some measure a work of art. Imagine the dogmatic British wine-merchant demanding of Viscount Aguado a high-coloured, fruity, or robust Château Margaux, or sending to Burgundy for a rich and racy Corton, and think of the kind of answer he would be likely to receive.

The happy possessors of Port in perfection are popularly

supposed to be those individuals who have inherited a cellar of wine laid down some half-century or so ago by a grandfather or great-uncle, but there is really no reason why a man should not lay down Port wine for his own drinking as well as for the benefit of his descendants. An authority on the subject, Mr. T. G. Shaw, has pointed out that a wine from well, but not over, ripened grapes, with fine full firmness, no hard stalkiness or dryness, and sufficient richness, is certain to go forward improving, with this great advantage that it does not absolutely require long keeping in bottle. It is necessary, however, that it should be allowed to mature and get rid of its coarse parts in the wood, and with this object it ought to be kept from two to three years before being shipped, and should be moreover frequently racked. It might then be bottled three months after it reaches London, and in two years' time will be better than it would become if bottled green and kept ten years in bin; better because the long sojourn in contact with a black cork and crust must deteriorate the bouquet. A heavy crust and dark-stained cork are often regarded with misplaced veneration, for their absence in a wine that has been bottled some time may be taken as a proof that the wine was ripe for bottling. A firm-holding crust is of the highest importance, and new wine usually gives a slippery crust, the grosser parts falling too rapidly; whilst the deposit in older and well-racked wines forms more slowly and takes better hold. Mr. Shaw is decidedly of opinion that the richer and fuller the vintage may be the longer is it necessary for the wine to remain in the wood in order that the saccharine it contains may be reduced by fermentation in bulk. One may here remark that connoisseurs who have sojourned at Oporto and enjoyed the opportunity of drinking, at the tables of the shippers, the fine old wines which, having been conserved for a considerable number of years in the wood, have thereby become tawny as an ordinary deep-coloured sherry, will as a rule prefer wine of this description to the choicest bottled Port that could be offered to them.

With regard to the cellar in which Port wine is laid down, it should be noted that, whilst a cool and equable tempera-

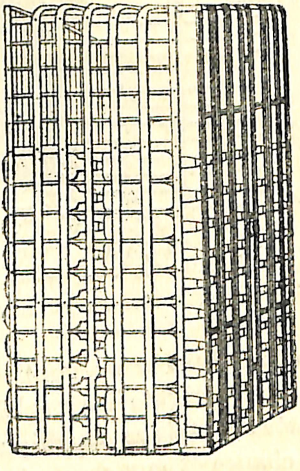
ture and due ventilation are necessary, it is essential that the cellar should not be too cold. Port is very easily chilled, its constituent parts, owing to the amount of colour, &c., it contains, requiring more heat than any other wine to hold them in solution. At the same time the old plan of burying it in sawdust is to be shunned, as if this gets damp it generates a degree of heat far from conducive to improvement. Indeed, for laying down Port or any other wine in a cellar of a proper temperature there is nothing better than the patent "slider" iron wine-bins of Messrs. W. and J. Burrow, of Malvern. In them the bottles



WINE-CELLAR FITTED WITH BURROW'S PATENT "SLIDER" BINS.

rest on horizontal parallel bars of wrought-iron securely riveted into strong wrought-iron uprights both at the back and front, so that the pile of bottles stands as steadily as a rock, and there is not the slightest chance of any shock being likely to cause the crust to slip or otherwise disturb the wine. These "slider" bins are, indeed, especially adapted for laying down Port. When binning the wine the bottles are held by their necks and shot horizontally into their places with the utmost ease and

safety, and they can be withdrawn with equal facility and without the slightest risk of shaking or in any way disturbing their neighbours. All risk of breakage is avoided by each bottle having an independent bearing, which prevents the upper bottles from either falling or weighing down upon those below, and thereby crashing together. Another great advantage is that there is no waste of space, for individual compartments can always be refilled with fresh bottles after the other bottles have been removed. The bins may be obtained of any size—that is, to hold from two to forty dozens—and can be had furnished with lattice doors secured by a lock. The larger of the two annexed engravings shows a wine-cellar entirely fitted up with Burrow's patent "slider" wine-bins; whilst the smaller one represents a bin suited for the laying down of twenty dozens of Port, and yet measuring merely 5 feet 8 inches by 3 feet.



A 20-DOZEN "SLIDER" WINE-BIN.

GATHERING GRAPES AT SANTA CRUZ.

PART III.

THE VINEYARDS AND WINES OF MADEIRA

AND TENERIFE.

I.—The Voyage to Madeira—The Vintage at Santa Cruz and São João.

Early Renown of the Wine of Madeira—Voyage to the Island on board the African—Leave-takings at Southampton—The Steamer touches at Plymouth—Our Fellow-Passengers—Cape Town Snooks and Crawfish—Story of Chief Engineer Jones's Remarkable Find—We sight Porto Santo and then Madeira—Appearance of the latter from the Sea—Amphibious Madeirense—Ox Sledges and Cars—Boat Excursion to Santa Cruz—Messrs. Krohn's Vineyard there—System of Training the Vines—Gathering and Treading the Grapes—The Pleasant Proximity of a Shark—Ride to the Quinta do Monte—The Vintage in Mr. Leacock's Vineyard at São João—Treatment of Vines attacked by the Phylloxera and the Oïdium—Treading and Pressing the Grapes—A Treader Flung Across the Vara.

In visiting Madeira to witness and describe the vintage and make myself acquainted with the wines the island produces, it

was a point of curiosity with me as to how so magnificent a wine, once famous throughout Europe, should have gone out of fashion to the extent that Madeira appears to have done. It has escaped the persistent and often ignorant attacks directed against sherry and port, for no one pretends the wine to be either plastered or unduly alcoholised; neither has any medical oracle published his ignorance of the details of its vinification. At the end of the fifteenth century Madeira was already exported to Europe, and by the middle of the sixteenth was in high favour at the court of Francis I. of France. That it was well known in England no long time afterwards is evidenced by the reference Shakspeare makes to it in *Henry IV.*, where Poins twits Falstaff respecting the compact he had made with Satan for his soul, which he accuses droughty Jack of having "sold him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg."

We made the voyage out on board the African, belonging to the Union Steamship Company, which runs some of the fastest vessels to the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, and other ports on the south-eastern coast of Africa. A sharp drive to Waterloo, and a swift journey through smiling Surrey and Hampshire, whose golden harvests, waiting the reaper's sickle, stretched among pleasant English homesteads nestled under wooded hills, brought us to Southampton, where greetings and partings succeed each other every day throughout the changing year. As usual a crowd of visitors, friends or relations of departing passengers or ship's officers, boarded the steamer previous to her departure, and unlimited luncheon for all on board followed as a matter of course. There was a tall gentleman with a black beard who seemed as if he would like to say something very tender to a pretty girl, leaving under the captain's protection for Madeira, but some kind friend or another always contrived to be in the way. There was a first-class passenger of the feminine sex, wife of a Cape diamond digger, who arrived on board in a woeful state of inebriation, much to the scandal of lookers-on. She at once dived down the companion, and was conveyed to her berth, not to appear again until we had safely

passed through Biscay's troubled waters and were directing our course straight for Funchal Bay.

Some adieux were necessarily touching, while others affected unreal boisterous gaiety. Jokes were cracked and parting glasses drained, and "God speed" wished the gallant ship, but all the while moist eyes belied the lips that laughed the most. Our tall friend with the beard had long been watching for his opportunity, and now he had it, and while bending over the bright-eyed damsel, "outward bound" like ourselves, he mustered up courage to say something which must have been to the point indeed, for the frank blue eyes drooped, and a crimson flush suffused the maiden's face. At length the last bell rang, strangers were invited to retire, and with a chorus accompaniment of "Heave ahoy!" the anchor which yet impeded our progress was slowly raised.

It was three p.m. before we got under way and steamed through Southampton waters. Then skirting the Isle of Wight, past Osborne, where a waving standard and three war vessels anchored within easy reach of the shore denoted the presence of Royalty, we left the Needles behind us, and followed the coast to Plymouth, which, set as it was between rippling waves of a Canaletto green hue, and the blue sky flecked with fantastic clouds, looked very picturesque indeed with Mount Edgcumbe rising to the left, its lordly park extending to the brow of the cliff, and reflecting its deep green foliage in the eddying water below.

At Plymouth we took on board a party of wiry Cornishmen bound for the Cape, where they hoped to make their fortunes by-and-by like many who had been out before them, but who had since returned impoverished rather than enriched. The Cape is no Tom Tidler's ground, and "stars of South Africa" are far less plentiful than the fruit of the mango-tree. Indeed, matters were very bad "down South," according to returning colonists on board the African, and the situation was not improved by the rivalry that apparently exists between East and West province men. It was on this voyage that I first

became aware of the startling fact—communicated to me by a canny Scot, who had settled "out West, sir, in a decent part of the country"—that the staple products of that benighted locality, Cape Town, are "snooks and crawfish," an assertion which if repeated within hearing of a "Cape Towner" suffices to drive him perfectly wild. One colonist on board made so bold as to state that the great difficulty concerning the Colonial Parliament arose from these very Cape Town "snooks and crawfish," which for years past had been so bountifully thrust down the throats of the members from outlying districts, that the latter in utter disgust had at length declared they would stand it no longer. Another Western man asserted that in this case Cape Town would be utterly ruined, for she had subsisted during many years past on the little money spent there by the provincial members of Parliament, and if she were deprived of that resource, misery and desolation would be the inevitable result. Yet another colonist from the borders of Kaffirland—who maliciously affirmed that many missionaries spend their time drinking bottled Allsopp and conning *London Society*, instead of converting the dusky heathen, applying, moreover, those beautiful and highly moral printed pocket-handkerchiefs confided to them to their own use—made matters worse by asserting that the water of Table Bay was of such a pestilential character that even snooks and crawfish could live in it no longer, and were either betaking themselves to the fresh waters of Port Elizabeth, or turning up stiff dead and unpleasantly odoriferous on the beach in front of Cape Town!

A more enjoyable five days' sail than the one we had can scarcely be conceived, although the passage was devoid of any particular incident. It was a positive relief to one to escape from letters requiring replies, from the dull solemnities of London dinner-parties and the stifling atmosphere of London theatres, to be quite cut off from newspapers, and free from the worry of contradictory telegrams fresh from the seat of war on the Danube. To watch a shoal of gambolling porpoises or the rapid flight of the stormy petrels was among our most arduous avocations.

Our main anxiety for the future was bounded by the time for meals, which, although these were frequent as well as excellent, were invariably awaited with all but ignoble impatience.

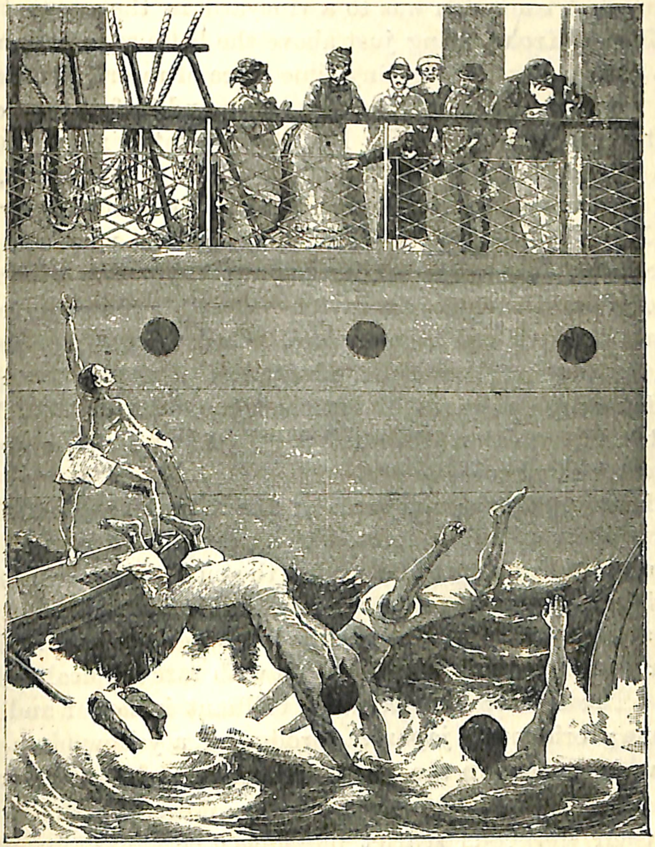
One of the passengers told a very good story of an incident that transpired on a former voyage of his to the Cape at a period when the diamond fever was at its height. Chief Engineer Jones turned up on the quarter-deck one afternoon, and touching his cap to Mr. Verdant Fox—a Cape-bound passenger, who prided himself upon his sharpness, though his simplicity was at times painful to witness—placidly inquired, "Please, sir, can you tell me what this 'ere is?" Chief Engineer Jones's eyes twinkled as he held out for inspection a small rough translucent stone, which Mr. Verdant Fox nervously seized hold of, and held up to the light. He seemed amazed for a time, and turned the object over and over again in his hand, then assuming a knowing look demanded where the stone came from. "Just found it down-stairs, sir, among the coals. Thought it looked a prettyish bit of a pebble, and brought it to show you. Think it's worth anything?" "Well, I don't mind giving you five pounds for it," exclaimed Mr. Fox rather inconsiderately. "Five pounds! ah, you're joking; still I daresay it's worth summut, so I'll give it to my old woman when I get back." Mr. Fox looked disappointed. "But how came you to find it?" asked he. "Why I saw something whitish like among the coals, and stooped down and picked this 'ere stone up." "Well, Jones, my boy, all I can say is that it's a real diamond." Naturally Jones appeared elated, and went on his way rejoicing; while Mr. Fox commenced spreading the news of the "find" about the quarter-deck.

Of course the statement was received with general incredulity; but two or three days afterwards another find occurred—two stones being discovered close together by a stoker in the same heap of coals—and quite a sensation was created on board. One or two enterprising members of society privately determined upon buying up the mine where the coals came from, and Mr. Verdant Fox with a few friends spent their days below in the coal-bunker and engine-room sifting coals and prying into cinders.

Chief Engineer Jones occasionally joined them in their interesting search; and although, curious to say, none of the passengers discovered anything, yet Jones one morning made a valuable find in the shape of a small though really handsome stone, which he readily sold on board for £40 cash down. The excitement now reached its height, and many of the passengers spent every hour of the day groping among the coals. But suddenly there came a startling revelation, which these searchers after diamonds received either with incredulity or ill-concealed vexation. It was asserted that the whole affair was nothing less than a well-organised practical joke. The diamonds were real, but they were never found among the coals. They had been handed to Jones by a diamond-digger on board, who was returning to the Cape with a few rough stones still in his possession, and who had planned the pretended discovery with the view of amusing himself at the expense of the more gullible among his fellow-passengers.

At daybreak, on our fifth day out, we sighted the island of Porto Santo, rising phantom-like out of the sea—Porto Santo, "the holy Haven," whence the early Portuguese settlers saw the cloud which seemingly hung for ever in the west, and which subsequently proved to be the rocky "island of wood"—the ancients' mystic "Island of the Blessed," and the Madeira of to-day. Both at Porto Santo and at Madeira Columbus for some time resided—marrying the daughter of a Portuguese governor of the former place—prior to setting out on his adventure in search of a new world. Before noon we were steaming past the group of small islands known as the Desertas, and in full view of Madeira itself, the barren rocky cliffs and pine-capped mountains of which, as the island first came into view, took us somewhat by surprise. All became changed, however, as we approached nearer to Funchal, and little hamlets formed of whitewashed *casas*, standing among trellised vineyards or patches of sugar-canes, were discerned nestled by the shore or in the valleys and ravines, and the fertility of the island became obvious enough. At length the Brazen Head was turned, and Funchal appeared, stretched out at the foot of the lofty hills, and

with the sea beating over its beach. Right and left flimsy forts, ostensibly for the purpose of defence, displayed their toy turrets and ragged battlements, and as we turned the point the castellated structure on the Loo rock announced our approach by discharging one of the rusty muzzle-loading cannons decorating its crumbling embrasures. Soon the African let go her anchor, and a swarm of boats came alongside, and the amphibious portion of the population of the island commenced diving in the sea for



DIVING FOR COINS AT FUNCHAL (FROM "THE GRAPHIC").

silver coins which the passengers from time to time threw over the steamer's side. In about a quarter of an hour we were on our way to the shore, where, owing to the surf and the steepness of the beach, oxen are had recourse to, to draw the boats up. Oxen, moreover, dragged our baggage on a sledge to the Custom House, while other oxen conveyed us in a basket-carriage, which slid along on runners over the paved streets, to our point of destination. Owing to its steep and peculiarly-paved roads, vehicles on wheels are never used in Madeira.

Our first excursion was to a vineyard in the occupation of the Messrs. Krohn, lying just above the little seaside hamlet of Santa Cruz, a favourite spring-time place of resort, situate some dozen miles or so eastward of Funchal, and in full view of the Desertas group of islands. Four sun-burnt, sinewy boatmen rowed us thither in an hour and a-half. A little bay, a few boats, a cluster of white houses, more or less hidden by trees, some little cottages perched half-way up the mountain, with patches of vines, sugar-canes, and sweet potatoes planted on terraces along the sides of a ravine—these are the main features of Santa Cruz viewed from the sea. On landing we crossed the praça, or public promenade, planted with shady trees; then passed through a grove of laurels some forty or fifty feet in height, and were soon ascending the slope on which is situate the vineyard we had come to see.

Like most of the vineyards of Madeira, its area is limited, comprising merely four acres, which are walled in on all sides. Although on the slopes of a ravine, the surface has been levelled by bringing soil from other parts, so that it presents only a gradual ascent towards the farther end, where there is a pleasant country-house, planted round about with rare tropical and other trees. These comprise oleanders, brilliant in flower and rich in perfume; eriobotrya japonica, producing a yellow plum-shaped fruit which ripens in the spring; anonas, yielding the aromatic and refreshing custard apple; guavas; flowering pomegranates, with their gorgeous scarlet blossoms; petangas, furnishing a fruit resembling the strawberry in flavour; coffee and pepper

TREADING GRAPES IN THE LAGAR OF MESSRS. KROHN BROTHERS AT SANTA CRUZ, MADEIRA.

(p. 157.)

trees, with their feathery-looking foliage, and many others. Steep heights laid out in cultivated terraces, and with fir-trees crowning their summits, inclose the vineyard on both sides. The majority of the vines, which are mainly of the verdelho variety, with an insignificant sprinkling of the tinta, or black grape, are trained on low horizontal trellises, raised about four feet from the ground, and termed "latadas," almost a counterpart of the Kammerbau system of training prevalent in certain vine districts of Germany. The remaining vines are trained higher from the ground, in what is called corridor fashion, the trellises overhead affording a pleasant shade from the summer heats. These trellises are constructed of cane or pine, with chestnut poles serving as supports. There were no signs of phylloxera among the vines, and, considering the unusual dampness of the past season, no large amount of rottenness among the grapes, which had suffered more from legions of lizards and swarms of bees and wasps than any other cause. The island is, in fact, overrun with lizards. They scale the loftiest walls and feed upon the grapes; while as to bees, although it is forbidden to keep them in the neighbourhood of the vineyards, the interdict is disregarded, and the best bunches of grapes are commonly lost through their depredations.

The pickers here were all men, black-bearded, barefooted, and in ragged raiment, with their skins almost as brown as their mahogany-coloured breeches. They cut off the grapes and flung them into round open baskets with handles, emptying these afterwards into a larger basket similar in shape, and known as the "cesto de vindima." The latter basket holds above a hundredweight of grapes, about sufficient to produce a baril of mosto, equal to a trifle over nine imperial gallons. The casa do lagar, or pressing-house, was in the centre of the vineyard, the lagar itself being a huge wooden trough similar to that used in the sherry district. Instead, however, of an iron screw rising up in the centre of the lagar, a huge wooden beam, like those in use in the neighbourhood of Lisbon and in the Upper Douro, hangs across it, and aids in the extraction of the juice from the piled-up

grape-skins after these have been well trodden by several pairs of brawny feet. Before, however, the treaders mount into the lagar the grapes' own weight produces a steady flow of juice into the adjoining vat—a rivulet which becomes a torrent when the treading commences. The men dispersed over the lagar commence with a slow, steady movement, then spread out their arms and grasp the huge intervening beam, rapidly advancing and retiring one from the other, occasionally turning rapidly half-way round, now to the right and now to the left, their frantic movements presently subsiding into a slow monotonous kind of jig. We were unable to witness the conclusion of the operation, and set off on our return to Funchal, encountering on our way a shark, some three boats' length from us, swimming leisurely out to sea. The boatmen said there was no danger, nevertheless we watched the increasing distance between us and the animal's capacious jaws with a certain degree of satisfaction. Reaching Funchal, we rode up a steep paved road, which in parts was merely so many flights of stone steps, to the Quinta do Monte, the beautiful country seat of Mr. Leland Cossart, situated a few miles up the mountain and some couple of thousand feet above the sea. At this charming place, with grounds of great extent laid out in admirable taste, and planted with luxuriant foliage, we had the advantage of staying during much of the time we spent at Madeira.

A day or two after my excursion to Santa Cruz I had an opportunity of witnessing the vintage at São João, north-west of Funchal, in a vineyard of about thirteen acres in extent, and very carefully cultivated by its owner, Mr. Leacock, whose house is one of the oldest in the Madeira wine trade, dating back as it does to the year 1749. Here the vines, planted on ridges, which form a trench between the different rows, are trained along horizontal wires, supported by slanting posts, meeting together at the top in the form of an inverted V. The vines, too, are more closely pruned than is usually the case, the prevalent practice being to allow them to run largely to wood. Mr. Leacock's vineyard was attacked by phylloxera a few years ago, and

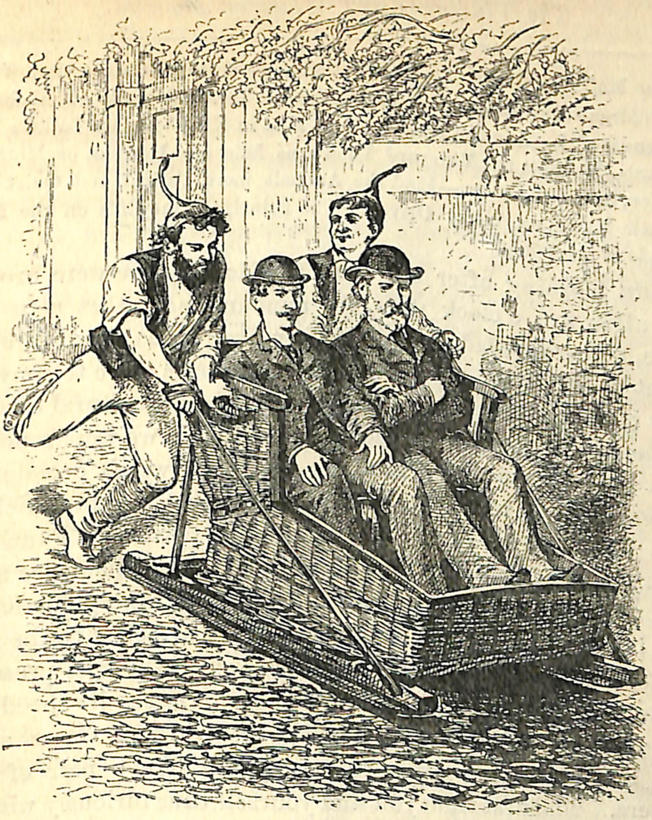
THE VINTAGE AT MR. LEACOCK'S QUINTA AT SÃO JOÃO, NEAR FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

(*p.* 159.)

many of the vines were seriously affected. The owner, however, by watchful care and judicious treatment, including the application to the principal roots of the vine of a kind of varnish which in this instance seems to have proved specific, has succeeded in restoring most of the diseased vines to a comparatively healthy condition. Not only is the Madeira vinegrower in dread of the phylloxera, but he has to guard his vines against the oïdium as well. This he accomplishes by freely sulphuring them, one disadvantage of which is the difficulty of getting rid of the sulphur from the fruit. Mr. Leacock effects this by the aid of bellows and brushes which women have been taught to use with patience and skill at the season of the year when the skins of the grapes commence to shine. Although the vineyard comprises less than thirteen acres, the grapes would be picked at no less than eight different times, only the perfectly ripe bunches being gathered on each occasion. The vintage, which commenced on August 24th, owing to this circumstance would last for a period of fully three weeks. The pickers were barefooted women, in light gowns and white linen jackets with red and yellow kerchiefs tied over their heads. Their pay was equal to only 7½d. per day, while the men who collected the grapes in the larger baskets and trod them in the lagar received an equivalent to 1s. 3d.

The casa do lagar is a low stone building with high pitched roof, lighted by a couple of small windows, and shaded by the spreading branches of a fine specimen of the eriobotrya japonica. It is provided with a couple of lagars, the larger of which is capable of pressing four or five pipes of mosto at a time. We found six men at work in it, three on either side of the cumbersome dividing beam or vara. The first juice that ran off was emptied into a balceiro or small vat, holding about eighty gallons, and provided with a tap at the lower part to enable the juice to be drawn off after the little sulphur that had remained on the grapes had settled at the bottom. The treaders went through much the same movement as we have already described, and when the expressed juice could no longer escape from the lagar, through the aperture being stopped up with the crushed

grapes, the latter were all piled up in the centre or at the sides and pressed and patted with the hands, the juice as it escaped being strained by passing through a basket hung on to the bica or spout of the lagar. This piling up was repeated three times, known as the first, second, and third avertura or opening, and then came another operation—the compactly piling of the mass in a central heap for the cord, which was coiled neatly round it, with intervening spaces through which the juice could exude. A stout wooden disc, strengthened with cross-pieces, was placed on the top, and on this several square billets were laid transversely, with a stout board over all. On this pile the beam is brought to bear by means of the perpendicular screw at one end of it, resting on a huge stone a few feet from the lagar. The juice pressed by this means is called "vinho da corda." After an hour or two of this work the solid mass is broken up with the hands or with hoes, if necessary, and then commences the repiza, a vigorous dancing and jumping movement executed to time upon the apparently dry grape-skins. This is in order effectually to bruise those grapes that are in the condition of raisins and have become softened from soaking in the expressed juice. The repiza lasts for half an hour or so, the men enlivening their labours with a variety of jokes, practical and other. Occasionally two of them on one side of the beam will suddenly seize a comrade and toss him over to the other side, where the men will receive him with open arms, but only to fling him back over the beam again, amidst the laughter of the party. The grape-skins are now piled up again, and once more pressed; then water is poured upon them, and they are well stirred up and pressed for the last time, yielding the agua pé, given to the workpeople to drink.



A MADEIRA CARRO.

II.—The Vineyards of São Martinho, Cama de Lobos, the Estreito, Quinta Grande, Santo Antonio, and others.

A Sledge Descent to Funchal—Excursion with a Party in Hammocks to the Vineyards on the South Side of the Island—Meet some Boracheiros bringing down Newly-made Wine in Skins—The District of São Martinho—The Ravine of the Ribeiro dos Soccorridos—View from the Peak of Cama de Lobos—Its Vineyards destroyed by the Phylloxera—Breakfast at a Dame's School—The Vineyards of the Estreito—We cross the Ribeiro de Vigario—Ascend to the Summit of Cabo Girão, the Highest Cliff against which the Sea Dashes in the World—Have Luncheon there, and our Bearers take their Siesta—Steep and Difficult Descent to Cama de Lobos—We return by Funchal by Boat—Dangerous Eddy off Ponta da Cruz—Excursion on Horseback to the Vineyards of the Santo Antonio District—

L

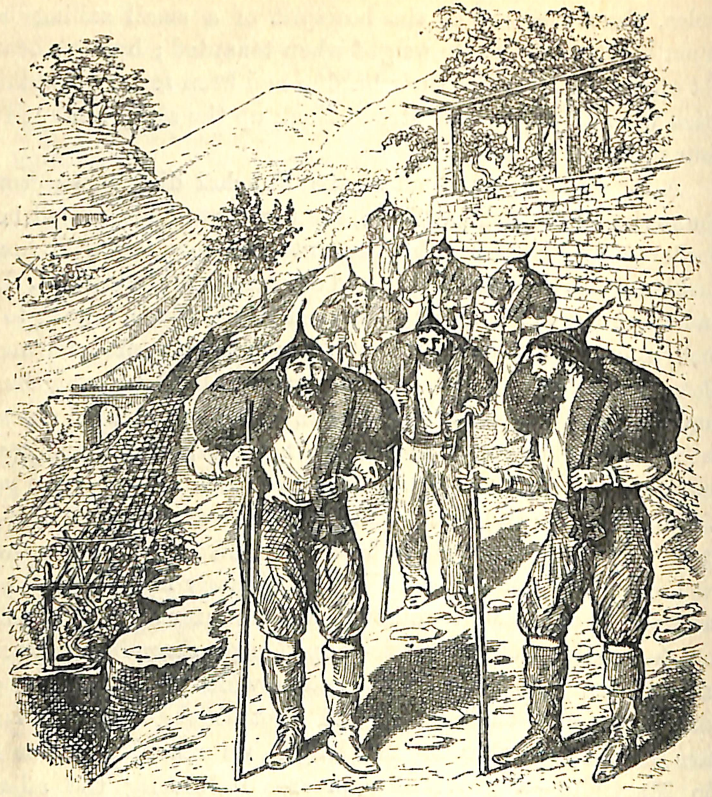
The Madeira Mirantes or Look-out Places—Scanty Raiment worn by the Children—The Many Hundred Miles of Terraced-Walls at Madeira—Tenure of Land in the Island—Rent Paid in Kind—Senhor Salles's Vineyard—We visit the Vineyard known as Mãe dos Homens, or Mother of Men, in a Bullock-car—Find the Animals more Patient and Quiet than their Excitable, Noisy Drivers—The Principal Vineyards on the North Side of the Island.

THE morning after our visit to São João we were aroused soon after five o'clock with the announcement that men with carros, or basket sledges, were waiting to run us down from the Mount to Funchal, whence hammock-bearers were to convey a party of us through several of the principal viticultural districts on the southern side of the island. By six we were scudding down the steep slippery roadway at a speed which occasionally touched twenty miles an hour. The basket car in which we made this descent—the usual method of getting to Funchal—slides along on wooden runners easily enough when once set in motion by its pair of swift-footed conductors, who guide it with their hands or by the aid of leathern traces attached to the front on either side. When the road is very steep the men press one of their feet on the framework of the car to lessen its speed, and whenever inclined to be level sling the leathern traces across their shoulders and drag the car along like a pair of fleet coursers. The first time you find yourself thus furiously whisked along over a roughly-paved though slippery road, and see before you the steep declines you are about to descend, or the sharp turns to be made while proceeding at this break-neck pace, you are apt to feel a little nervous. But you soon come to the conclusion that if not exactly the safest this is the easiest and pleasantest, as it is unquestionably the only rapid, mode of travelling in the island. Our party was four in number, and each had his three hammock-bearers—muscular and agile men, two of whom carried the hammock, while the third relieved one or other of them from time to time. As it was necessary we should take our provisions with us, a gang of men and boys had been engaged for this purpose, so that our troop was altogether a considerable one. The hammocks, which are slung on stout

poles, about the size of the bowsprit of a small sailing boat, must be of considerable weight when tenanted; but our bearers set off as lightly as if their burden had been merely a walking-stick with a bundle, and strode along up the steep road at fully four miles an hour.

After we had passed out of the Funchal district we crossed the ravine of the Ribeiro Secco, the narrow mountain road being bordered by blackberry hedges, interspersed with wild honeysuckles, roses, and geraniums, and occasional prickly pears. Here and there the fazendas, or cultivated lands, which, owing to the rocky mountainous character of the region, are often the merest plots, are inclosed by stone walls up which the young lizards may be seen scampering. We pass under trellises of vines, by patches of sugar-canes and shady fig-trees, with small water-courses gurgling along at our side. On our right rise the peaks of São Martinho and Santo Antonio, the former covered half-way up its sides with vines, while the loftier peaks beyond are crowned with chestnuts and pines. We continually meet brown, bony, and barefooted peasant women, and encounter a party of toiling boracheiros in their fantastic-shaped caps resembling inverted funnels, bringing down newly-made wine in sheep and goat skins slung over their backs and kept steady by straps across their burning foreheads. At length we reach the church of São Martinho—a grove of cypresses indicating the adjacent cemetery—and pass the village forge, where all the male gossips of the neighbourhood seemed to be congregated.

São Martinho is an important viticultural district, yielding a high-class wine with fine bouquet; and fortunately its vines have been only slightly attacked by the phylloxera. The vintage had already commenced, but the yield promised to be only a very moderate one, owing to the grapes having rotted from an excess of moisture. Our first halt was at a place called Terra dos Alhos—in other words, the land of garlic. Here our hammock-bearers had a short rest, regaling themselves with glasses of warm punch at a wayside venda while we stretched our limbs by striding up and down. Shortly after starting again we descended



half-way down the ravine of the Ribeiro dos Soccorridos, the sides of which are covered with built-up terraces planted, for the most part, with sugar-canes and a few fig-trees and prickly pears. The road is rugged and winding, and far down below is a black, stony river-bed, which in winter is a rushing torrent sweeping huge boulders along in its course. Overhead an occasional chestnut-tree throws out its welcome shade; for the sun is shining fiercely, and our perspiring bearers need a third man to support the hammock behind while ascending the steep rugged path, on the opposite side of the ravine, which conducts to the peak of Cama de Lobos.

From this breezy height we look down upon the one side on a little fishing village with its rocky headlands, and the grand Cabo Girão and its miniature bay, and on the other into a fertile hollow, formerly covered with vines which yielded one of the finest and most robust of Madeira growths. A year or two ago vines sloped down from the summit of the peak on all its sides and occupied every cultivated spot in the rear of the village; but the phylloxera has destroyed them nearly all, and the famous wine-growing district of Cama de Lobos, which used to produce 3,000 pipes annually, now yields merely 100. One of our party, Mr. Russell Gordon, who had become a large landowner in this and adjacent districts through his marriage with a Portuguese lady of rank, informed us that even two years preceding Cama de Lobos yielded upwards of a couple of thousand pipes of wine; but since then nearly the whole of the vines have been rooted up and sugar-canes planted in their place wherever a fair supply of the necessary water could be obtained. The peak itself, a mass of soft red friable stone, will grow, however, only vines, and therefore a large tract of ground has passed entirely out of cultivation. Everywhere around signs of the former prosperity of the district were visible—terraces rising upon terraces in every nook and coigne of vantage, with substantial stone-built casas surrounded by trees and gardens, dotting all the slopes. Higher up the mountain is the district known as the Estreito de Cama de Lobos, some of the vines of which have been planted at an altitude little short of a couple of thousand feet above the sea-level, or several hundred feet higher than the vine will thrive with certainty. As yet the phylloxera had only attacked the lower vines, but the others had suffered more or less from the unusual rains of the past spring and summer.

Our bearers set forth again, and in the course of half an hour turned in at an open gateway along a narrow path beneath trellises laden with large bunches of ripe grapes. We stopped at a little casa belonging to one of Mr. Gordon's tenants, which was literally embowered among vines, and turned out to be the dame school of the village. Here we breakfasted

in a homely way off various Madeira delicacies, including some choice old Sercial, with an appetite which the excessive heat had in no wise moderated. When we were again on the move we visited the vineyards surrounding the Estreito church, passing at intervals under vines in corridors, and eventually making the descent of the valley of the Ribeiro do Vigario, catching glimpes every now and then of the brilliant blue sea. Then we wound along a narrow, rugged mountain road, occasionally passing a casa with butts of wine ranged on a rocky ledge in front to mature more rapidly under the influence of a burning sun. On one side of us rose a wall of rock, and on the other descended a steep precipice, as we followed a turn in the ravine in order to cross the narrow stone bridge spanning the rocky chasm. Perched on the summit of the jutting crags were one or two little houses, after passing which the road ran for a while between stone walls, with trellised vines throwing out their branches overhead.

Our bearers strode briskly forward, keeping time and step, and thereby imparting to our hammocks an agreeable oscillating motion which sent us half-way into the land of dreams, whence we were suddenly summoned back as we made some abrupt jolting descent. Occasionally we stopped for a time to inspect a vineyard and ascertain the prospects of the vintage. At one casa we tasted some very fair wine, which its peasant owner, who had a stock of fifteen or sixteen pipes, worth between two and three hundred pounds, was exceedingly anxious to sell. When we set out again our bearers, who meanwhile had been liberally refreshed with wine, became remarkably lively, cutting jokes with every passing peasant. A good hour was spent in continual ascents and descents of the intricate winding road, along the steep sides of the ravine, everywhere laid out in terraces and garden plots. A waterfall topples down over a ledge of rock and loses itself in vaporous spray, the mountain path becomes narrow and rugged and difficult to traverse, the precipice gets loftier and steeper, and should our bearers, whose gaiety somewhat troubles one, only make a false step, we see

beneath us a certain fall of three or four hundred feet. At length we reach the high ground, and women gaze at our party with open eyes from the doors of their thatched cottages, built close against the steeper slopes and literally buried under luxuriant vines. Our bearers continue as lively as ever; and one of them, proud of an opportunity of airing his English, after

inquiring the way of some passing peasant, amazes him and convulses his comrades with laughter by shouting, "All right; thank you, sir, very much!" Whilst winding round on our way to the summit of Cabo Girão, in other words Cape Turn-again, we obtain a view of the district known as the Quinta Grande, the vines of which, but slightly affected by the phylloxera, promised

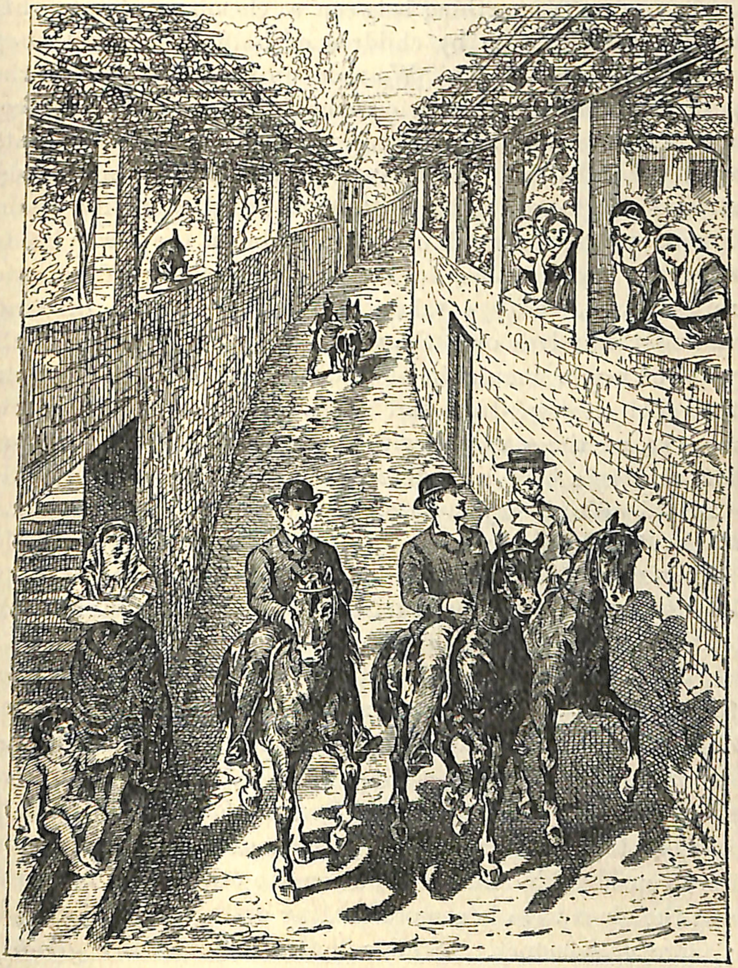
to give a very fair yield. We are now in the region where chestnut-trees abound, and pass for some distance under their pleasant shade, then make a short cut over the surrounding fazendas, and finally reach the summit of the Cape.

Here we look over the perpendicular sides of what is said to be the highest cliff against which the sea dashes in the world. The altitude is almost 2,000 feet; and the vineyards formed by landslips at its base, and the produce of which is much esteemed, when viewed from above look scarcely larger than a sheet of foolscap paper. Here we lunched, and while we chatted over our cigars our tired hammock-bearers took their well-earned siesta. After an hour's repose we descended on foot along a villainous breakneck road to the picturesque fishing village of Cama de Lobos—literally the sea-wolves', that is, the seals'-den—where we noticed that many of the men wore flat green-glazed hats of the circumference of a small umbrella. A boat which we had ordered round from Funchal was in readiness to row us home again, and we were soon gliding along past many a jutting rock over which the sea was wildly breaking, and through many a dangerous eddy, the worst being off Ponta da Cruz, where our boatmen reverently doffed their caps and religiously crossed themselves, for here many of their fellows have found a watery grave. Arrived at Funchal, we rode up to the Mount by the light of a brilliant moon.

On a subsequent day we made an excursion to the Santo Antonio district, visiting among other vineyards rather an extensive one belonging to Senhor Salles, which in exceptionally good years has produced as many as a hundred pipes of wine. Before proceeding thither we made a farewell tour round Mr. Leland Cossart's beautiful Quinta do Monte, with its lawns and rivulets, its brilliant floral parterres and sculptured marble fountain, and its projecting signal tower commanding a fine view of Funchal and the shipping in its bay. Pleasant it was to thread its groves of English oaks, and shady sequestered side-walks planted with choice trees from tropical and temperate climes. Here were pines, gum, cork, and india-rubber trees, loquats,

magnolias, and camellias of the dimensions of young oaks, Australian eucalypti with their bluish-green silver foliage, and scores of others whose exotic names I dare not trust myself to pen.

We made the excursion to Santo Antonio on horseback, and the ride, with due allowances for the nature of the road, which was of the usual Madeira kind, was a most agreeable one. Our



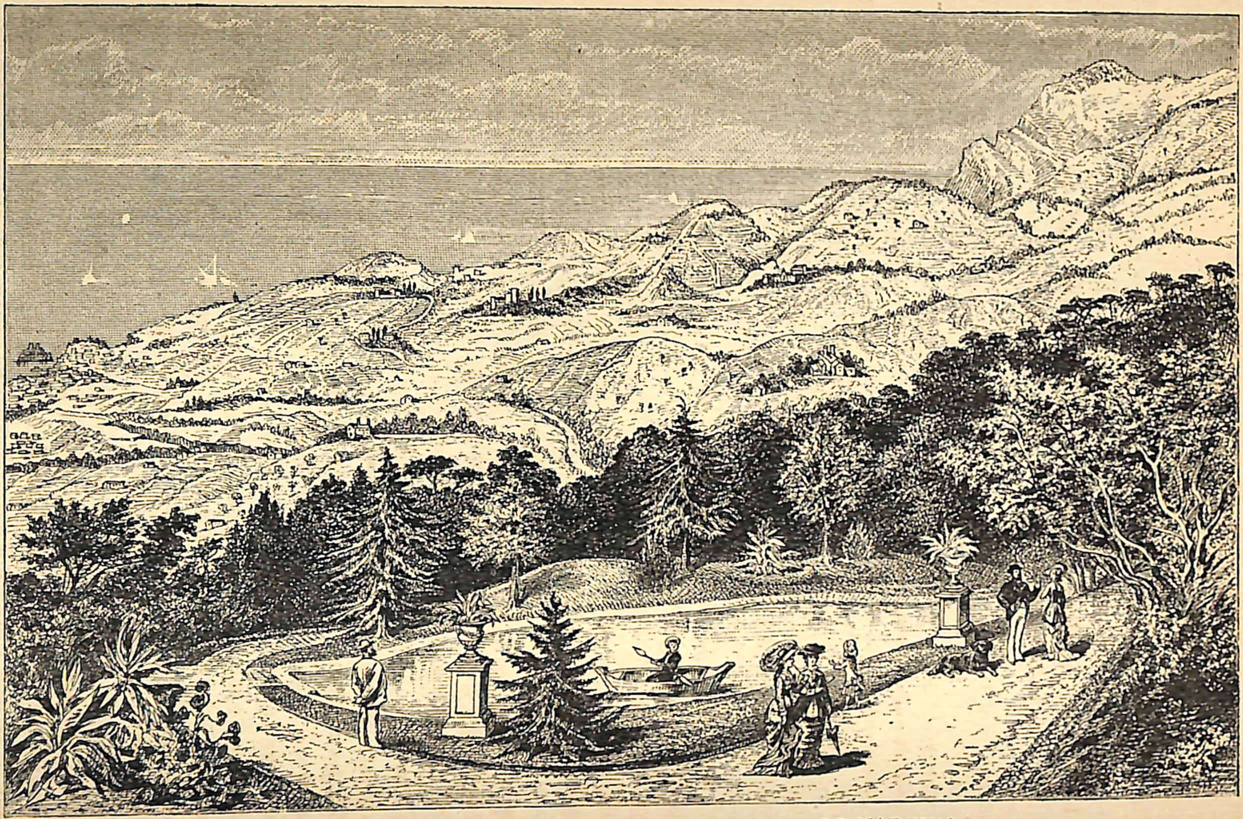
way lay in part between the garden-walls of pleasant-looking casas with vines trained in corridors meeting over our heads. Between their leafy arcades we every now and then caught glimpses of the smiling faces of young girls seated in the mirantes, or look-out seats, engaged in watching the passers-by. Tawny-tinted urchins sprawled in the sun before the cottage doors, clad in the scanty costume common to the island, consisting of a single garment, something between a chemise and a night-gown, and which is worn by children of both sexes until they are about eight years old. We rode up to the summit of the peak of Santo Antonio, which on one side commands a perfect view of the vineyards and villages of São Martinho and Santo Amaro, the hills between them and the purple headlands, stretching out to sea, being cultivated principally with grain, with here and there a patch of vines, while on the lower lands, where water is procurable, sugar-canes invariably predominate. Turning round, the eye takes in a broad expanse of vines spreading themselves over the wide valley and stretching half-way up the nearer mountain slopes, the summits of which are clothed with chestnut-trees and pines. Beyond rise up the distant peaks, at times varied with a few patches of scanty vegetation, at others bare and desolate-looking, their craggy sides intersected with gloomy ravines. The view comprises the Santo Antonio, São Roque, and São João, together with the Funchal and Caminho do Meio districts. Round about much of the cultivated land is piled up in terraces supported by stone walls, after the fashion prevalent in the island.

Senhor Salles's vineyard is intersected by a road, and one portion, overlooking a ravine, was affected both by phylloxera and oïdium, the latter because the vines had not been sulphured in accordance with the prevailing practice. The vines already destroyed by the phylloxera had been replaced by sugar-canes. The yield, therefore, from this portion of the vineyard would show a considerable falling off, but on the other side of the road, where the vines were in a more healthy state, the crop would be far more satisfactory. Senhor Salles had recently given his

attention to the cultivation of pine-apples under glass (but without resorting to artificial heat), and had been so far successful as to find a ready market for them in London at as much as 16s. each.

The vineyards of the Santo Antonio district usually yield a good wine, while those comprised in what is known as the Funchal Basin, and others to the east of it at Caneço, Santa Cruz, and Machico, produce a light wine of very fair quality. Fortunately, none of these localities are as yet seriously affected with the phylloxera. One large vineyard we visited in the Caminho do Meio in the vicinity of Funchal was known by the name of the Mãe dos Homens, or the Mother of Men. It was owned by Senhor Leitao, a Madeira banker, and the holder of a considerable stock of wine. We went there in a car drawn by bullocks, which, equally regardless of the yellings and coaxings of their drivers, toiled at their own steady pace up the steep winding paved road leading out of the town. The Madeira bullocks are far more patient and quiet than their drivers, who, when urging the animals forward, raise their stentorian voices to the highest pitch, constantly shouting "Ca-para-mim-boi-ca-ca-ca-oá" (Come to me, oxen, come, come, come). The vineyard was laid out in plots rising one above the other, the majority of the vines being trained on low trellises, and the remainder in corridors against the walls and over the walks. The vines, as a rule, were twelve years old; some few, however, were only three, and bearing for the first time. Though very carefully nourished, the yield of the vineyard promised to be a remarkably small one—thirty-five pipes from over thirty acres. A variety of circumstances conduced to this result. There were symptoms of phylloxera, and many of the grapes had rotted from excessive moisture, besides suffering from the Madeira wine-grower's customary pests in the form of bees, wasps, flies, lizards, and rats. The oïdium had been kept down by sulphuring the vines at the rate of an arroba (32lbs.) per acre. Surrounded by sugar-canes and overlooking a sea of vines was the rose-tinted villa residence of the proprietor, with the large central apartment on the ground-floor serving as a casa do lagar.

On the north side of the island the largest quantity of wine is produced at Seiçal and São Vicente; while the best is certainly grown at Porta da Cruz, where Mr. Robert Donaldson owns a vineyard, of the excellent produce of which we shall have occasion to speak by-and-by. The excursion thither is best made from Santa Cruz, up the usual steep road, paved at the commencement with round pebbles or long narrow flat stones, and afterwards passing over rocks and stones of varied size and shape. Instead of being inclosed by tall walls, the road is bordered by fuchsias, geraniums, and the tree-heath, thus affording views of the glistening, vapoury blue sea, and the long rocky peninsula at the eastern extremity of the island. Westward of Porta da Cruz is the famous Penha d'Aquia, or Eagle's Rock, inaccessible on all sides but one, and joined to the mainland by a low-lying cultivated tract of ground.



SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL VINEYARD DISTRICTS OF MADEIRA.

SEEN FROM THE GARDENS OF THE MOUNT.

(p. 173.)

III.—The Vines, their Cultivation, and the chief Viticultural Districts of Madeira.

Introduction of the Vine into Madeira—Ravages caused by the Oïdium—Replanting of the Vines—The Phylloxera Vastatrix—Species of Grapes Cultivated in the Madeira Vineyards—Planting and Training of the Vines—Past and Present Mode of Training adopted on the North Side of the Island—Varieties of Soils—The Terraced Vineyards of Madeira—Tenure of Land—Rent invariably paid in Kind—The Principal Viticultural Districts—Mr. R. Davies's Charming Villa "A Vigia"—Scarcity of Water in Madeira—Periodical Levadas and their High Value—The Supply of Drinking Water.

There is a vague tradition that the vine was first introduced into Madeira from Cyprus early in the fifteenth century, and soon after the second discovery of the island by the famous sea captain João Gonçalves Zarco. The importation of the finer varieties of vines, however, is believed to be due to the Jesuits at a much more recent period. The wine from their vineyards excelled all other, and up to the time when the vines were destroyed by the oïdium, some of the best wine produced on the island came from vineyards that formerly belonged to the order. The vines were first attacked by the oïdium in 1852, and in a few years were all but exterminated, when sugar-canes commonly took their place in those situations where the requisite amount of moisture could be secured. In about eight years' time vines began to be planted again, and in 1863 a moderate quantity of wine was vintaged. Since this epoch the vineyards gradually extended themselves, until the replanting of vines was checked by the appearance in the island of the phylloxera vastatrix during the year 1873.

Two-thirds of the vines in the Madeira vineyards are of the verdelho variety, the grapes of which abound in saccharine and yield a rich wine of splendid quality. The sercial grape, which is said to be the famous riesling of the Rhine transplanted to

Madeira, and is now exceedingly rare (in the Ponta do Pargo district on the south-west of the island it is most prevalent), yields a strong, dry, white wine, possessing an exquisite bouquet. When young, however, this wine is harsh to the palate, age being requisite to bring it to perfection and develop that nutty flavour for which it is distinguished. Another grape is the bual or boal, also rather rare, and giving a rich luscious wine, delicate in flavour and with a special bouquet. The black grape commonly found intermingled with the foregoing white varieties is the tinta, from which a distinct wine is to some extent made, deep in colour and astringent in flavour, due to the stalks and skins of the grapes being steeped in the must during fermentation. In a few years this wine becomes tawny, and in course of time subsides to the colour of an average deep Madeira. Another variety of grape, known as the bastardo, is of a pinkish hue. The wine it produces has a very fine bouquet, and is sweet to the taste, leaving behind it, however, a not unpleasant astringency. Other white grapes occasionally met with are the tarantrez, the listrão, and the maroto, the first of which yields a wine held in some estimation when old.

Every one has heard of the famous Malmsey Madeira, produced from the malvasia species of grape—a luscious wine, which with age becomes somewhat spirituous, and has all the character of a fine liqueur. For a number of years the finest Malmsey produced in the island was grown in one particular spot close to the sea, and under a high cliff called Fajaã dos Padres, to the west of Cama de Lobos, and in a vineyard belonging to the Jesuits. To-day, however, the vineyard has become the property of the Netto family, and is planted principally with vines of the verdelho variety. The malvasia grape requires a very dry soil and intense heat, and is not usually gathered until it partakes of the character of the raisin. An insignificant quantity of wine is made from the muscatel grape, sweet in flavour, and possessing the well-known special bouquet which a decoction of elder-flowers imitates so successfully. The Madeira vineyards being, as a rule, small in area, and planted

with several varieties of vines, it is not worth the cultivator's while to separate the different species before pressing them in the lagar. Consequently the whole get crushed together, the result being a rich and somewhat deep-coloured white wine, due to the admixture of black grapes, a certain quantity of which are to be found in every vineyard. In vineyards of greater extent more care is ordinarily taken, the various kinds of grapes are crushed separately, and the mosto from each is kept apart, especially that from the sercial, bual, and malvasia varieties.

In Madeira the vines are propagated by cuttings, which used to be planted merely some twenty inches deep in the ground. Now, however, it is the practice to imbed these in trenches four feet or more in depth, according to the character of the soil. At the bottom of the trench a layer of loose stones is placed to prevent the roots from penetrating to the stiff soil beneath. In the better-class vineyards these cuttings are commonly planted very wide apart. The vines bear in their third year, and are trained in the majority of instances either in latada or corridor fashion, both of which have been described in my account of Messrs. Krohn's vineyard in Santa Cruz. One disadvantage of these latadas is that under many of them there is barely room for the men to creep in order to weed, prune, and train the vines, to partially strip the leaves from them, as is commonly done during the summer months, or to pluck the grapes at the time of the vintage. Only in particular instances is any more modern system of training, such as that pursued by Mr. Leacock at São João, adopted. When viewed from a height the framework of these latadas, blanched as it commonly is by the combined influence of sun and rain, presents much the appearance of a number of nets spread out upon the ground.

On the north side of the island, previous to the ravages caused by the oïdium, the vines were trained to the numerous chestnut-trees and allowed to grow to almost any height, or else were left to straggle at will over the rocks and ground. As good wine only comes from grapes grown near the surface of the soil, much of the produce from the vines trained to trees was

only fit for distillation into brandy. Soon after the appearance of the oïdium the majority of the trees were destroyed by blight, and when the vines came to be replanted they were trained in similar fashion to those on the south side of the island.

The soils of the Madeira vineyards are saibro, or decomposed red tufa, cascalho, of a stony character, pedra molle, or decomposed yellow tufa, and marsapés, or clay resulting from the decomposition of the darker tufas. The soil which yields the best wine is the saibro, more especially when there is an admixture of stones with it. In many parts the vines are planted in soil piled up in terraces supported by stone walls. This system was originally adopted as a precaution against the periodical rains which wash the soil away down the precipitous mountain slopes. To-day wherever it is possible to accumulate soil and raise a wall this is certain to be done by the occupier of the land, even though the return is unlikely to be commensurate with the time and toil expended. But then, according to the system of tenure universal in the island, a landlord is unable to eject a tenant without first of all compensating him for all so-called improvements—which, by the way, do not include actual buildings erected—that the tenant has made upon his patch of land. These bemfeitorias or improvements are valued by Government officials, who invariably lean to the side of the tenant and estimate them at a high value. The consequence is that the more soil a tenant heaps up and the more walls he raises on his small plot of ground the more certain is he of never being turned off it, for in time these erections, to which the peasant and his family devote all their leisure, whether likely to prove advantageous or not, often exceed the land itself in value. At the present time there must be many hundreds of miles of these substantial terraced walls throughout the island.

Rent in kind is the rule in Madeira. The tenant tills, plants, and manures the soil, gathers in the crop, which, if wheat, he threshes; if sugar-cane, he extracts the saccharine; and if grapes, he presses, giving up one-half of the produce to the

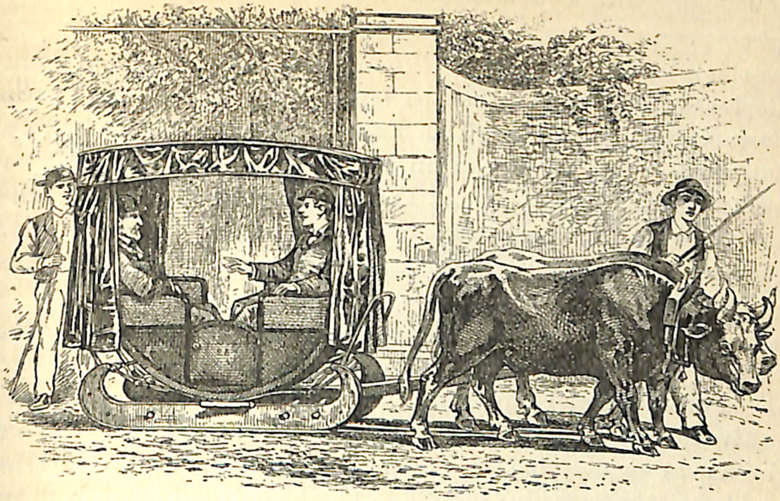
landlord as rent, after the Government has taken its tithe. The half-produce of corn, sugar, and wine is rigidly exacted by the landlord, but any vegetables grown are commonly retained by the tenant, together with the grass crop, although the landlord can demand half of the latter if he pleases.

The tenant who resides on the land leased to him is called a caseiro, from the casa or house which he occupies, while, if he merely rents the land and does not reside on it, he is termed a méyro, from the meyo or half-produce that he has to give to his landlord. The latter is commonly the proprietor of nothing but the land—buildings, embankments, walls, trees, vines, &c., belonging in nearly every instance to the tenant.

The most important viticultural district of Madeira is, or rather was, Cama de Lobos, and one of its best vineyards was that of Torre Bella, belonging to Mr. Russell Gordon, nearly all the vines of which, as already mentioned, have been destroyed by the phylloxera. On the mountain slopes to the west lies the Campanario district, not so important as Cama de Lobos as regards the quantity of wine it is capable of producing, but in my judgment yielding a wine of even higher character—less powerful, but altogether more refined in flavour and bouquet. Fortunately, this district is at present untouched by the phylloxera. The vineyards under the cliffs at Cabo Girão and Fajaã dos Padres also yield fine wines, but only in limited quantities. The districts of São Martinho, Santo Antonio, Santo Amaro, and São João, in the neighbourhood of Funchal, all produce high-class wines. Of Mr. Leacock's vineyard at the latter place I have already spoken, and no great distance from it is the famous vineyard of the Ribeiro Secco, belonging until recently to the Messrs. Davies, the well-known sherry shippers of Jerez. The wine from this vineyard, planted after its destruction by oïdium with vines principally of the prized palomino species brought from Jerez for the purpose, enjoys a high repute, but unfortunately many of the vines have been recently destroyed by phylloxera, and sugar-canes have taken their place. On our way to the vineyard we visited Mr. Richard Davies's beautiful villa

and gardens in the outskirts of Funchal, known as the Vigia, and one of the show-places of Madeira. The villa is commonly in the occupation of some distinguished tenant, the Empress of Austria and the late Lord Brownlow having both of them resided there for several years. It was built and its grounds were laid out by the late Mr. Richard Davies, of whose ability and enterprise much is still heard at Funchal. The beautifully-arranged gardens of the Vigia, which extend to the verge of the cliff, and overlook the bay and town of Funchal, abound with splendid specimens of tropical vegetation and rare trees, shrubs, and flowers, imported, regardless of expense, from Europe, North and South America, and Australasia.

Water being exceedingly scarce and consequently exceptionally valuable in Madeira, crops that require irrigation are rarely cultivated by the peasants. Water is collected from springs and rivulets in the mountains, whence it is conducted along the sides of perpendicular cliffs, flowing sometimes through wooden pipes suspended overhead, and sometimes through channels cut through the solid rock and lying at one's feet. The right to a supply of water is confirmed by title-deeds, which specify the intervals at which the supply shall be given and the length of time it shall continue. At the period of our visit we heard of a full levada, as it is called, comprising a cubic foot of water, flowing continuously for twelve hours once a fortnight, being valued at £80 per annum, and, indeed, a quarter of this supply was really sold for one-fourth of the above amount. As the water is continuously flowing it happens that many of those entitled to it receive their supply at most unseasonable hours. Of an evening one constantly sees lights moving about the mountains and hears the levádeiros blowing into a shell, emitting much the same sound as a horn, to notify to small occupiers that their turn for a supply of water has come round. Should they disregard this notice the chances are they will be deprived of their supply. The above refers exclusively to water for irrigation and ordinary use, drinking water being supplied through a tube of the circumference of a quill pen.



A MADEIRA BULLOCK-CAR.

IV.—FUNCHAL, AND SOME FAMOUS WINE-STORES THERE.

The Madeira Capital—Its Aspect on Shore and as Viewed from the Sea—The Armazens or Wine-Stores of Messrs. Cossart, Gordon, and Co.—Their Serrado Stores—The Cooperage—A Store Swept Away by Winter Floods—Trellised Vines afford Shade in all the Open Spaces—The Treatment which the Mosto or newly-made Wine undergoes—Cossart, Gordon, and Co.'s Estufa Stores—Treatment of Madeira with Artificial or Natural Heat—Mode of Proceeding followed in the Estufa—The Pateo Stores of Cossart, Gordon, and Co., and some of the remarkable Wines contained in them—Stock of Madeira held by the Firm.

ONE of the most disappointing things in Madeira is its capital. Picturesque as it may appear from the sea, on shore its aspect is the reverse of inviting. Its praça is a shabby affair with commonplace surroundings, among which are a dilapidated-looking hospital and the town prison. The Palacio de São Lorenço, in which the civil and military governors reside, is an unattractive, semi-castellated building, painted a lively yellow—evidently with a view to render it more imposing. The theatre is converted into a wine-store, while as regards shops, the Magasins du Louvre of the Madeirense capital are mere ranges of dingy stores where common textile fabrics are vended at

exorbitant prices. As for *articles de luxe*, one never sees them displayed; and the only shops boasting of embellishment are those of the chemists. The Funchal streets are invariably narrow and paved with small round stones, most difficult to walk upon: how English and Portuguese ladies in the fashionable high-heeled shoes manage to accomplish it is a mystery. Flagstones, excepting at the corner of one little street, are entirely unknown to Funchal.

Viewed from the bay, Funchal presents a more attractive aspect. It seems to nestle cosily by the seashore, under the shade of lofty cloud-capped mountains, whose slopes and ravines, cultivated in every available spot, are dotted with cool summer residences sequestered in charming pleasure-grounds. Right and left of the town are some old forts, which a single shot from an ironclad would shiver into fragments. Close to a refreshing patch of green formed by the trees on the Praça da Constituicão is the palacio already mentioned, while, behind, the dwarfed cathedral spire peers timidly above the surrounding houses. The antique and massive-looking custom-house faces the beach, from the centre of which there rises—with the seeming arrogance of a Cleopatra's Needle or a Trajan's Column—a solitary, gigantic, dingy-looking pillar, erected many years ago by an Englishman of an enterprising turn, but utterly ignorant of engineering, who thought he had invented a new method of unloading ships, of which this singular construction is to-day the sole memorial. In the Praça da Constituicão and the thoroughfares leading to the beach there is no dearth of animation during early morning. On the beach itself crowds await the arrival of returning fisher-boats, while in the streets—what with the traffic of bullock cars and sledges; the noisy injunctions of the drivers to their imperturbable cattle; the quaintly-attired peasants arriving from the outlying districts; parties of boracheiros with skins of newly-made mosto slung over their backs, and kept steady with a strap across their foreheads; hammock-bearers starting mountainwards with casual tourists; babbling gossips debating over the local news at every corner, and hawkers lolling against the

walls or seated on the doorsteps while displaying their varied wares—the scene is full of life. The streets are mostly narrow, and the houses, as a rule, low. Whitewash is liberally applied to their façades, which are set off with bright green shutters and balconies. Among the native population there appears to be but little social intercourse, the agreeable evening paseo common to the towns of Southern Spain being here unknown. The small stipend of the civil and military governors forbids their entertaining the Madeirense magnates, while as regards the theatre we have already explained that there is none. With the exception, therefore, of an occasional ball, the only opportunities for ladies to display their *toilettes de soirée* are when a British man-of-war happens to come into port, and one or other of the leading shippers invites the officers to a dinner and a dance.

The first armazens or wine-stores which I visited at Funchal were those of Messrs. Cossart, Gordon, and Co., the largest and oldest wine-shipping house in Madeira, its establishment dating from the year 1745. Their stores comprise three distinct sets of buildings, known respectively as the Serrado, Estufa, and Pateo armazens, all situate within five minutes' walk of each other.

The ground on which the Serrado stores stand comprises between four and five acres, with armazens of a single story occupying three of its sides, the cooperage being on the fourth. Here we observed casks being made in precisely the same fashion as is followed at Jerez, with the exception, perhaps, that the adze which the men handle so dexterously is a trifle heavier and clumsier than the one used by their Jerez brethren. The Funchal coopers work by the piece, and each pipe, which is certainly a well-made article, costs something like a couple of pounds. Round about the cooperage were piles of American oak staves, already trimmed or in the rough, while in the centre of the plot of ground were sheds in which the casks are measured, branded, scalded, and steamed, together with a couple of large tanks. The vacant space between the sheds and the stores is occupied with rows of casks of various sizes, fresh from

the cooperage, and undergoing a seasoning with water. When this is completed the casks are transferred to the armazem de Avinhar, there to be filled with common wine, which remains in them for two or three months. In these stores there are always in use for this purpose from eighty to a hundred pipes of wine, which after frequent employment is no longer suitable, and is distilled into spirit. In the rear of the cooperage is a dried-up watercourse, a steep ravine some forty feet deep, which intersects the town of Funchal, and is mostly bordered by an avenue of shady plane-trees. During winter the water rushes down here from the mountains, bringing with it huge boulders fully a ton in weight, and sweeping away whatever it encounters in its progress. In the year 1803 the rushing torrent overflowed the steep banks of the ravine, carrying away a store of Cossart, Gordon, and Co.'s, which had been erected at the verge, together with several hundred pipes of wine, all of which were lost. The same flood swept away the British Consulate (some distance lower down) and a church, not to speak of other damage.

All the unoccupied ground at these Serrado stores is planted with vines trained in corridors, interspersed here and there with a mango, fig, or custard apple-tree. Trellised vines, moreover, cover in all the walks in front of the various stores, enabling the men employed in them to be always under shade. The first store which we visited—a long narrow building some three hundred feet in length, with square grated openings along its front to allow of the free admission of air—is capable of holding six hundred pipes, in triple rows of two tiers each. It is used for receiving "vinho em mosto," or newly-made wine. Scarlet geraniums about a man's height are trained all over its front, and under the broad canopy of trellised vines—stretching from the roof of the store to that of the opposite shed—empty casks waiting to be "wined" are stowed away.

It is a common practice with the Madeira wine shippers to purchase the produce of a vineyard before the grapes are pressed, in which case they either send some one specially, or appoint an agent residing in the locality, to see that the grapes

THE ARMAZENS AND COOPERAGE OF MESSRS. COSSART, GORDON, & CO. AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

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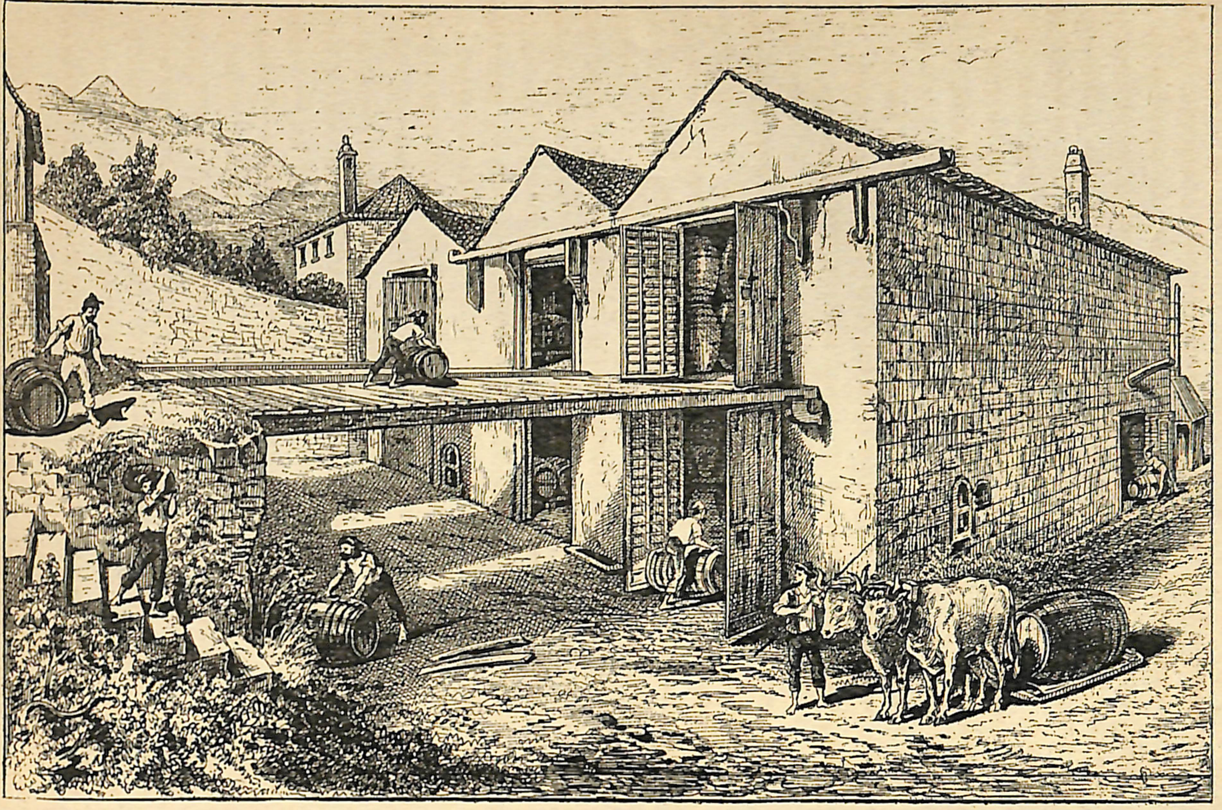
are not gathered until they are ripe; that the work in the lagar is properly done; and to arrange for the transport of the mosto to their Funchal wine-stores. There the mosto continues fermenting, with the bunghole of each cask simply covered over with a fig-leaf, generally until the middle of November. Either before or after the fermentation a small quantity of brandy is added, varying in quantity according to the quality of the mosto, but seldom exceeding three per cent. When the wine has thoroughly cleared itself it is racked and lotted according to its quality, and afterwards forwarded to the estufa or heating magazine: a specialty with regard to the wines of Madeira of which I shall presently speak. In face of the store where the mosto is received is a store for brandy; and thence we proceed under the vine-covered corridors to other stores containing wines a year old, just arrived from the estufa—wines which, after having received a further modicum of spirit (varying from one to three gallons per pipe), were undergoing racking and fining preparatory to being passed on to the Pateo stores of the firm. There they will remain in butts holding 400 gallons each, until fully matured for shipment. It should be noted that the mosto is fermented and the wine heated, racked, and passed from one store to another in what are termed canteiro or scantling pipes, each holding 130 gallons, old wine measure.

The Estufa stores of Messrs. Cossart, Gordon, and Co. comprise a block of buildings of two stories, divided into four distinct compartments. In the first of these common wines are subjected to a temperature of 140 deg. Fahrenheit—derived from flues, heated with anthracite coal—for the space of three months. In the next compartment wines of an intermediate quality are heated up to 130 deg. for a period of four and a-half months; while the third is set apart for superior wines, heated variously from 110 to 120 deg. for the term of six months. The fourth compartment, known as the "Calor," possesses no flues, but derives its heat, varying from 90 to 100 deg., exclusively from the compartments adjacent; and here only high-class wines are placed. The object of this heating of the wine is to destroy whatever

germs of fermentation still remain in it, and to mature it the more rapidly in order that it may be shipped in its second and third year without any further addition of spirit. The use of these estufas in Madeira dates from the commencement of the present century, and the great bulk of the wine undergoes this or a similar mode of treatment previously to its being shipped. These artificially-heated estufas are only used by the larger shipping houses, who, however, heat wine in them for other shippers at a stated rate. Others accomplish the desired object by placing their wines in a kind of glass-house, where they remain exposed to the full heat of the sun. In the daytime a temperature of from 120 to 130 deg. is secured, which, however, becomes considerably lowered during the night—a circumstance which is regarded by many as detrimental to the development of the wine. In the country districts where estufas in no form exist, the holders of wine place the butts out in the open air in favourable positions to secure the full influence of the sun's rays. The practice prevalent for many years past of sending Madeira on a voyage to the East or West Indies and home again is simply a variation of this method of maturing the wine by subjecting it to a high degree of temperature, the heat which it encounters in these latitudes when shut up in the ship's hold being necessarily very great.

In the estufas I am now describing—which, if packed full, are capable of heating 1,600 pipes of wine at one time—the pipes are placed on end in stacks of four, with smaller casks on the top of them, a narrow gangway being left between the different stacks to admit of the passage of a man for the purpose of ascertaining that the casks do not leak, as when subjected to great heat they are naturally inclined to do. A hole about the sixth of an inch in diameter has been previously bored in the bung of each pipe to allow the hot vapour to escape, otherwise the pipe would burst. As it is, the casks not unfrequently leak, as we perceive by numerous dull patches in various parts of the floor, rendering it necessary for the different compartments of the estufa to be inspected once during the daytime and once



MESSRS. COSSART, GORDON, & CO.'S ESTUFAS.

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during the night, in order that any mishap of this kind may be at once rectified. Each compartment is provided with double folding-doors, and after it is filled with wine the inner doors are coated over with lime, so as to close up any chance apertures. When it is necessary to enter the estufa the outer doors only are opened, and a small trap in the inner door is pushed back to allow of the entrance of the man in charge, who passes between the various stacks of casks, tapping them one after the other to satisfy himself that no leakage is going on. On coming out of the estufa, after a stay of a full hour, he instantly wraps himself in a blanket, drinks a tumblerful of wine, and then shuts himself up in a closet, into which no cool air penetrates, provided for the purpose. Messrs. Cossart, Gordon, and Co. usually place their wines in the estufa during the months of January and February, which admits of their removal to other stores before the next vintage commences. During the time they are in the estufa they diminish some 10 to 15 per cent. through the evaporation of their aqueous parts.

There still remain the Pateo stores to be noticed. These are situate in the rear of the counting-house of the firm, where all the books and papers relating to its transactions since its first establishment are carefully preserved. Passing beneath an archway and across a narrow court planted with flowers, among which are geraniums trained level with the first-floor windows, we enter a small store, forming a kind of ante-room to the stores which follow. The first of these contains wines in butts holding four pipes each, in perfect condition for shipment, and only needing to be drawn off. Here we tasted a few specialties, including some Branco secco, made exclusively from the verdelho species of grape, which, having been perfectly fermented, possessed all the qualities of a remarkably fine dry Madeira; also some Sercial from Ponta do Pargo, of vintage 1865, exceedingly dry and clean-tasting, and slightly pale. In the store above were wines of different qualities and ages, including some Palhetinho, or straw-coloured wine, delicate in flavour and with a fine bouquet; also several still paler wines, going under the

Yankee cognomen of Rainwater Madeira, on account of their remarkable softness and delicacy. Here also were stored a vintage wine of 1863—a Vinho do Sol, as it was called, from its having been matured by exposure to the sun, and never having passed through the estufa—and finally a pale, delicate Malmsey of the preceding year's vintage, with a highly-developed bouquet, which promised to become a wine of singularly choice character.

In the armazem de Vinhos Velhissimos—the ground-floor range of building on the southern side of the courtyard—were some large butts containing reserve wine of great age and numerous soleras, including a Cama de Lobos, the origin of which dates back to 1844—a deep-coloured, powerful wine of fine high flavour, replenished from time to time by wine from the bastardo variety of grape. A São Martinho solera, dating from the year 1842, was a soft choice wine with fine bouquet, while a Bual solera going back to the year 1832 proved remarkably delicate in flavour. There were also a couple of Malmsey soleras founded respectively in the years 1835 and 1850, the former of which had all the qualities of a choice liqueur; together with a butt of Verdelho vintage wine of the year 1851, which had never been exposed to artificial heat: a sound mellow wine of the highest character. At the end of this solera store is a store containing Surdo or sweet wine, and Vinho Concertado or boiled mosto, thinned by the addition of some ordinary wine, and which, like the Jerez vino dulce and vino de color, are used for flavouring and colouring wines of inferior quality. Proceeding through the arched passage leading into the little garden, planted with bananas, rose-trees, and geraniums, and having vines trained in corridors over the walks, we came upon another store containing wines of the years 1874 and 1875, from the north side of the island, which, without the high character of Madeira proper, are light and agreeable to drink, and are shipped at what appears to be a very moderate price. In their Pateo stores alone Messrs. Cossart, Gordon, and Co. had upwards of a couple of thousand pipes of wine, thirteen hundred of which were in a condition for shipment.

THE ARMAZEM DOS VINHOS VELHISSIMOS OF MESSRS. COSSART, GORDON, & CO. AT FUNCHAL.

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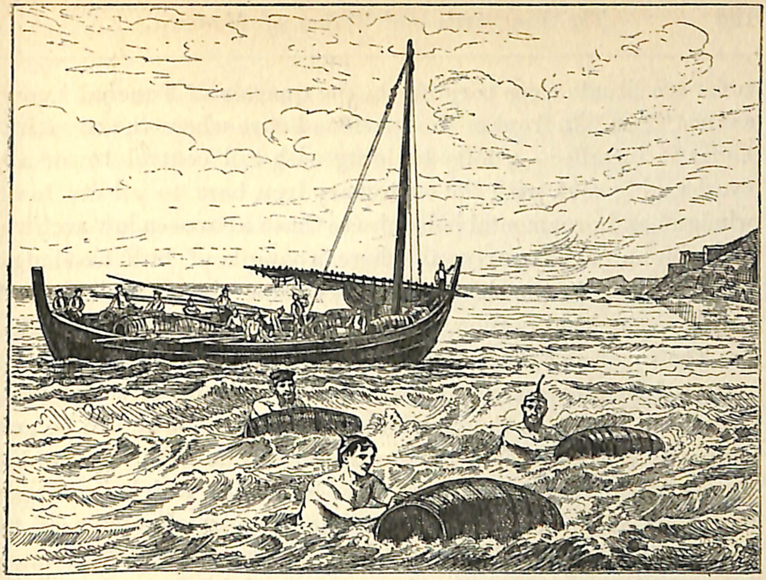

LANDING CASKS OF WINE FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE ISLAND.

V.—Some other Funchal Wine-Stores.

The Stores and Estufas of Messrs. Krohn Brothers in the Carmo quarter—Animated Scene presented there—Boracheiros Delivering Skins of Mosto—The Finer Wines of the Firm—Their Royal and Imperial Customers—Large Stock of Madeira in the Forty Stores owned by Messrs. Blandy Brothers—The Rare and Old Wines of the Firm—An Archaic Curiosity—The Old-Established Firm of Leacock and Company—An objection to Furnishing Food to the Fishes—Leacock and Co.'s Stores and Wines—The Stores of Henry Dru Drury, late Rutherford, Drury, and Co.—Some Venerable Nuns—Mr. H. D. Drury's more remarkable Wines—The Stores of Henriques and Lawton, formerly the Mansion of a Lady of Rank—A Lengthy and Expensive Lawsuit—Cama de Lobos and other fine Madeiras of the Firm—Their Estufas—Messrs. Welsh's Stores—The Delicate Wines shown us at the Stores of Messrs. R. Donaldson and Co.—The Stores and Wines of Meyrelles Sobrinho e Cia., Henrique J. M. Camacho, Viuva Abudarham e Filhos, Augosto C. Bianchi, Cunha, Leal Irmaõs e Cia., and Leitão—The Madeira Vintage—The Produce greatly in excess of the Demand—Cause of Madeira going out of Fashion—Large Stocks of Good Wine at present in the Island—Its Moderate Price.

A firm that occupies high rank on the Madeira shipping list is that of Krohn Brothers and Co., whose offices, armazens, and es-

tufas are situate close together in the quarter of Funchal known as the Carmo. In front of the spacious house where the counting-house is installed—a lofty building with tall central tower and overhanging roof, with the customary iron bars to all its lower windows and ornamental balconies to those above—a low archway leads into a paved courtyard, where a couple of bullock-sledges stand waiting in the shade to convey some pipes of wine to the beach. Facing the doorway, out of which the pipes are being rolled, are the estufas of the firm, a compact two-storied building surmounted by a capacious compartment with iron sides and roof. This is the Estufa do Sol, in which sixty pipes of wine can be submitted to the influence of the sun's rays at one time. In the two stories of the estufa proper, the upper one of which is entered from the rear—where, owing to the sloping character of the ground, it is on a level with the courtyard—some 500 pipes can be stacked, and matured by means of artificial heat, derived, as already explained, from flues passing round the interior of the building. Near the estufa is a small structure containing the packers' implements for the shipping of samples, the branding-irons, and so forth. The furnace itself abuts upon the cool shady cooperage on the right hand. Under a large shed in the rear of the establishment, and close to an umbrageous garden, casks of every size, from pipes to octaves, are piled in tiers. Casks are being measured by means of a small tank furnished with an indicator, and close at hand barefooted men in long blouses are cleaning casks, with a number of small round stones in them, by rolling them backwards and forwards with a jerky movement along two stout beams.

In the armazem immediately facing the estufas are found Messrs. Krohn Brothers and Co.'s cheapest wines—light clean Madeiras ranging from £26 to £30 a pipe—stored on the topmost floor; while on the floor below trabalhadores in the customary long blouses are preparing a shipment of a full, soft-flavoured, dryish wine for the Dutch market, drawing off the liquor in large copper jars. These long blouses, common to the workmen in the Funchal wine-stores, are furnished by the employers, who by this

means escaped a rise of wages demanded on the plea of great wear and tear of clothing. On the ground floor of this store are butts of brandy, and wines fresh from the estufa waiting to be fined previously to leaving for some spacious armazens situated in an adjoining street. These latter comprise a ground floor and two upper stories, each forming a vast apartment lighted by large windows at either end, and with rows of stone pillars dividing it into three aisles. Here the firm receives its purchases of mosto, which are deposited in the store on the ground floor of the building.

On the occasion of our visit we found a gang of sweltering boracheiros delivering skins of mosto, which they had that morning brought down from the mountains. As these were being emptied into the pipes, a store clerk now and then measured off the contents of a certain number of them, chosen at random, and tested the amount of saccharine by means of a saccharometer, in order to satisfy himself that each skin contained its full baril, equal to between nine and ten gallons, and that the mosto had not been tampered with *en route*. The price of the mosto ranged from 18s. to 21s. per baril—twelve barils being equivalent to a pipe. The more sturdy of these boracheiros during the height of the vintage will make two and even three journeys down from the mountains to the town and back again in the course of the day. In those rare parts of the island where the roads are good, mosto is brought down from the hills in casks on bullock-sledges. All the wine, however, grown on the north side comes in, not in the form of mosto, but, in the ensuing spring, as vinho em limpo, or fermented wine, by sea, when owing to there being no mole or pier at Funchal it is landed in a very primitive fashion. The boats anchor at some short distance from the shore, the casks are slung overboard, and man after man of the crew, after stripping and religiously crossing himself, plunges into the sea, and, placing his hands on a cask, swims behind it until he reaches the breakers, where the pipes are placed on corças and drawn up the steep beach. The year of our visit new wine from the north of the island realised from £7 to £8 per pipe.

On the first and second floors of the building of which we have been speaking wines of a lower and intermediate quality are stored, one of the best among them being a Verdelho fino of delicate flavour and pleasant aroma, with some young wines promising to develop into high-class Madeiras. After visiting sundry other stores, where miscellaneous parcels of wine are kept, including one newly rented for housing a portion of the firm's purchases of new mosto, we proceeded to the ancient armazem where Messrs. Krohn have their finer wines collected. This venerable store is entered through a narrow paved court, and the various floors, with the heavy burdens they are all required to bear, are supported on sturdy rafters. The large butts have little black tablets hanging to them indicating their contents. We tasted here an excellent dry and slightly pungent shipping wine, then a sample which proved beautifully round and mellow, next a wine both delicate and splendidly matured; also a straw-coloured Verdelho fino, extremely soft and refined in flavour, which had been heated up to a temperature of 120 deg., and had had no more than 4 per cent. of spirit added to it. This wine is shipped principally to Scotland, France, and Russia, being known in the latter country under the name of White Madeira.

We were subsequently shown some very dry Cama de Lobos, vintage 1874, which after being six months in an ordinary estufa at 120 deg. had passed another four months in the sun. This was followed by a Cama de Lobos of 1868, a powerful, sub-pungent and aromatic wine, with vinho velhissimo from the same locality, very strong, yet wonderfully soft, which had developed an exquisite bouquet and a slightly nutty flavour. This wine was thirty-nine years old, and had been acquired by the firm some eight years ago at nearly £200 a pipe. Some reserve wine proved alike dry and soft, with an agreeable sub-pungency of flavour and a fine vinous bouquet. Among other wines we noted some deep-coloured old Malmsey, with a Tinta of the year 1869; and, above all, a deliciously soft and slightly sweet Bual, with a very fragrant bouquet—a wine which the King of Bavaria is

INTERIOR OF THE ARMAZEM OF MESSRS. KROHN BROTHERS AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

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THE ARMAZENS OF MESSRS. BLANDY BROTHERS AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

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never without a stock of. Another royal customer of the firm for high-class Madeiras is the Czarewitch.

The largest stock of Madeira held by any shipping house in Funchal is that belonging to Messrs. Blandy Brothers. It amounts to some 5,000 pipes, varying in value from £35 to £250 each, and was accumulated by the late Mr. Charles R. Blandy, subsequent to the destruction of the Madeira vineyards in 1852. These wines—which include some remarkable examples and a great variety of growths, preserved distinct both as to locality of production and the year of vintage—are contained in no fewer than forty stores, connected by passages, staircases, platform landings, and doorways pierced through massive stone walls.

You pass out of the offices in the Rua São Francisco—a street running in the direction of the sea—into a small courtyard surrounded by quaint irregular buildings, the ground-floor of one of which is the ancient store in which the most venerable wines of the firm are collected. It is a long, dim apartment, lighted by small square windows protected by iron bars, and paved with flagstones. Here, ranged in rows, are some thirty or forty huge butts, all more or less antique-looking, and many bearing the brands of once-famous Madeira firms, now defunct, whose stocks are still represented here. Each of these butts holds from 620 to 670 gallons; and they all contain wines of rare flavour and aroma, although generally too concentrated and too powerful to be drunk by themselves, their chief value being to give character to younger growths. We tasted here, among other samples, a blended Cama de Lobos of great vinosity and pleasant subdued pungency of flavour; a powerful choice old Reserve from the same district, the solera of which was founded as far back as 1792; a fine old concentrated wine from the Torre Bella vineyard, marvellously round and soft; a remarkable Sercial, vintaged half a century ago, and to-day emitting a wonderful aroma, and having a marked though pleasant pungent flavour. During the first twenty years of its life this wine, we were told, was far too harsh to be at all palatable. Another venerable wine was a Malvasia velhissimo,

a Malmsey of exceeding softness combined with a seductive sub-bitterness of flavour. Adjoining this veritable vinous museum there formerly stood the old theatre of Funchal, which Mr. Charles R. Blandy acquired and converted into a wine-store. Here a series of wide arches leads into a succession of courtyards girt round with buildings filled with pipes upon pipes of wine. In the old theatre, where wines in double pipes are stored, trabalhadores were busy fining wines with white of egg, while in a kind of open store a blend of fifty pipes was being made. This blend, which indicated an average age of eight years, proved an agreeable and not over-spirituous wine, with a slight sub-pungent flavour, and fairly brilliant in colour although it had not been fined. From here a staircase leads to a platform above, where an apparatus for raising and lowering casks is installed, and whence access is gained to several roomy stores, each containing two or three hundred pipes. In one of these the casks were ranged in five separate rows, and in another, the floor of which rested on solid masonry supports, the pipes were placed one above the other. Here were some of the pleasant light northern growths, which, unlike the wines vintaged on the south side of the island, occasionally develop the mycoderma vina, or so-called flowers of wine, so anxiously watched for and valued by the rearers of sherry. You pass on through a succession of stores, connected by numerous courts or landings—like so many Clapham Junctions—in which vintage wines ranging from 1865 to 1875 are contained. Here we tasted a Cama de Lobos, 1868, which had received merely two gallons of spirit, and had been matured in a warm store at a temperature of 95 deg.; also, a São Martinho of 1870, an excellent wine of medium dryness, together with a Ponta Delgado of 1872, combining a pleasant dryness with remarkable softness. On a subsequent occasion we had the satisfaction of tasting some Porto da Cruz, vintaged in 1829 and bottled in 1842, of remarkable lightness and delicacy of flavour, together with a rare vinous São Martinho Verdelho, boasting a wonderful perfume, and already more than half a century old. This was one of the

INTERIOR OF THE ARMAZENS OF MESSRS. BLANDY BROTHERS AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

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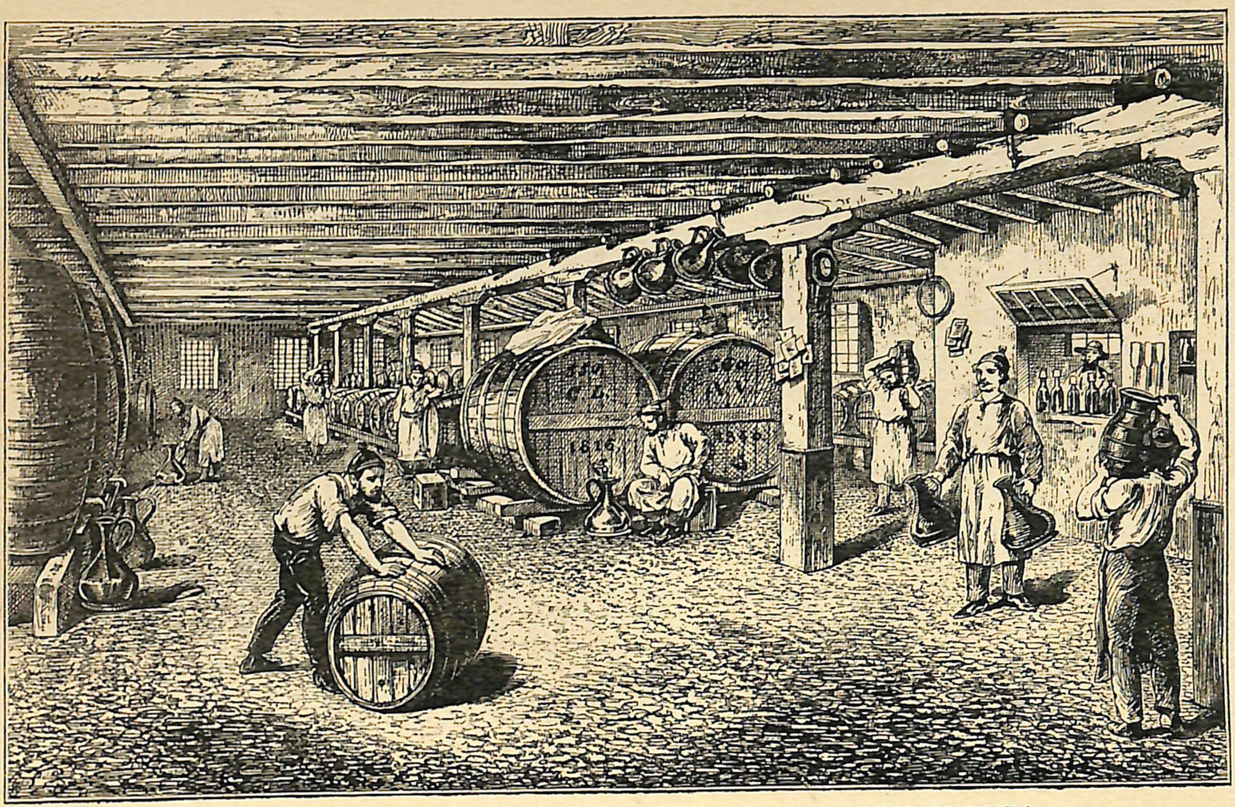
most perfect old Madeiras we ever tasted, far surpassing in flavour, although it failed to rival as a curiosity, a wine of the year 1760, of which it is sufficient praise to say that, although but a phantom of its former self, it had not in the slightest degree turned acid, as many another robust growth would have done at least half a century earlier.

The firm of Leacock and Company was established more than a century and a quarter ago. The business has descended from father to son through successive generations, and there seems every prospect of its continuing to do so. This firm and that of Cossart, Gordon, and Co. are the only two houses remaining in Madeira who were members of the once-important British factory, which had almost a monopoly of the wine trade of the island, annually fixing the price to be paid for mosto purchased of the growers, as well as the prices at which wines were to be shipped. By levying a tax upon every pipe of wine shipped by themselves they raised the necessary funds to make a cemetery in which British subjects might be decently interred; for at that time the bodies of all those who were not of the Roman Catholic faith were flung contumeliously into the sea. Before this cemetery was provided, a member of the factory, who had a strong prejudice to his dead body furnishing food to the fishes, begged his partners to bury him when he died under his desk in their counting-house. This they secretly did, and had the coffin which had been prepared for his corpse filled with stones and duly handed over to the authorities to be thrown into the sea. In a former chapter we described our visit to Mr. Leacock's vineyard and the intelligent system upon which we found it cultivated and its produce vintaged; and at his stores we had an opportunity of tasting the wine grown by him. We found the 1873 vintage light, dry, and fine-flavoured, while the 1872, being slightly more matured, was soft and delicately aromatic. A Sercial of 1848 was deep in colour, and dry and pungent in flavour; and a wine of 1834-5 had acquired a singular softness and delicacy, and proved much less spirituous than we expected to find it.

The house of Henry Dru Drury, formerly Rutherford, Drury, and Co., was originally established in Madeira soon after the commencement of the present century. Its armazens, situated in the western quarter of Funchal, and entered up a narrow court, comprise a couple of large buildings, not much under 200 feet in length, of two stories each, and connected on the first floor by a wooden gallery arched over with trellises of vines left to grow at their own sweet will. On the one side mosto is stored while it completes its fermentation, while on the other are the matured and grand old wines of the firm, the latter being kept by themselves in ancient-looking pipes on the upper floor. The cooperage is in the rear of the stores, adjoining a small plot of vines from which the firm vintage a few pipes of wine. This little vineyard is bounded on one side by an old nunnery in which seven venerable nuns—the youngest being aged about seventy—were installed at the time of our visit. The suppression of conventual establishments having been decreed by the Portuguese legislature, additions are no longer made to the venerable sisterhood. At Mr. Henry Dru Drury's stores we tasted a powerful Cama de Lobos wine of 1874 which had never been to the estufa, and one of the year 1870 which had been matured by exposure to the sun; also a delicate and fresh-tasting Bual of 1876, a splendid Campanario with fine bouquet, pale in colour, soft, slightly sweet, but of remarkably fine flavour. In our judgment the best Campanario growths surpass the more powerful and more generally prized Cama de Lobos vintages by reason of their greater delicacy of flavour and more fragrant bouquet. The older wines comprised a Sercial of 1820, with a powerful bouquet and a dry but scarcely pungent flavour; a Bual of about the same age exceedingly pungent and powerful—an essence of wine, so to speak; and some deep-tinted luscious Malmsey of the same period. We further tasted some wines the casks of which were marked "Roda" to indicate that they had voyaged either to the East or West Indies and home again. They were not particularly deep in colour, but remarkably powerful, and with that indefinable flavour which Madeira



INTERIOR OF THE ARMAZEM OF MR: H. DRU DRURY AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

(*p.* 194.)

acquires after being subjected to the combined heat and motion of a voyage to the tropics in a ship's hold.

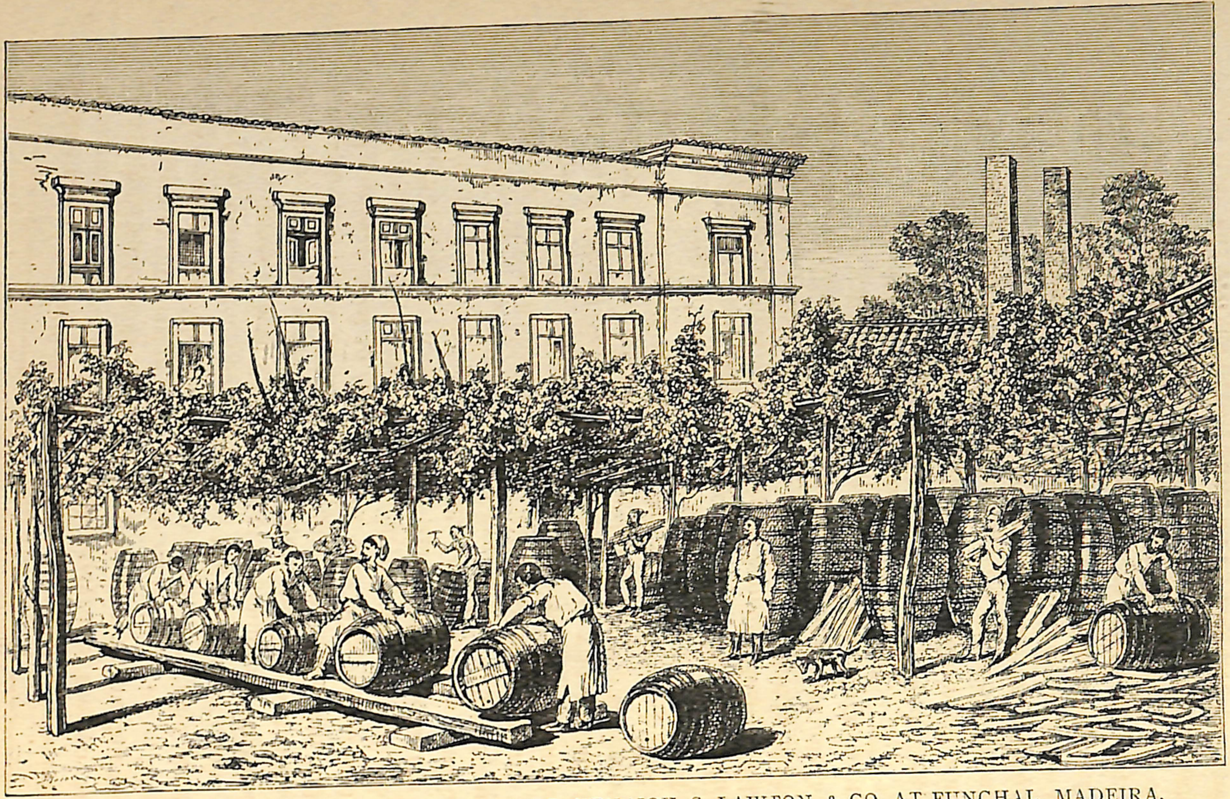
Messrs. Henriques and Lawton have their stock of Madeiras stored in an ancient, incomplete, semi-palatial-looking building, erected by a Portuguese lady of rank, and abandoned by her spendthrift son, who before disposing of the house stripped it of everything that could be removed, such as the carved woodwork and other decorative adjuncts, leaving nothing but the bare carcass of the building. However, it now forms a very compact range of armazens, in which a large quantity of wine, including many choice varieties, is stored. The firm was originally established in Madeira in the year 1757 under the style of Murdoch, Shortridge, and Co. Rather more than half a century ago—namely, 1826—the then members of the firm had the ill-luck to get entangled in a lawsuit with some disputatious Portuguese. The suit dragged on through the various courts, and finally led to a breach of treaty rights, and the English and Portuguese Governments, unable to come to an agreement, referred the entire affair to the Hamburg Senate, after a Select Committee of the House of Commons had investigated and reported very decidedly in Messrs. Murdoch and Co.'s favour. In 1862, six-and-thirty years after the suit originally commenced, the arbitrators awarded £20,260 as damages to the English firm; but their costs and losses in connection with the affair amounted by this time to nearly £50,000, so that although they eventually had some kind of justice done them, it was at an immense pecuniary sacrifice.

At Messrs. Henriques and Lawton's we passed through a dilapidated porte-cochère, with tall stone pillars on either side, into a spacious paved courtyard, where the dismantled mansion reared its massive façade, pierced with numerous large ornamental windows, on our left hand, and a lower range of stores, partially overgrown with vines, rose up in front. Through the house a second paved court is reached, roofed in with leafy vines trained in corridors, beneath the shade of which numerous coopers are at work. The estufas of the firm, which include an

estufa warmed by artificial heat and an estufa do sol, deriving its warmth, as its name implies, exclusively from the sun, and the two holding together 350 pipes, are situated in another part of the town in full view of the open sea.

We tasted at Messrs. Henriques and Lawton's stores numerous fine wines, going through the customary scale of Cama de Lobos, a series of vintages of the highest character. We then were shown some dry and aromatic Santo-Antonios, aged six, seven, and nine years respectively; a pungent light-coloured wine, formed by the blending of a São Roque and a Sercial five years old; a Sercial, aged twelve years, a great wine in full perfection; some rich oily Bual of 1872—too sweet, however, to be drunk excepting as a dessert wine; with a venerable Malmsey, vintaged forty-five years ago, of ruby brightness and rich liqueur-like flavour, and possessing an admirable bouquet. Five per cent. is the largest amount of spirit which Senhor Henriques adds to wines vintaged on the south side of the island, while wines from the north receive a slightly larger quantity. This spirit is invariably added by degrees. As in all the other Funchal stores, the pipes here remain with a vacuum equivalent to ten or a dozen gallons, which is somewhat less than the Jerez shippers allow in a butt of sherry. The yearly loss from evaporation averages about 5 per cent., which, of course, tends to increase the alcoholic strength of the wine; still, Madeira is shipped at an average strength of 32 degrees of proof spirit.

In one of the principal streets of Funchal, known as the Oxford-street of the Maderiense capital—a long narrow thoroughfare bordered with glaring white houses with green shutters and balconies, of much the same character as those met with throughout Southern Spain—Messrs. Welsh have their stores. We pass through a broad gateway, up a long passage, into a charmingly cool garden gay with flowers and bright green foliage, and with shady walks roofed in with trellised corridors of vines. To the right are the stores, the counterpart of a Jerez bodega, long, lofty, and well ventilated, with four lines of casks, stretching



THE ARMAZEM AND COOPERAGE OF MESSRS. HENRIQUES, LAWTON, & CO. AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

(*p.* 156.)

from one end to the other, nearly the whole of them filled with the better sort of wines. Before the time of the oïdium the firm did a very large business in cheap light Madeiras, at as low a price as £12 and £15 a pipe; and in 1849 succeeded in raising itself to the head of the Madeira shipping list. Now, however, it cares less for business in the cheaper wines, and confines itself almost exclusively to shipping the more costly growths, sending the latter largely in bottle to the United States and other markets. The Messrs. Welsh prefer to mature their wines in the estufas do sol rather than in those artificially heated.

Another English shipping house, Messrs. R. Donaldson and Co., ships only high-class wines matured by natural in preference to artificial heat, or, better than all, ripened by time. In the airy and capacious stores of the firm we found Cama de Lobos of 1872 and 1866, the latter a high-flavoured yet delicate wine, and beautifully soft and aromatic; a Porta da Cruz of 1876 and 1872, the first entirely without added spirit, grapy alike in flavour and bouquet, and the last, which had matured simply by age, dry, light, and delicate, and possessing an agreeable freshness. A blend composed of São Martinho and Santo Antonio of the year 1872 was especially soft, with a very aromatic bouquet; while a São Martinho of 1869-70 proved equally delicate and fragrant. On the whole the wines of this firm were exceedingly interesting.

The largest of the native shipping houses at Funchal is that of Meyrelles, Sobrinho e Cia., in which Senhor Salles, whose vineyard at Santo Antonio we have already described, is a leading partner. The numerous stores of the firm are scattered in different parts of the town. The central establishment is in the vicinity of the cathedral, while another range of stores is close to the palacio and facing the sea, and others, again, are situated more in the centre of Funchal. The firm also possess an estufa do sol, constructed of iron and glass, in which a tem perature of 130 degrees is secured. Highly picturesque are the ancient central stores with their rows of venerable butts filled

with grand old wines, and the improvised galleries running round the walls immediately under the blackened rafters, where wine of fabulous antiquity, in bottles covered with dust and wound round about with cobwebby festoons, is stowed away. To enumerate all the remarkable wines shown us at these stores is impossible; suffice it to say they comprised Cama de Lobos of different years, always full of character, sometimes even a little rich, though generally slightly pungent, and not unfrequently exceedingly potent. We remember, too, a delicate fine old Bual, an archaic Verdelho with some of the characteristics of a liqueur, a Bastardo combining a certain sweetness with peculiar freshness of flavour, a youthful and astringent Tinta, an aromatic Malmsey of fabulous value, and a fragrant luscious Moscatel, with other growths, which in flavour and bouquet ran through all the keys of the gamut.

Another Portuguese shipper, holding a considerable stock of high-class Madeiras, is Senhor Henrique J. M. Camacho, who matures his wines principally in an estufa do sol perched on the summit of one of his stores, and in which he obtains a temperature of 150 deg. His exports are principally to England, Portugal, Brazil, and the United States, and his venerable-looking stores are situated in the western quarter of Funchal. Among the curiosities which we were invited to taste were some very fine old São Martinhos, with a curious collection of high-class Buals from Cama de Lobos, Campanario, and Santo Antonio. Also a Ponta do Pargo from fifteen to twenty years old, powerful yet refined in flavour, a rare Bastardo, and a Malmsey—with a slight blend of Bual to give it character and roundness—in which "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence" might well have been content to drown. The firm of Viuva Abudarham e Filhos has its stores in the old Funchal Post Office, near Cossart, Gordon, and Co.'s principal establishment. A lofty arched gateway leads to the armazens, forming a couple of floors, supported by a combination of massive arches and ponderous beams. The Campanarios of this firm are of a high class. One of 1871, which had been matured by six months' exposure to

the sun, was remarkably fine in flavour and possessed a peculiar and delicate bouquet. Their Cama de Lobos was also distinguished for its bouquet, and we were struck with a very soft old wine, the result of a slight blend of Malmsey with a fine Verdelho. The firm does a considerable trade in bottled wines, principally with France and Germany.

A large holder of fine wine in Funchal, who is not a shipper but a partidista, to whom the shippers have recourse to replenish their stocks when these run low, is an Italian gentleman, Signor Augusto C. Bianchi. His stores partly overlook the Praça da Constituicão. Here we made acquaintance with some rich São Martinho of 1873 and 1874, from a vineyard belonging to Signor Bianchi, matured exclusively by sun heat—soft, and with a very fine aroma; a Bual from selected grapes from the same vineyard, very delicate, but with a slight sub-bitterness of flavour; a Bual from Campanario fifteen years old, rich and almost oily in character; together with some Verdelho palhetinho, pale in colour, as its name implies, and with a soft sub-bitter flavour. In the stores adjoining Signor Bianchi's house, which, with its covered-in courtyard, whitewashed walls, curious arched entrances, and small windows pierced here and there, had quite an Oriental aspect, we were shown some exceedingly old and very pungent Cama de Lobos, together with a couple of samples of vinho velhissimo, one extremely delicate and the other remarkably potent.

Senhor Cunha, who ships principally to England, Germany, and Russia, has a series of particularly fine Verdelhos, ranging from 1857 to 1873; some dry delicate Sercials, more than a quarter of a century old; a rich pungent Bual, already in its thirtieth year; a younger wine of the same variety, with a soft delicious flavour, and admirably adapted for a dessert wine; with a Malmsey something like five-and-twenty years of age, luscious and refined, and beautifully rounded. Leal Irmaõs e Cia., whose principal stores are situated in the extreme eastern quarter of Funchal, have a considerable stock of both old and young growths, many of the former being of a high-class cha-

racter. Among the more remarkable was a deep-coloured and powerfully aromatic old Verdelho, vintaged at São Martinho, and some luscious Moscatel from the landslip vineyard known as the Fajaã do Mar, with several excellent wines from the upper Cama de Lobos vineyards, and others from the north side of the island, which exhibited considerable robustness, and had been reared without any addition of spirit. Senhor Leitão, formerly director of the Funchal branch of the Bank of Portugal, and both a vineyard proprietor and holder of large quantities of wine, had his stock of Madeiras dispersed about the town in various stores, most of which were antiquated buildings several stories in height, with decayed rafters and worm-eaten floors, that seemed to yield under their weight of rows upon rows of pipes of wine, varied alike in age and character. Senhor Leitão's stock amounted to little short of 2,000 pipes, the value of which was between £30,000 and £40,000.

The Madeira vintage in 1877, the year I visited the island, was estimated not to exceed 7,000 pipes, one-half of which, however, with due allowances for the unfavourable season, would be first-class wine. This yield is about one-fourth less than the average annual production of recent years, with the exception of 1876. The falling off was due partly to the phylloxera, but more especially to the excessive dampness of the preceding spring and summer, which caused much fruit to rot. Small as the yield was calculated to be, it would still be equivalent to double the annual shipments, although these have been steadily increasing since the vineyards which suffered so severely from the oïdium came into bearing again. Ninety years ago, the earliest date of which we have available records, Madeira used to ship upwards of 10,000 pipes of wine annually. At the commencement of the present century this quantity had increased to 17,000 pipes, and rose during the year 1813 to as many as 22,000. A variety of circumstances conduced to this result, of which one was the general turbulent state of Europe and the closing of certain wine ports, and another the great consumption of the wine in the East and West Indies, whither it was sent in

time of war with the periodical convoys. In the good old times fleets of war-vessels, as well as convoys of merchantmen, used constantly to touch at Madeira and take in large supplies of wine, the orders for which the merchants often found it difficult to execute during the short time the ships remained in port. On these occasions it frequently happened that whilst the merchants were entertaining the officers above stairs, and dancing was being kept up until the small hours of the morning, the clerks and cellarmen were as busy as bees down below getting the required wine ready for shipment.

It has been stated that the substitution of sherry for Madeira by George IV. drove the latter wine out of fashion and caused its greatly reduced consumption; but this can scarcely have been the case, since it was not until the "First Gentleman in Europe" had been interred in the Royal vault at Windsor that any great falling off in the importation of Madeira occurred. In 1842 the shipments of the wine to England were under 1,000 pipes; and subsequently a severe blow was dealt to a failing trade by the oïdium, when production altogether ceased, and existing stocks became gradually exhausted, while prices rose, as the latter diminished, from £25 to £75 per pipe for the lowest qualities. This enhancement of the price of Madeira naturally operated unfavourably with regard to the consumption, more especially as the shippers of sherry and marsala succeeded in keeping the English market supplied with these last-named wines at almost one-fourth of the rate demanded for common Madeiras. The consumer of Madeira, thus forced to fall back upon sherry and marsala, in many instances never returned to his old love. The East Indian market, too, had become affected first by the dissolution of the East India Company, which imported the wine largely to their possessions, and subsequently by the construction of the Suez Canal, which opened a more favourable route to the East, so that ships no longer called at Madeira on their outward voyage for their half-dozen or half-score pipes of wine according to ancient custom; two things of which the wine-drinking portion of the British public

can scarcely be aware: Madeira has fallen considerably in price, and the stocks of matured wines in the island are altogether unprecedented, so that everything is favourable to an increased consumption. The wine has certainly a special character. It boasts of a refined high flavour, combined, when duly matured, with remarkable softness, to which it moreover unites exceptional keeping powers. As an accompaniment to soup, or many of the lighter *plats*, its drier varieties are especially suitable; while the French have long since taught us that the richer qualities are essential to dessert.

The present stocks of Madeira on the island are estimated at fully 30,000 pipes; so that any deficiency in production arising from phylloxera, oïdium, or atmospheric influences is not likely to make itself felt for some years to come. Moreover, the phylloxera spreads but slowly in Madeira, it having confined its ravages during the five years preceding our visit to a comparatively small area; whereas a single department of France in the same space of time had its vineyards ravaged to the extent of the entire cultivated area of the island. Madeira-drinkers may rest assured that never was finer wine procurable than at the present moment, every variety of vintage or blended growth—dry, sweet, soft, or pungent—being held by the shippers, whose prices range from as low as £26 to as high as £300 a pipe; an excellent medium wine being procurable at from £50 to £80. Madeira can, therefore, be retailed as low as 30s. a dozen, and all but very choice varieties at from 60s. to 70s.

VINTAGERS DESCENDING THE MOUNTAIN.

VI.—The Wines of Tenerife.

The Voyage from Madeira to Tenerife—Returning—Negro Traders got up in an elaborate style—A German African Explorer and his probable fate—Howell's famous Panegyric of Canary—The Tenerife Vineyards Destroyed by the Oïdium—Cultivation of Cochineal and Tobacco—Santa Cruz—Nelson's Attack against it—The Anniversary of his Repulse still celebrated—Situation of the Tenerife Vineyards—The Vintage—The various Vines—Canary Sack—The Vidonia and other Wines of Messrs. Hamilton and Co.—Tenerife Wines no longer subjected to Artificial Heat—Messrs. Davidson and Co's Bodegas and Wines—Excursion to the Ancient Capital of Tenerife—Rearing and Gathering of Cochineal—Religious Processions and Penances.

As mentioned in the early part of the present work, I found it necessary, in order to reach Lisbon without waiting for the mail steamer leaving Madeira on the 24th of the month, to make a considerable detour and proceed first of all to Tenerife, the principal of the Canary Isles, and thence to Cadiz. Remembering

the oft-recurring allusions in the works of the Elizabethan dramatists to "cups of cool Canary," and above all Howell's oft-quoted eulogium of Canary sack, I went these four or five hundred miles out of my way scarcely with reluctance. On board the steamer which conveyed me to Santa Cruz were a number of negro mercantile agents returning from England to the West Coast of Africa, who, after having encountered a series of severe gales in the Channel and off the Bay of Biscay, were just beginning to pick themselves up as the vessel touched Madeira. They were all decked out with an abundance of heavy jewellery, wore velvet smoking-caps and gaily-embroidered slippers, and affected the indolent dignified airs of the best-bred African potentates. Among the few remaining passengers were a couple of Germans, one of whom was bent on making the ascent of the Peak at Tenerife, to witness the marvellous sunrise of which Humboldt speaks—the sun seeming to rise like a ball of fire from out the sea itself, and not on the horizon—while his fellow-countryman was of an adventurous turn of mind, and provided with a few maps, a pocket-compass, and a violin—in full faith, we suppose, in the axiom that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast—was intent upon solving some of the African problems which still perplex geographers. The captain of the steamer, after gathering from him his proposed plan of proceeding, privately enunciated his opinion that before the enthusiastic Teuton had penetrated twenty miles from the coast his guides would rob him and run away from him, and that the next party of blacks he fell in with would assuredly eat him.

Most people with any knowledge of Howell's *Familiar Letters*—one of Thackeray's favourite bedside books—will recollect the gossiping Clerk of the Council's lengthy epistle on wines and other beverages to my Lord Cliff, wherein, when recording the ancient adage that "good wine sendeth a man to heaven," he tells us that the saying may be most truly applied to the far-famed sack of the Canary Isles, which, like sherry and madeira, can lay claim to a Shakspearean recognition. Famous, however, as Canary wine was during the Elizabethan

era, it is now scarcely known in England; and since the vineyards were attacked by the oïdium in 1852 little wine has been produced and far less exported. Between 1830 and 1840 the vintage in the seven principal islands of the group averaged over 46,000 pipes yearly; and of these more than half were contributed by Tenerife, which shipped between 4,000 and 5,000 pipes per annum—equivalent to the present produce of the whole island, whence only some 200 or 300 pipes are now-a-days exported to England, Russia, France, Hamburg, the West Indies, and the West Coast of Africa. After the destruction of the vines by the oïdium, the inhabitants of Tenerife devoted themselves to the cultivation of cochineal, a highly profitable industry at that epoch; and for a period of fifteen or sixteen years—while the demand for this product continued active—the island enjoyed great material prosperity. But the wealth thus accumulated seems to have been squandered even more swiftly than it had been acquired; and when the demand for cochineal abated, through the discovery of other dyes, many of the farmers found themselves ruined. Most of those who possessed any remaining means either replanted vines on a small scale or devoted their attention to the cultivation of tobacco, an industry which requires to be pursued for several years before it begins to pay.

It is rather more than four-and-twenty hours' sail from Madeira to Tenerife. Although the island is said to possess fields and forests as luxuriant as those of the most favoured countries of Europe, and to boast of mountain scenery as magnificent as that of Switzerland, the first view of it is scarcely inviting. What meets the eye off Santa Cruz is a frowning coast-line of precipitous rocky cliffs, rising out of the sea, scarcely a patch of cultivated land being discernible. At Santa Cruz, the present capital, and only port in the island possessing a tolerable harbour, the chief import and export commerce of Tenerife, which previous to 1810 was concentrated at Orotava, is now carried on. The inhabitants of this so-called "heroic city," which lies at the water's edge in a kind of basin formed by the surrounding hills, count as their fellow-townsman the late

Marshal O'Donnell, who commanded the Spanish expedition to Morocco, and gained all the credit for the successes there achieved, although Prim was the directing genius of the army. High, however, as the inhabitants of Santa Cruz may rate this local hero, his glory pales before that of their forefathers, who defeated Nelson. It will be remembered that the latter met with a decided repulse at Santa Cruz, and that he lost his right arm through a wound received there. A couple of his boat-flags are preserved in the church of the Concipcion, and on every recurring anniversary of the engagement they are hung in the chapel of Santiago, where a thanksgiving service is held. On this occasion the bells of all the Santa Cruz churches, according to their wont on high days and holidays, play the liveliest jig ever heard out of Ireland.

There are no vineyards in the neighbourhood of Santa Cruz, and, indeed, they all lie on the other side of the island. The best wine is produced at Orotava, Sauzal, Victoria, Santa Ursula, Ycod de los Vinos, Garachico, Buenavista, and Valle de Guerra. The growths of Arafo and Guimar are altogether inferior, and are used for home consumption. The vintage, which ordinarily commences at the close of August, was delayed the year of my visit until the first week in September, and was not likely to finish before the commencement of October, the grapes on the slopes near the coast being first gathered, and those on the highlands—where the vines are planted at an altitude of twelve or thirteen hundred feet above the sea-level—about a fortnight later. The fruit is carried from the vineyards to the lagar by the peasantry—men, women, and children lading themselves with large baskets, which they bear on their backs or heads often for a distance of a couple of miles, their descent along the rugged mountain path being assisted by long sticks. The grapes are trodden and pressed in wooden lagares precisely after the fashion followed in Madeira, only one grower having provided himself with a French press, and by this means considerably economised labour.

To-day the favourite vine in Tenerife is the vidueño, or vidonia, as it is sometimes called, the fruit of which is a juicy round

white grape, the bunches seldom exceeding a pound and a half in weight. There is also a black variety of the vidueño, but this is very rare, and is mainly grown in the valley of Orotava. Before the oïdium appeared, the malvasia vine, from which it is supposed the famed Canary sack used to be made, was also largely cultivated, but the disease dealt most severely with this variety, and now it is met with in very few vineyards. The grape is at once sweetish and harsh to the palate, while the mosto it yields is much stronger than that from the vidueño. Tradition in Tenerife declares that the original Canary sack was a sweet and not a dry wine, as those who derive "sack" from the French word "sec" would have us believe. The malvasia grapes were left on the vines till they had become raisins, and one pipe of this especial vintage needed as many grapes as sufficed for five pipes of ordinary wine, so that the liquor which Howell eulogises was, in fact, nothing less than a luscious Malmsey. Other vines but scantily cultivated in the island are the tentillo and the negra molle, both black varieties, as their names imply; the black and white muscatel; the española, the verdelho, the pedro jimenez, the forastero, the vijariega, and the gual, all white grapes, and the last—principally found at Sauzal and Victoria—yielding a wine of great volume and alcoholic strength, but needing to be kept for many years to rid it of its natural harshness, and render it at all palatable. Tenerife wine, which is brought to Santa Cruz in the spring following the vintage, was realising the growers as much as £10 per pipe at the time we visited the island.

The two principal wine-shipping firms of Tenerife are both English houses of old standing—Messrs. Hamilton and Co. and Messrs. Davidson and Co.—and both, moreover, have their central establishments on the Marina, overlooking the bay of Santa Cruz. The house occupied by the former firm, though built early in the present century, has a very ancient look, with its spacious interior courtyard, girt round with picturesque black wooden galleries, the pillars and balustrades of which are finely turned or carved. To the right is a long narrow bodega, where

a portion of the wines held by the firm is stored. Here we tasted a variety of growths shipped under the name of Vidonia (the grape from which they are produced being so called), commencing with the vintages of 1876 and 1875, which, however, had not yet developed any especial characteristics. On the other hand a sample of 1874 proved remarkably soft, and some 1871-72 wine, destined for the Russian market, had acquired an oily richness of flavour combined with considerable aroma. Some so-called Taoro, vintaged four or five years ago, was rather sweet; but in the course of a few more years, we were told, it would develop a marked pungency. A wine fifteen years of age, which had made the voyage to the West Indies and home again, and a "London Particular" of 1865 which had received, as is the rule with Tenerife wines, some eight gallons of spirit per pipe, were remarkably soft and aromatic, though less deep in colour than Madeiras of the same age would have been. It may here be mentioned that the vinification of Tenerife wine is almost precisely the same as that of Madeira, with one important exception. Although previous to the oïdium there were a few estufas in the island, to-day there are none; so that the wine is no longer subjected to artificial heat with the view of advancing its maturity. If left to itself it has a tendency either to grow harsh when old or to become ropy. In order to guard against the first result a small addition of "gloria"—a thinnish kind of vino dulce—is given to it on arriving at Santa Cruz in April or May from the stores where it has been kept since the preceding vintage; while ropiness is dispelled by constant racking and a small admixture of spirit.

Messrs. Davidson's bodegas, situate in the northern quarter of Santa Cruz, comprise a range of buildings disposed in horseshoe fashion, where 6,000 pipes might be, and have been, easily stored. A venerable cellar-master, who could boast of seventy years' experience in the rearing of Tenerife wines, conducted us through them. We commenced by tasting an 1875 vintage, which had a good vinous flavour, and a '74, alike mellow and aromatic. A dry wine of eight years old had acquired many of the charac-

teristics of a madeira; another, vintaged some twelve years ago, proved remarkably soft and rich, while an old Malmsey of 1859 had all the aroma and lusciousness of a fine liqueur. Tenerife wine has its own special character, differing as much from sherry on the one hand as from madeira on the other; and if it develops none of the higher qualities of these well-known vintages, it is nevertheless a wine of some pretension, and well deserves a return of its lost popularity. It is usually shipped when from three to four years old, and may be kept in the wood for a quarter of a century with a certainty of improvement, although eight years will ordinarily be found sufficient for its development. In bottle it keeps equally well and improves far more rapidly.

The only excursion we made in the interior of the island was to its old capital, Laguna, interesting alike from its pleasant situation and its antiquated churches, quaint public buildings, and truly seignorial residences. On our journey thither we were struck by the prevalence of the prickly pear, not forming hedges merely as in Spain, but planted in inclosed grounds as an important object of cultivation. These plantations are due to the cochineal industry, the prickly pear (*cactus cochinilifor*) being the plant on which the insect is raised. The lowlands in the Canary Islands, with a southern aspect, are utilised to produce the insect early in the year, the upper plantations being supplied from them with the "mothers," or breeding insects, in June or July, and the crop being ready for gathering in September or October, or later, according to the season.

The insect is propagated in two ways, one method being to spread the mothers thinly on trays, with pieces of cloth placed lightly over them, which soon become covered with young insects, and are then transferred to the prickly pear. The second method consists in placing a few of the mothers in a little bag of clear muslin or of perforated paper, which is pinned to the cactus leaf, on to which the new-born insects crawl through the meshes of the muslin or the holes in the paper. This is a critical period, for the infant insect is very delicate, and

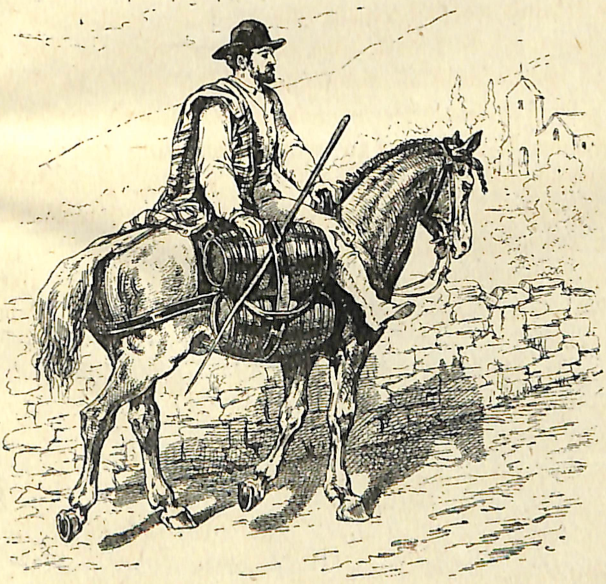
perishes under great heat or heavy rain. It can, however, take care of itself to some extent, for it moves actively about and shifts to whichever side of the leaf affords it most shelter. After an interval of two or three days the insect inserts its proboscis into the leaf, and never moves again until it is gathered.

These "mothers," which are the grey cochineal of commerce, are shell-like in form, of a grey colour, and light in weight, and being all colouring matter are sought after by manufacturers on account of their purity. The full-grown insect is gathered by scraping or brushing it off the leaf into some vessel, and is prepared for market in various ways, among others by drying it in stoves built for the purpose, and in which the insect, spread lightly on trays, is placed. The result is the silver cochineal, more or less white and clear in colour, according to the amount of care that has been taken in gathering and killing it. Of late years a method of preparing the cochineal has been introduced into the Canary Islands which leaves it black, shelly, and shiny. When this is accomplished with care the commodity fetches a high price. A small quantity of cochineal being placed in a long linen bag is gently shaken, thereby causing the juice to exude. Careful management is necessary to avoid destroying the form of the insect, which, after being dried in the sun, is again shaken in a linen bag with some black metallic sand to give it brilliancy. The sand is afterwards sifted out, but as some of it always adheres the loss in weight is, perhaps, less than by killing the insect in the stove, and has doubtless led to the general adoption of the process.

The cultivation of cochineal involves a considerable expenditure for guano or for chemical manure, otherwise the prickly pear plant would soon be exhausted by the insect; it moreover requires to be carried on where irrigation is practicable. The quantity of cochineal produced in the Canary Islands ranges from 20,000 to 25,000 bags, of an average of 175lb. each, the value of it ordinarily being half-a-crown per lb. Any less price than two shillings per lb. would not repay the cultivator.

It was a holiday on the day of our visit to Laguna, and there

was a solemn procession in honour of the Virgin, in which the newly-installed Bishop of Tenerife took part, so that we had the pleasure of seeing a large congregation of the peasantry in their old picturesque costumes. These good people came in from all parts of the island, on horseback and on foot. No "promesas," however, were performed, as at the Fiesta de Candelaria, a small place on the south side of the island, where women, with extended arms, carrying five lighted tapers in each hand, shuffle on torn and bleeding knees over nearly a mile of beach and up the aisle of the convent chapel to the altar, where the miracle-working image of the Virgin is placed. Nor was it our fortune to see men walk behind the cross with an iron crowbar lashed to each extended arm—a penance which the Tenerife mariners and mountaineers frequently vow to perform when in peril or distress.



BRINGING DOWN THE NEW WINE TO SANTA CRUZ.